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The Saturday Review of Literature

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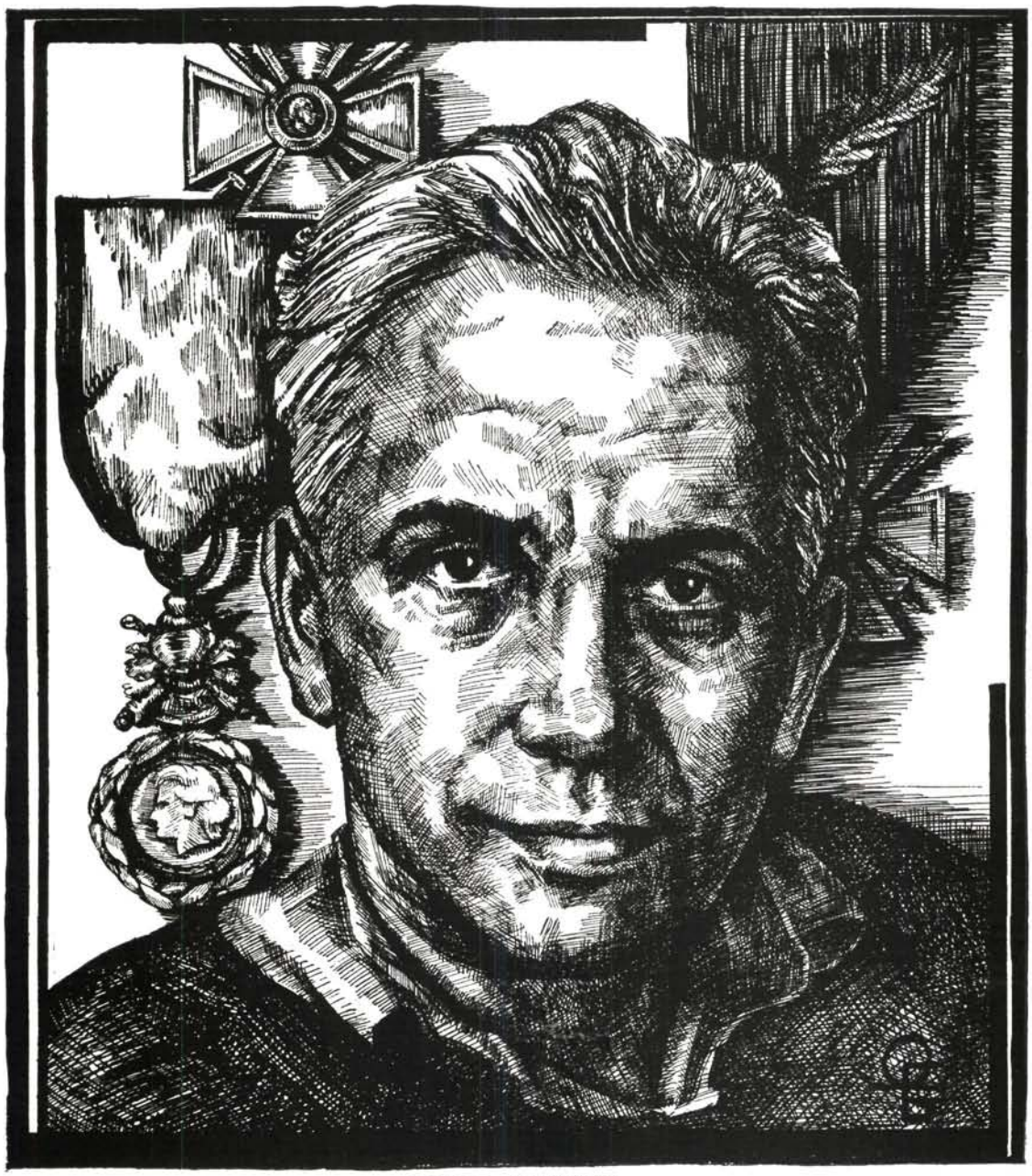

LOUIS ARAGON

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By MALCOLM COWLEY

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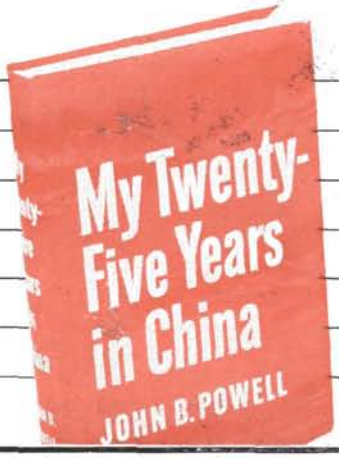

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Annual Guide to Books for Young People

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Another War Book?

APPARENTLY there is some difference of opinion as to the merits of the movie they made from Ernie Pyle's books, and while we have seen it and have our own feeling, we'd like to tell you about the guy we sat next to during that movie and how he started us thinking about another war book that we have just published.

Our neighbor appeared to be having a relaxed and enjoyable time—except during the combat sequences When rifle-fire cracked through the theater he seemed to contract in his seat and get smaller. It wasn't that he ducked or flinched; it was as though a deep, involuntary, almost chemical change occurred. When such a sequence was over and it was quiet again, he would ease up in his seat, light a cigarette in his cupped hands and take a long drag. Then in a little while would come again the sound of machine-gun bursts, and the same thing would happen. It was evident that we were sitting with a man in whom the re-creation of the sight and the sound of combat called forth the same physical responses as the event itself. Observing this sort of specially conditioned receptivity to reportage, we began to understand why our new war book, A RIBBON AND A STAR by John Monks and John Falter, is different from the kind of best sellers that go up into the millions—THE RAFT, SEE HERE PRIVATE HARGROVE, HERE IS YOUR WAR, BRAVE MEN, and UP FRONT.

This book is the story of the Third Marines at Bougainville, and it isn't going to be a best seller right away; perhaps it never will be. The reason is that the book can be completely experienced only by a small segment of the American reading public. There's more to it than the difference between a civilian reader and a reader who has been in the Armed Forces. A RIBBON AND A STAR may be fully comprehensible only to men who have been *in combat*.

A response to the sound track of a war movie is pretty universal compared to the response to a printed line like this: "Raah voomb!. . Uh wish uh wish . uh wish . .uh wish. . Raah voomb!. Uh wish uh wish . . . Raah voomb! . . Raah voomb!" Inescapably these graphics mean one thing to a man or woman who has been subjected to dive-bombing, and something else again to one who has merely heard such sounds in a theater. Many people will appreciate this phonetic fidelity of reporting on a printed page, but in a combat soldier appreciation will be accompanied by the chemical contraction and the twisting of the belly muscles which mean that this particular book has found a home

The Bougainville action started on November 1, 1943, a long two years ago even in point of calendar time. It wasn't so different from other Pacific island campaigns, but the book that Monks and Falter have done is unlike any other war book we know. It begins when the Marines hit the beach for the landing at Bougainville, and ends as they prepare to move along to another landing on another island. It's the most thoroughly documented battle report of this war we have seen anywhere, both in its text and in the magnificently detailed drawings by John Falter

The essential quality that sets this book apart from other war books is a quality of intimacy. Reading it—and looking at the pictures—somehow makes you feel as though you were seeing a personal collection of uncaptioned snapshots that were meant to be seen only by the people who were in the pictures. The language of the book makes you feel that way too; it's a private language in many cases, with private and sometimes local connotations and overtones. Maybe a lot of people who should appreciate this book won't want to; like our friend in the theater, they may find it too mercilessly real, although there is some laughter in it and a good deal of brotherhood. But books have a way of finding their own people, and this one is going to mean a lot to its own people.

A Ribbon and a Star

THE THIRD MARINES AT BOUGAINVILLE

Text by JOHN MONKS, Jr.
Illustrations by JOHN FALTER
$2.75

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Laureate of the Maquis' Campfires

Louis Aragon, "Legal" Rebel, Kept Alive the Faith and Hope of Stricken France

MALCOLM COWLEY

IT SEEMS clear today that Louis Aragon is the greatest poet of the war that has just ended. Moreover, it was the war that made him a poet again. He had written a quantity of verse in his younger days; and after his trip to Russia, about 1930, he had written one long poem, "Red Front," that led to his being given a sentence of five years in prison for insulting the French flag, but the sentence had been suspended and Aragon had plunged into politics, journalism, and social fiction. In 1939 he was the editor of *Ce Soir,* a left-wing afternoon newspaper with a circulation of almost half a million, and, besides his early books, he was the author of two long social novels with a rather wide sale and a generally favorable reception from the critics; a third novel was almost finished. Then, at the end of that August, the newspaper was suppressed; the new novel was not exactly suppressed—it was too soon for that—but difficulties were put in the way of its publication; and the author, at the age of forty-two, was drafted into the army, where military intelligence was instructed to keep a careful watch on him. His career in literature and journalism had come to a full stop.

He served through the "phony war" and the invasion of France as an "auxiliary doctor" (he had been graduated from medical school but had never taken his interneship), and he ranked from beginning to end as *adjutant,* roughly equivalent to an American warrant officer. At first he was punished for his political opinions by being assigned to a labor regiment composed chiefly of Czech and Spanish refugees, people not trusted to bear arms but merely to dig fortifications far behind the front. Later he managed to get himself transferred to a light motorized division, but there, too, until the fighting began, he had very little to occupy his mind. In his loneliness he began writing poems again—poems written with an astonishing technical virtuosity and expressing the bewilderment and the longing for home of the whole French Army.

Aragon was finishing a poem early on the morning of May 10, 1940, when he received orders to join an armored detachment that was crossing the frontier into Belgium in advance of the main Allied forces. More than once during the campaign that followed the detachment had to fight its way from behind the German lines. At last the whole division was surrounded, with the army to which it belonged; and it was only "by a pretty improbable piece of luck," as Aragon wrote in a letter to his friends Matthew and Hannah Josephson, that it managed to join the English on the beach at Dunkerque. Its equipment had to be abandoned there. All that Aragon carried with him to England, he wrote in another letter, was his sleeping bag, a few dry biscuits, his raincoat, and the half-corrected proofs of his novel.

After spending one night at Plymouth, his division returned to France. It landed at Brest, received new equipment, and went back into the battle line at Vernon, on the lower Seine. From there it fought in the rearguard of the retreating French armies until it had reached the country south of the Loire. Aragon was taken prisoner at Angoulême on the last day of the fighting, but he escaped under fire with six automobiles and thirty of his men. He was demobilized at the end of July; his wife rejoined him, and they spent three weeks together in a pink chateau in the Limousin. By the end of that time he had received the Croix de Guerre, with a divisional citation, for his service in Belgium; a second Croix de Guerre, with an army citation, for the fighting on the Loire; and the Médaille Militaire, the highest French decoration, for his escape from the Germans. Later these medals were to save him more than once from arrest by the Vichy police.

HIS poetic activity after the French armistice falls into three separate periods. First came the weeks that Louis and Elsa Aragon spent in the pink chateau and their four months in Carcassonne—the months, precisely, when French poets and their countrymen were stunned by the sudden collapse, as it then appeared, of a whole civilization; when they had no idea of what they could usefully do, either as writers or as patriots. During this period, Aragon wrote a long letter to the Josephsons, at the end of which he said:

> In the Occupied Zone my books, like those of many other French writers, can no longer be sold, while in the Free Zone that question does not even arise, since all the printed copies are in Paris and the publisher is forbidden to ship them across the line of demarcation. Looking forward, I can see no possibility of earning my living as a writer; and it is even a question whether I can find any other sort of work. By being very careful with what remains of my army pay, I think we can live here in a small way until November 1. After that, who knows?
>
> . . .
>
> I am writing poems, and as long as the fighting lasted I was still able to publish them from time to time. I still write them, but I keep them for myself. Elsa, whose books are unobtainable like mine, has just begun a long story, and I want her to finish it, because the beginning is wonderfully vivid. But it takes a great deal of courage to write without knowing what will happen to one's work. What a terrible road since the days we spent together! Note that the rest of this letter would be false to my meaning if you concluded from it that I have become pessimistic. I believe on the contrary that God moves in a mys-

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terious way and that the gate is straight through which we must pass. In my country, even when it is unfortunate, even when it is crushed, I have a confidence that there is no way of expressing except by deeds; and there is nothing to change in what I told you there in your country house, of which I dream today as if it were some image of childhood or a scene from a novel. . . .

Your old friend (my hair is now completely white) who hasn't forgotten you.

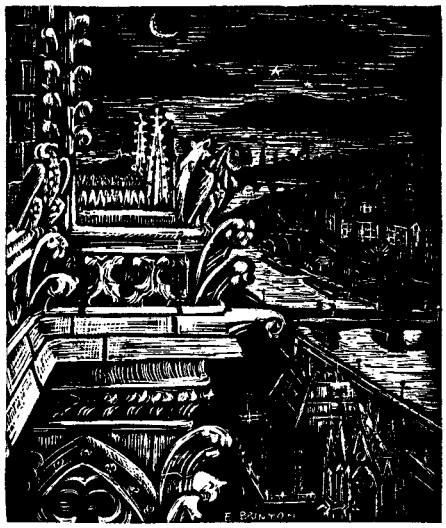
LOUIS.

The poems he was writing at the time were battle pieces like the "Tapestry of the Great Fear" and the "Song for a Barrel Organ"; or they were songs of France in defeat like "Richard Coeur-de-Lion"—all with the emotional weight and the simplicity of *old ballads, but with images drawn* from our own age of total warfare. If he spoke of flowers they were (in Louis MacNeice's translation of "The Lilacs and the Roses")

Flowers that gave the lie to soldiers passing
On wings of fear, a fear importunate as the breeze,
And gave the lie to the lunatic pushbikes and the ironic
Guns and the sorry rig of the refugees.

All these poems were written for himself, but Aragon showed them to other writers who had gathered in Carcassonne; copies passed from hand to hand. Somebody sent an imperfect copy of "The Lilacs and the Roses" to the literary supplement of *Le Figaro,* which was then being published in Lyon, in the Unoccupied Zone. It appeared in the issue of September 21, 1940; and appeared again, with the author's corrections, in the issue of September 28. Many readers expected that the newspaper would be fined or even suppressed for its temerity in printing a poem that said in simple words what everybody was feeling. The censor, however, had no objections to offer. Poems like those that Aragon was writing found protection in the ambiguous position of the Vichy government; they were patriotic, and Vichy, too, claimed to be patriotic; they appealed to French traditions, and Vichy was also appealing to them; they were the work, in Aragon's case, of a veteran three times decorated, and Vichy was trying to conciliate the veterans. The result was that more and more of Aragon's new poems appeared, in *Poésie* 41 and other legally printed magazines; some of them were read, without the author's permission, over the official radio. Many other French poets began to write in a similar vein.

That was the first winter of what Pierre Seghers, the editor of *Poésie,* would afterwards describe as *la conspiration des poètes.* Others, including



André Gide (in an essay published in *SRL*), spoke of a poetic renaissance; and they had good reasons for using the phrase, since poetry was receiving more attention from readers and writers than at any other period since the flowering of the Romantic movement. But the renaissance this time had a political or, to be more exact, a national basis; men of all faiths and parties played a part in it. When writers discovered how much they could say in verse without having their work suppressed, and how carefully poems were being read, they turned away from prose; novelists and essayists became poets; former poets started writing verse again; new poets, some of them extremely gifted, were discovered by the score. As Aragon said in a long letter that he wrote me, in English, after the liberation: "The poetry was in fact a conspiracy among certain writers and poets, conscious and unconscious, to put into our literature the necessary patriotic flavor and express just what our masters wanted not to be told."

HIS poems of this second period were written slowly for Aragon, whose greatest fault is his facility; they showed great formal inventiveness and technical finish and contained a wealth of historical allusions. The Germans couldn't be attacked directly, but Aragon could refer to the sorrows of invaded France during the Hundred Years War, and his readers understood. His rebellion was more clearly expressed with every month that passed. After the Germans began shooting hostages, he could no longer express himself within the strict limits of "legal" literature. As the result of one angry poem, "X... Français," written to commemorate an engineer named Jacques Bonsergent, who had been executed for helping to organize the Resistance, all the French reviews were "advised" by Vichy not to print any more of Aragon's work. He continued writing for them under a dozen different pseudonyms—and occasionally under his own name as well—but most of his poems were now printed either in Switzerland, with the help of a friendly Swiss consul, or else in the newspapers of the underground. And the poet himself had to go underground after the invasion of North Africa. He said in a letter from which I have quoted already: "When, on November 11, 1942, the Italians crossed the border and entered Nice, we left without regard to other considerations and went under the deep and pleasant cover of illegality."

In that same letter he described his work for the Resistance. Largely it consisted in organizing groups among the intellectuals of the southern zone: not only writers but doctors, engineers, lawyers, judges, priests, painters, musicians. "All that finished," he said, "by the setting up of seven professional committees to deal with the national scandal. I had specially good results with the doctors (of course I had personal feelings about it), and I must say that for southern France, where nearly all the maquis were, it was my organization that succeeded in organizing the medical service for all groups on a military scale. To jump to the last year of occupation, for thirty-seven French departments I had an organization of 50,000 intellectuals, linked by messengers, with a paper I edited, *Les Etoiles.*" Then he tried to give me a picture of France in that extraordinary year. He said in English that keeps its French flavor:

> We had received orders *not* to do any local job, *not* to come in touch with the local party members, and so on. But we couldn't, after a certain moment, keep from helping the people around us: because that last year you can't imagine what France was like. My God, it was a repayment for everything in life! And people can slander and chitchat and loathe us, but we have seen that, the heroic moment when everybody was ready at every moment to die for anybody, people they didn't even know, provided that they were against the common enemy. You must believe me that it is by no means a manner of speech if I say that in those incredibly long and bloody months life became a song for all of us: and you know, in the best of songs there are certainly tears, but how beautiful the voice and the eyes of people appear when singing, they can't stop themselves crying!

Writing for his comrades in their own clandestine press, Aragon was at last free to say exactly what he felt about the foreign invaders and the traitors at home. But along with this privilege he had a duty: he had to make every line of verse contribute directly to the struggle. Space in the underground papers was precious, and any poem that appeared in them, or any poem printed as a leaflet and dis-

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tributed at the risk of death, had to be written and judged by other standards than those of literature in the abstract. All the songs and ballads in *La Diane Française* show the exultant grief of those days when "everybody was ready at every moment to die for anybody." Many of them, but especially the "Ballad of One Who Sang at the Stake," have enjoyed a popularity that poets might dream about here, but never achieve in these days when poetry is practised as a private art. In the time of the maquis, they were learned by heart and recited at campfires; after the liberation, they were read from the stage of the Comédie Française; they were heard over the radio and even on phonograph records. This sort of popularity makes us distrust them a little, as poems. There is no doubt that some of them will live for a long time: the "Prelude" and "Elsa at the Mirror" and "Christmas Roses" among others; but I should judge that the future will prefer the "legal" poems that Aragon wrote in the first days of defeat. In them the need for speaking his heart without violating the rules of the Vichy censor was like a new difficulty, a new convention superimposed on the old poetic conventions. The devices he found for meeting it gave his poems of that period more depth, more richness, more density, than he could achieve in ballads where his whole meaning had to be clear at a first glance.

In all, Aragon managed to write and publish six books of poetry during the war, not counting the "Cantique à Elsa," which was published in Algiers and later included in a longer volume. Of the others, only the first, "Le Crève-Coeur," was printed legally in France during the occupation; it was promptly suppressed by the Germans, but later editions were printed in London and New York. "Les Yeux d'Elsa," "Brocéliande" and "En Français dans le Texte" all appeared in Switzerland; a few copies of each were smuggled back across the border with the complicity of the French censor at Annemasse. The fifth volume was "Le Musée Grévin," printed illegally by the Resistance; the sixth and last, which appeared in Paris after the liberation, was "La Diane Française." Together the six books are a record of the wartime emotions of French soldiers and civilians—and of all those in Allied countries who were committed to the war—such as no other poet has even attempted to give. All of Aragon's virtues and even his faults conspired together to make the record complete. I know of nothing in English or American literature to compare with it except the record of the Civil War that Whitman left in "Drum-Taps."

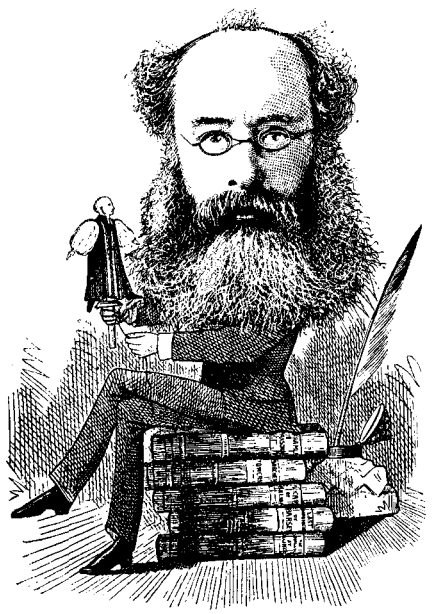
The Trollopes: Writing Fools

THE TROLLOPES. By Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins. New York: Columbia University Press. 1945. 394 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by CARROLL A. WILSON

IN these days of strenuous critical emphasis on racial conflict, class struggle, or psychiatric dilemma as the necessary ingredients of the modern novel, the resurgence of Anthony Trollope's curates, bishops, hunting men, clerks, lords and ladies, members of parliament, laborers, and farmers, all of whom moved in an era less turbulent than our own, may seem on the surface to be something of an anachronism. Precisely why does an age so hemmed about with social problems as ours find renewed interest in Trollope's vigorous depiction of Victorian England? To this reviewer, it represents a revolt on the part of a reading public, all too conscious of our social disorders, against the oversimplified presentation of these disorders so prevalent in contemporary literature. Modern writing tends to emphasize the disorder, and to fail to stress the people that partake in and cause the disorder.

To take as an example a book that is good enough to be provocative, "Strange Fruit" is dominated by the clash of color. But is Nonnie ever anything more than a shadowy protagonist? Do we have any clear picture of Tracy? We know his appearance, his faults, his likes and dislikes, because they are flatly stated on the printed page before us, but does a mere listing of characteristics and actions make a sensate breathing man? In her urgency to state her theme, Miss Smith does not create life-size characters. Because we cannot see Nonnie and Tracy as living people, the motivation disintegrates, and "Strange Fruit' remains an unreal statement of a most real social problem.



—*From a cartoon of the period.*
Anthony Trollope

Trollope, on the other hand, deals with man *and* society—man in his relation to society. Whether he writes of a foolish greedy flirt like Lizzie Eustace, or of the gentle sweetness and real spiritual faith of Septimus Harding, all is placed in a frame of man's reaction to himself, to his kind, and to the world in which he lives—reactions which we normally, ordinarily have, and not our reactions when contemplating atomic bombs or miscegenation. Or, take another character, Archdeacon Grantley, a believable but fictional clergyman. He is a man with all a man's weaknesses and faults placed in a definite environment. We cannot separate the man from the environment, nor the environment from the man; as in life, they form a whole. The Archdeacon not only breathes; he sometimes bellows. So do we. Because we understand the man, we understand the world in which he has his being. Such understanding gives peace to the reader.

But, before I tried to define the revolt of the reading public which Trollope satisfies, I should have proved that there *is* such a phenomenon. Only four of his novels have been reissued in standard size within the last five years. The upswing of interest in him is not like that in Melville initiated by the works of Weaver and Mumford in 1921 and 1929; it is a revival of interest from the common man, who pays less than a dollar at a time for what he wants. Modern Library gives us one title, Everyman's eight, and the World's Classics no less than twenty-eight, including such unpromising efforts, businesswise, as "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" and "Ayala's Angel." The renewed interest is in all the ramifications of Trollope's Victorian scene, from the love affairs of so exalted a personage as the Duke of Omnium to the humble philosophy of the brickmakers of Hoggle End, "It's dogged as does it." A text-book on the Victorian novel written in 1900 would not have mentioned Trollope in the same breath as his contemporaries Dickens and Thackeray, or alongside Meredith and Hardy. It begins to look as if in the year 2000 the teacher of the common man's children will have to concentrate more on Anthony Trollope, and somewhat less on Dickens and Thackeray.

With all this growing clientele, it is natural that the scholars sharpen their pencils. It is as a book of scholarship that this work of the Stebbinses, mother and son, each holder of a Gug-

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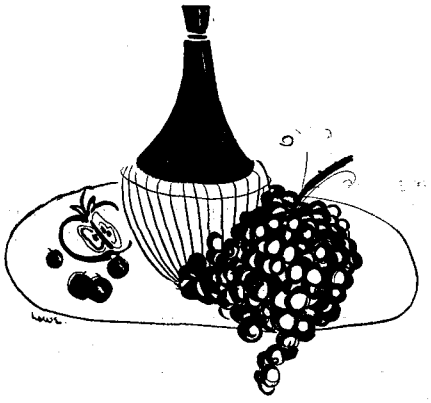
genheim fellowship, should be judged. It centers of course on the four principal members of the family, Frances and Thomas Anthony the parents, Thomas Adolphus the eldest son, and Anthony, the only other son who reached manhood. In spite of what seem to me the efforts of the authors to keep the book from doing so, it eventually centers on Anthony. For I am all but certain that these authors started out to do something quite different from what their editors or their publishers have let them do. I am sure that they began on a two-volume scale, with full critical and factual accounts of all the books of all the Trollopes. I wish they could have been allowed to continue with it. They seem to have been compelled to compress into one volume, with the unfortunate result that the first third of the book, except for the journey that produced Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," is dull like a chronicle. Thomas Adolphus seems more like an interpolation than an integral part, and it is not until Anthony gets into the Post Office, and later starts to write, that the book begins to come alive. All of which is too bad, because, when the authors are permitted to let themselves go, they write well. Certainly their publishers must have been responsible, also, for the undistinguished format, and the cover which soils at a touch, and perhaps also for the wretched illustrations—especially that of Frances Trollope as a frail, bowed old lady, with face invisible, instead of in her young, vivacious energy and curiosity.

To a Trollope amateur like myself, the scholarship of this book seems impeccable. General and specific sources are given, there is an indispensable genealogy and an adequate index, and the book has beeen perfectly proofread. I particularly welcomed the full accounts of Anthony's travels in the West Indies and America, and the statements of exactly what he did in the Post Office. The terms of his will are new to me, and there are countless other factual additions to the life-story. If Josiah Crawley is called "Joshua" by them, after all that is what the perpetual curate of Hogglestock wrote down by mistake, once, at the Palace gate in "The Last Chronicle," just before the most famous scene in all Trollope, where at the end "Peace, woman" jumps from the page with the impact of a bullet. As a work of scholarship this book is a necessity for the Trollopian, but only after he has begun with the "Autobiography" and "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," and gone on with Michael Sadleir (a revised edition of the "Life" was recently published in England).

The authors tell you something of interest or substance about every book by Anthony, even to the incredible fact that he actually earned £20 from "La Vendée." Here, however, is where the book is weak. Their critical judgment is not equal to their accurate and far-running scholarship. They properly value "The Last Chronicle" and "Phineas Finn," and they properly devalue "Palmerston" and "Caesar" and "Harry Heathcote" and many others; but they underestimate the "Autobiography" and the first two books of the Barchester series, and in general seem to lack such close, warm sympathy with Trollope's works as in, for instance, Mr. Sadleir's "Life." There is no evidence for going behind what Trollope has told us, to find another reason for the anonymity of "Nina Balatka" and "Linda Tressel." Justice is not done to Madame Max Goesler or to Miss Dunstable. It may be because I am a lawyer that I so value the mur-



der trial in "Phineas Redux" which they pass over, but to me it is the finest legal account in Victorian fiction. (I do not forget the Bardell suit, but that is unalloyed humor; here we have the hero fighting for his life for six chapters, and saved only by Mr. Chaffanbrass's cross-examination.) And, finally, the authors seek too much to find in the novels early incidents and characters in Trollope's life. I will give them Trollope's father in Mr. Crawley —"No one ever on seeing Mr. Crawley took him to be a happy man, or a weak man, or an ignorant man or a wise man." But they can't have Thomas Anthony twice—to find him again in Plantagenet Palliser is a Freudian stretch, and it is an even further cry to identify Frances Trollope with Lady Glencora. What (as they admit) of Burgo Fitzgerald? M. Auguste Hervieu, whose Hogarthian drawings (not mentioned) for "The Domestic Manners of the Americans" are as devastating as the text, was not that sort of a person, nor was there any other such in that bright active lady's life. This modern psychiatric approach just won't do for Anthony Trollope, in life and novels one of the most forthright and straightforward of Englishmen.

Again, the Stebbinses are properly critical of Trollope's slovenly indifference to the production of his books. "Production," I say, not the writing of them. Trollope, contrary to the emphasis of the "Autobiography," was as careful and painstaking with his manuscripts as any author. This has been clear in the last ten years to anyone in this country who wished to examine the manuscripts for himself—at least sixteen of them are here. The Stebbinses give added proof, a talk with an American printed in 1883 where the author pointed out that his characters were with him all day, every day, so that when he rose at four to grind out his stint of 250-word pages, the pabulum was entirely predigested.

That does not excuse his indifference to book-production. Once a manuscript was finished and the trade made with his publisher, he was through. I know of no evidence that he, or anyone for him, even looked at a proof of any of his books.

This indifference, too, must not be overplayed. The Stebbinses tell us amusingly of Bentley's repudiation of a £400 offer for "Doctor Thorne," of Trollope's rush to Chapman, and of that gentleman's "uneasy countenance" after he agreed to the same amount. Let me add a footnote. The uneasiness continued after Trollope's departure, so that Chapman printed only 500 copies. Not enough. A second impression of 250 copies was called for, and at this point Chapman's reader stepped in and cleaned up the general mess in the 500 resulting from the bad handwriting and bad punctuation of the manuscript. (There is nothing, on title-page or externals, to distinguish the 250 from the 500, but the whole book was reset.) But, and here is the point, every one of the approximately four hundred changes of Chapman's reader is in narrative or description, and *not one* is in a conversation! I agree with the authors at p. 311: "In writing the conversations of clever men, Trollope surpassed any other Victorian novelist."

All this, of course, does not cut deep enough. The late A. Edward Newton, the most enthusiastic of Trollopians, once told me a story which is the essence of Trollope. Leaving for Europe one spring, he found an extra ten or twelve Trollope books about Oak Knoll, which he gave his gardener for summer reading. Returning in the fall, after a decent inspection of the premises, he asked the gardener how he liked them. "Well, Mr. Newton," was the reply, "my old woman and I are reading them every night out loud, and now I have to help her with the dishes so we can get right back to them." After a pause—"and they aren't very exciting either!" There is a deep truth in that double reaction on which many novelists might well ponder.

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George Sand and Her Times

THE LIFE OF THE HEART. By Frances Winwar. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 296 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

A LITTLE embroidery never did a good story any harm. When the theme or pattern selected is choice and the needlework expert, the finished piece can be arresting and a minor work of art. Frances Winwar has mastered the craft of the novelized literary history. "Poor Splendid Wings," her interpretation of the Rossettis and their circle, is perhaps her most popular effort; "Farewell the Banner" (Coleridge and the Wordsworths), "The Romantic Rebels" (Byron, Shelley, and Keats), "American Giant" (Walt Whitman), and "Oscar Wilde and the Yellow Nineties" are others that have pleased the trade.

Now George Sand and her times come from her practised hands under the Winwarian title "The Life of the Heart." Just who reads George Sand today it would be hard to say. "Indiana," "Valentine," "Lelia" are for most of us forgotten and neglected titles. But Alfred de Musset, Chopin, and the other distinguished artists of the romantic nineteenth century, who were not titles but chapters in the life of Aurore Dupin, are something else again. And since Merle Oberon showed on the screen how well a redingote and a beautifully tailored pair of trousers might have looked on the literary femme fatale, it is a sure bet that George belongs to the immortals.

Imaginative biography is a genre very much to the taste of the reader who loves anecdote and who likes his scholarship swift paced and unfortified by the pretentious documentary citation. Incident may or may not be apocryphal, analysis may be colored. It does not matter so long as there emerges a convincing and exciting figure. The pedant may cavil at the handling of detail but in doing so he is criticizing the book for not being what it does not pretend to be and he can be dismissed with a surly wave of the hand. In this particular case we have in subject matter and treatment what might be termed colloquially a natural. Ernest Renan's nice remark that George Sand was the Aeolian harp of her day in that she responded so readily to every changing mood and ideal of her time suggests the marvelous opportunity a study of her provides to glance at the famous men and women of the romantic period and to feel the temper of her Europe. George's friendships, non-Platonic and otherwise, are well enough known to indicate her desirability as an approach to close acquaintance with poets and artists, a mere listing of whose names is enough —Jules Sandeau, Sainte-Beuve, de Musset, Liszt, Chopin, Balzac, Heine, Flaubert.

The author has brought all these together most successfully. Despite the hectic background of revolutions, Napoleon, restorations, republics and monarchies, war and peace, and all the rest of the tumult that was the history of France from 1804 to 1876, and despite the multitude of personalities crowded into the Sand lifetime, Miss Winwar has made her book as easy to read as a detective story and as clear as a Somerset Maugham novel. She rates her heroine more highly than she deserves, but that is an author's privilege. To some at least, George will always seem a reflector of light rather than a beacon. And the business of her belonging in the very front ranks of the moderns, a judgment of the jacket's copywriter with which the author would seem to agree, is of course the conventional accolade given to the rebels of every generation. George, as a matter of fact, is today a bit of a costume piece.

All this in no way detracts from the fact that here is an introduction to one of the most engrossing periods in French literature, a period paralleled in the more familiar England by the Romantic and Victorian Ages. Here, too, is the startling woman who for literary gossip has no equal. The parentage that made her what she was, the environment to which she never adjusted, her marriage, her friendships, her literary and other exploits are described with insight, with scholarliness, and with pace. From the opening of the book, when we first meet the child being taken by coach to newly conquered Madrid, until the final epitaph there is not a dull page. This is due as much to handling as it is to character and event. At the same time there is a fine balance which keeps the author's treatment from becoming strident and wearing. It would have been so easy to have produced a middle-class "Forever Amber." It must have been tempting to go Byronic. Venice with Alfred de Musset, Majorca with Chopin, in less restrained hands could have been done to the turn favored by the bright young coed who writes the best themes in English IIIA. And the apartments at the Quai Saint-Michel, at the Quai Malaquais, at the Square d'Orléans might easily have been the settings for all the cliches of Bohemia. Then, too, the treacherous jargon of an undigested Freud must have lured and leered from every side as Miss Winwar searched her subject. To her great credit let it be said that she resisted successfully and hence avoided the palaver of those who are neither trained psychologists nor good historians.

Frances Winwar "has made her book as easy to read as a detective story and as clear as a Somerset Maugham novel."

Perhaps the finest phase of George Sand's life was that in which, after the 1830's, she thought, wrote, and worked in the interest of liberalism and social reform. Oddly enough this appears here relatively less interesting than the rest of her career. Perhaps it is because the personalities with whom she clashed and to whom she was drawn did not have the fire of great genius. Certainly Michel de Bourges, the orator, and his successors seeem anticlimactic.

Be that as it may, Frances Winwar has done it again. She has taken an almost legendary literary figure in a storied and peopled epoch and given us a fast-moving account in which her masterly handling of material and the reader's joy of recognition produce a most satisfactory reading adventure.

Answer

By Witter Bynner

CEASE from the asking, you receive the answer.
God is not God, life life nor wonder wonder
Save as a man himself becomes the dancer
Across all variations of the thunder.

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Woman of the World, 1940 Model

DAISY KENYON. By Elizabeth Janeway. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1945. 277 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

ELIZABETH JANEWAY'S second novel is a story of people and emotions rather than events. But the cataclysmic events of a world at war, the fateful, swift-paced years of 1940-1942 make the background against which her characters struggle to resolve their personal conflicts, and their tangled emotional relationships to each other; and their lives are caught up and colored by the violence and urgency of the setting. The story is primarily Daisy Kenyon's—a woman who tried hard to be honest with herself and with the two men whom she loved. Daisy was a career woman, a successful commercial artist who did illustrations for slick magazines and drew lovely long-legged ladies to glamorize the stocking ads. In 1940 Daisy was thirty-two, charming, sophisticated, single, and had been for eight years the mistress of Dan O'Mara, a high-powered, self-made Irish-Catholic corporation lawyer with a wife and family from whom he showed no signs of wanting to free himself.

Theirs had been one of those "modern" liaisons, gone into on Daisy's part with open eyes, in which neither one made any demands on the other and in which they were both deluded into thinking that their relationship took nothing from anyone else. Dan's wife, reasoned Daisy, was losing nothing that she hadn't already lost; Dan apparently had no qualms about the position in which Daisy let herself be put, what might be considered his moral obligation to his marital status, or the complete selflessness of his possessive love for a woman to whom he could not, or would not, offer marriage. Why Daisy put up with him as long as she did, considering all the difficulties of such an attachment, is just a bit baffling.

But when Daisy fell in love with and after a whirlwind courtship married Peter Lapham, an editor of a magazine for whom she had done some work, both she and Dan found their lives still bound to each other by memories and by the still active emotional ties which eight years of passionate physical intimacy and real companionship had woven. Miss Janeway's book is a penetrating and subtle psychological study of a woman who is trying to analyze her own nature; to define, not merely to rationalize the past and the present; to see plain what her emotional relationship is to the two men she loves. Because she has found security and complete happiness with Peter, she feels for some reason that she has betrayed and failed Dan, who keeps cropping up in her life although Daisy does her best to leave him in the past where he belongs. The situation comes to a climax when, after Peter has enlisted, Dan forces himself into her life again.

The weakness of the book lies in the fact that the reader cannot feel that Daisy really solves her problem by deciding, after a great deal of mental anguish, that what she and Dan have, at the last, is "the residue of love. An essence. Very thin and clear and strong. Triple distilled." Or that, having made that decision, it will continue in effect. The long, exhaustive self-analysis which Daisy goes through leaves one puzzled by her feeling that she owed Dan anything at all, because despite Miss Janeway's efforts to make the attraction he has for Daisy credible, he emerges as pretty much of a heel, when you think it all over. Even so, he is a more convincing character than Peter Lapham, who is rather stylized and artificial and who talks like somebody in a bright, brittle drawing room comedy.

Miss Janeway's book, however, gets nicely over the hurdle of being the second novel after a brilliant first. It fulfills the promise of "The Walsh Girls," and it illustrates, as did that first book, the special qualities of its author's talent. There are warmth and insight, the drama of conflicting personalities, the creating of atmosphere and setting, and in the main, expert characterization. The description of Daisy, putting in a day of nothing to do on a New York Sunday, is a masterpiece of the aimlessness, the marking time, the enormous triviality which make up the unutterable boredom of waiting for evening to come and for the phone to ring.

—Hal Phyfe

Elizabeth Janeway's book "gets nicely over the hurdle of being the second novel after a brilliant first."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

STATUES IN LITERATURE

This week's quiz concerns famous statues in song and story. How many of them do you recall? Allowing 5 points for naming the story in which each appears, and another 5 for the author who wrote it, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 43.

1. The night before a dictator's assassination, his wife dreamed that she saw his statue spouting blood from a hundred places.
2. Because a soldier held an invading army at bay and saved Rome, the City Fathers erected a statue of him in the public square.
3. When a juggler, paying the only tribute within his power, juggled six copper balls and a dozen knives before the image of the Virgin, the statue came to life and wiped his streaming brow.
4. The wax figure of a man who had killed fourteen wives by tickling the soles of their feet as they slept had his fingers curled, as if in the act of tickling, and one eye closed in a wink.
5. A statue erected to a murdered man accepts an invitation to dine with the murderer.
6. All that remains of the statue of a king of kings is the pedestal, two vast and trunkless legs, and the head half-buried in the desert sand.
7. Wine from a broken bottle cradled in the arms of a terra cotta Madonna seeped through, causing it to "bleed" and creating a miracle.
8. Because a practical joker switched the labels, a huge statue of Hercules was delivered in a packing box instead of the corpse in a barrel that was expected.
9. One of the many artists who had been the lover of an ageless courtesan used her as a model for a statuette which became a popular household decoration throughout France.
10. While revisiting the old school to dedicate a statue to an empire builder, a bishop accidentally takes a nerve-tonic designed for timid elephants, and under its influence sneaks out at night and paints the statue pink.

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Lieutenant America

REPENT IN HASTE. By John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 152 *pp.* $1.50.

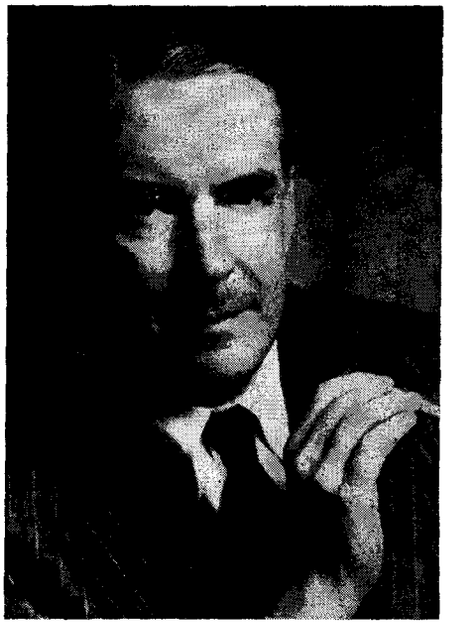
Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

MR. MARQUAND is not the first observer to have been struck during the war by the vast disparity between the drama of action and the cynicism, not to say boredom, with which the actual participants viewed the whole business. "Repent in Haste" presents a good case in point. It is a long short-story, a by-product of the trips made by the creator of George Apley in the war theatres. It tells with Mr. Marquand's familiar technical skill how a war correspondent comes to know Lt. "Boysie" Boyden, an average Navy fighter pilot, aboard the carrier *Rogue River*. He comes to know him so well, in fact, that after seeing Boyden's family during a brief visit home, the correspondent finds himself saddled with the difficult task of telling Boyden that his wife, married in haste in stateside training days, has gone back to a former admirer and wants a divorce. To the correspondent's surprise, Boysie does not take the news tragically, nor is he inclined to blame the erring wife. It merely makes him outwardly a bit more eager to go out and meet a cute trick from the U.S.O.

The story would be hardly more than an anecdote if the author had not so obviously set up Lt. Boysie Boyden of Maple Street, East Orange, as Lieutenant America. Both Mr. Marquand and his correspondent-narrator appear to view Boysie and his mutism sympathetically, but they are more than a little puzzled by his refusal to take the war and his domestic catastrophe at all seriously. As a result, Boysie never becomes a wholly convincing figure, though he talks a recognizable if expurgated Navy jargon, and is a thousand times more real than most pilots of fiction. The backgrounds of the carrier, the East Orange home, and the Honolulu hotel where the news is broken are all filled in with efficiency. The parents and the helpless, golden-haired Daisy, the wife without a principle in her body, are astringently drawn. But somehow Mr. Marquand seems to look at them all from a long way off, as a slightly patronizing old uncle might who finds it all a trifle sordid and regrettable—though of course, thank Heaven, Boysie and his lot were so splendid at their job.

Implicit in the story, though Mr. Marquand never emphasizes it, is an indictment of the older generation, even before the war. They took away from Boysie and his generation the faith and power to take things seriously. Consequently these men did what they did because they were sent there and had to, and in many cases they knew quite well what they were doing, even if for practical reasons they generally didn't want to talk about it. If now they tend to take the whole business of living with skeptical calm, it is not surprising.

Anyway, as Boysie would say, the book is a "snow job," and like everything Mr. Marquand writes, it slips down easily. But this time it leaves a bitter taste.



—*Vandamm*

"Like everything that John P. Marquand writes, 'Repent in Haste' slips down easily. But this time it leaves a bitter taste."

Greek Meets U. S.

GOLD IN THE STREETS. By Mary Vardoulakis. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PETER GRAY

WE have accounts of the Pilgrims coming to Plymouth that are more colorful and dramatic than this novel of Greeks immigrating to a Massachusetts mill town; but no record or fiction of the Pilgrims or any other early English settlers can equal this book's realism. For such realism about people is a natural Greek quality, not included in the Anglo-Saxon heritage; and when we strive for it we are likely to err on the side of materialism or pathology. After reading "Gold in the Streets" one is reminded of a correspondent's recent remark that in Greece you have to learn to appreciate everything in terms of light rather than of matter and color.

Mary Vardoulakis, the most recent winner of the Dodd, Mead Intercollegiate Fellowship for this her first novel, is the daughter of Greek immigrants to New England. She had planned to write her parents' story ever since she spent the four years from 1932 to 1936 in their Cretan homeland and herself experienced the radical transition from pastoral Greece to industrial America.

Miss Vardoulakis has told the story simply and honestly, almost artlessly, without vivid descriptive passages or dramatic scenes or strong plot, giving a straightforward, rather docu-

Citation for Dead Heroes

By Frances Minturn Howard

TO willing death these men did not submit
Their unfamiliar bodies; but the job
Was there; it chanced they died in doing it.
The marble and official word can rob,
Coating it in cold stone, the living voice.
To wear the name of hero would amaze
Those here, who only could explain the choice
They made so swiftly in a blurted phrase.
"Somebody had to do it." Bright with fate
They saw the question for a glittering space
Thrust out at them, and did not hesitate,
Momently greater than their time or place,
Bone of a larger man their hands have built
Whose shadow towers where their blood was spilt

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mentary account of the immigration. Yet her people are more substantial and alive than the figures of most popular fiction; and at the close of the book the reader is intimately acquainted with the group of Greek-Americans. He has learned all that the villagers said when they first discussed the possibility of going to America, what they ate and how they felt on the ship and at Ellis Island, how they discarded their peasant clothes and shaved off their beards, how they endured the early hardships of adjusting to American town life and their mill jobs, and finally how they sent to Crete for brides and for a priest to found their church.

The reader also learns much of the Cretan background. The men are held by strong ties to their families and by almost equally strong attachments to their rocky fields and olive trees; yet they are forced to America by pride, by curiosity, by poverty, and the need to earn dowries for sisters, and by the demands of mountain feuds. While they are preparing to leave they continue their plowing and sowing, their taverning and matchmaking. And throughout the book there is much good Greek conversation faithfully reported. (Though "mess" may not be the best translation of *halia,* and "bastard" is an uncommon Greek term of abuse.)

"Gold in the Streets" has its share of first-novel weaknesses. Understatement dims such fine incidents as the coffee-house liturgy of the first Easter in America, and the fight at the mill. Slackness produces such similes as "joy vanished like bubbles of foam in a bowl of fresh milk" and "heartbeat like one of his goat bells." Uncertainty permits the awkward repetition of conversational bits in both Greek and English: *"Fthani,* enough" and "Nothing, *tipote.*"

But these slight faults cannot detract from the sincerity and humanity of the book. "Gold in the Streets" is a valuable contribution to our understanding of both America and Greece.

After Demobilization, What?

MAQUISARD. A Christmas Tale. By Albert J. Guerard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 165 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

IN August 1943, Thomas Colvin had been parachuted to the maquis to collect intelligence on the secret army, and to teach them how to fire bazookas—"should these things ever be sent." When this story opens, Tommy has been with Colonel Ruc's "brigade" for well over a year. With victory as good as at hand now, he prepares to leave and to take up his "quiet, stupid conventional life" where he left it. Orders for demobilization of the FFI begin to come through.

> Where could he [the colonel] send such men? Or all the others? The Russians, the Czechs, the Poles? He could turn the two Germans over to the *Freies Deutschland* committee in Paris. But how could he send his four Spaniards back to Franco's Spain? And there were not a few of the Frenchmen who had had too much of war . . Lieutenant Colvin had spoken of seeing many such men wandering the Paris streets aimlessly in the last days of August, terrifying the civilians with their patched uniforms and their unshaven faces, the knives and grenades in their belts. Even a few of his own men had joined that pitiful hegira, desperately certain that they would find something in Paris to reward their years of work . . .

Outwardly, Jean Ruyader is not quite as desperate yet. Together with some others of Ruc's men he is billeted in Sagnac, and ponders the future and the shadows of his past. His wife has been killed as a hostage, leaving four little children behind. To Jean's misery the smoothness of the career officers who now take over again is doubly bewildering. And so are the back-to-normalcy velleities of the populace and their growing indifference to yesterday's treachery and yesterday's glory.

But this atmosphere and the plot's exposition are done magnificently by Mr. Guerard. There is never one grain too much, in these opening chapters, of his personal sympathies, and never one grain too little. The directness of such first-hand experience as was his is never directly apparent in his writing. He knows his Frenchmen as very few non-French writers do these days.

Albert J. Guerard "knows his Frenchmen as very few non-French writers do these days."

How utterly French is Marthe, the niece of the local *cafétière,* in her mixture of suspicious reserve and melancholy frankness! She has married Henri, the policier, one of those Frenchmen who—to quote another recent book on Resistance France—have "only done their duty" during the occupation. It is up to Yvette, the maqui daughter of a wealthy Paris banker (and, incidentally, the least credible of Mr. Guerard's protagonists), to reveal that Henri has done far more. She identifies him as an accessory to what was done to her in a torture chamber, and singlehanded manages to turn the scoundrel over to justice. Von Runstedt's Christmas offensive has started, and once more the complacency toward their own heroes on the part of the civilians gives way to the emotionalism of the early Resistance days.

All was quiet on the front when Tommy set out for Jean's native village. Via Paris he brings Jean's whole brood to Sagnac—this, frankly, is the weaker part of the book—and, arriving on Christmas Day, throws the four motherless children into Marthe's lap. Perhaps Marthe, freed from her unpleasant husband, has not quite figured it that way. But. . . .

> "How do you like them?" she asked.
>
> "They're wonderful, of course. But how do *you* like them?"
>
> "Oh," she said. "I think they're the nicest children in the world."
>
> He looked at the wall behind her. "I'm glad you think so. They're much too much for me to take care of. I can't have all those children on my hands."
>
> She smiled. "What do you want me to do? Adopt a couple?"
>
> "No," he said. "I want you to marry me."

Follows a Christmas dinner with oysters and steamed clams and onion soup and *pâté de fois gras* and *pâtés de campagne* and turkey with chestnut trimming and *purées* and salad and a deep-dish apple pie. . . . And the next day the old "brigade" marches to the front again.

And so this tale ends: there will always be a France with many Frenchmen, not all, to die for her, and there will always be Frenchwomen, quick-thinking and free in all their provincialism, superb cooks, and profoundly fond of *la famille.* The reader is left wondering whether Tommy isn't going to miss them.

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The Quintessence of Wisdom

THE PRACTICAL COGITATOR. The Thinker's Anthology. Selected and Arranged by Charles P. Curtis, Jr., and Ferris Greenslet. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1945. 556 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

THE tragedy of wisdom is that every man must find it himself; only the stimulants can be given him, and these are often too mild to provoke a reaction. Here, however, is a snifter that will jolt him to the heels, a distillation of mountain dew that has been collecting on the fields since Diogenes the Cynic told Alexander the Great to stand between him and the sun, thereby to provide a little shade and thus be of some use in the world. If it does not produce a vast appetite for delving, brooding, muttering, and, as the title suggests, cogitating, you, sir, are companion to the cretin and cousin to the fool.

There is an element of happiness in just looking at the book; it gives a reviewer the feeling that something at last has been done with the printing press, an astonishing device hitherto used largely to produce verbal aphrodisiacs, misinformation, Gargantuan boasts, and treacle. How the idea escaped so many previous people is remarkable; it is as useful as the wheel, and has been kicking around almost as long. If man is a single entity he ought to have, at the command of his memory, all of the best things he has thought, all of the lessons he has learned, all of the hopes he has divined as being useful to his purpose and essential in his destiny. But with each personality being spun fresh and set forth unknowing, such a notion poses a problem of vast dimension, one which expands, as new knowledge is discovered, approximately at the rate of the also expanding universe. The only solution is a vast synthesis, a gigantic editing, so that what is wise and good and just can be poured into the oncoming minds of the world in the time which is allotted to them for study and thought.

Fortunately the vast majority of what man has said, thought, and written is tripe. What remains, what is provocative and helpful, sublime and inspired, is scattered through thousands of volumes, millions of letters, and a few hundred formulae and theorems. The job of rounding it up, judging it, and arranging it for practical use, is what the editors of "The Practical Cogitator" set for themselves. Their success is amazing and heartwarming. They have taken the best that man has set down from his mind and arranged it so that anyone, reading it, can follow a line of natural thought about himself: who, why, what, and where he is, how he is getting along, where he is headed for, and the reasons for wanting to arrive at that goal.

The result is a handbook of the mind, a thesaurus of thought, a companion which becomes, as its pages go by, mankind himself, his stream of consciousness about his identity, his purpose, and his meaning.

The editors set limits for themselves, of course. The field of mysticism is not properly theirs, for instance, and they ignored it. They stayed away from the sentimental, the purely inspirational, the too-familiar, and anything not worth reading again and again. The result is the essence of the old noggin itself, mind wrestling with matter, and now and then winning a fall.

It isn't a matter of reading the book or not reading it. If you haven't been waiting for it, and aren't thankful to have it available at last, then you are, as the boys in Brooklyn say, caviar for the monkeys.

Practical Cogitations

O. W. HOLMES, JR., to Pollock 1841-1935

I don't see why a man should despair because he doesn't see a beard on his Cosmos. If he believes that he is inside of it, not it inside of him, he knows that consciousness, purpose, significance, and ideals are among its possibilities, and if he surmises in vacuo that those are all finite expressions inadequate to the unimaginable, I see no more ground for despair than when a Catholic says that he does not know the thoughts and purposes of God. It is a fallacy, I think, to look to any theory for motives—we get our motives from our spontaneity—and the business of Philosophy is to show that we are not fools for doing what we want to do.

OLIVER CROMWELL 1599-1658

My brethren, by the bowels of Christ I beseech you, bethink you that you may be mistaken.

LANFREY 1828-1877

It is no longer possible today for a historian to be national in any strict sense. His patriotism is simply love of the truth. He is not a man of any particular race or of any particular country. He is a citizen of all countries and he speaks in the name of all civilization.

MONTAIGNE 1533-1592

Let things work themselves out. The same order of nature that provides for fleas and for moles will provide also for men who have as much patience as fleas and moles to put themselves under its gouvernance. We get nowhere by shouting Gee! and Haw! This is all very well to get hoarse, but it does not get us ahead.

PLATO 427-347 B.C.

. . . the human race would never see the end of trouble until true lovers of wisdom should come to hold political power, or the holders of political power should, by some divine appointment, become true lovers of wisdom.

FRANCIS DARWIN about his father 1848-1925

I used to like to hear him admire the beauty of a flower; it was a kind of gratitude to the flower itself, and a personal love for its delicate form and color. I seem to remember him gently touching a flower he delighted in; it was the same simple admiration that a child might have.

A. N. WHITEHEAD 1861-

The greatest invention of the nineteenth century was the invention of the method of invention. A new method entered into life. In order to understand our epoch, we can neglect all the details of change, such as railways, telegraphs, radios, spinning machines, synthetic dyes. We must concentrate on the method itself; that is the real novelty which has broken up the foundations of the old civilization. The prophecy of Francis Bacon has now been fulfilled; and man, who at times dreamt of himself as a little lower than the angels, has submitted to become the servant and the minister of nature. It still remains to be seen whether the same actor can play both parts.

BACON 1561-1626

If we begin with certainties, we shall end in doubts; but if we begin with doubts, and are patient in them, we shall end in certainties.

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A Summing-up of Philosophy

A HISTORY OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY. By Bertrand Russell. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. xxiii + 895 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by JULIUS KRAFT

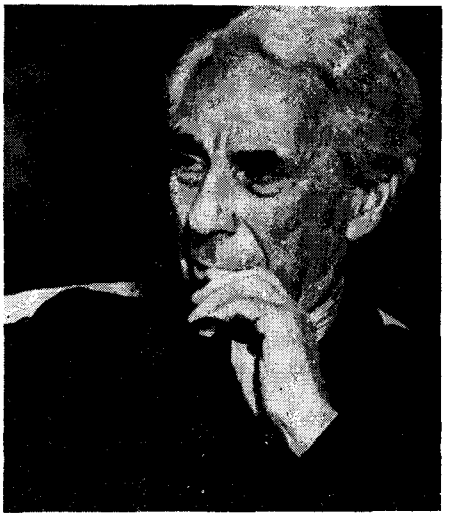
THERE is something unique about Bertrand Russell and about everything he writes: Russell is the inquisitive and courageous mind par excellence; he even does not shrink from publicly questioning his own professed principles. "I am not prepared," he, the ethical sceptic, declared in a recent autobiographical essay, "to forego my right to feel and express ethical passions; no amount of logic, even though it be my own, will persuade me that I ought to do so."

This freedom of judgment demands respect. It calls for a radically unprejudiced approach when a new work by Russell comes upon the scene. Any other attitude is utterly inappropriate. In view of Russell's intellectual stature it would be simply ridiculous.

"A History of Western Philosophy," Russell's most recent work, may seem at the first glance to call for no effort at all on the part of the reader. It is written in Russell's familiar, lucid, fluent, essay style. Consequently, philosophical abstraction is pushed into the background. Instead, broad cultural surveys (*e.g.,* of Greek civilization, church history, and the Romantic movement) are included. The relevance of these disquisitions to the historical and sociological interpretation of the philosophical periods concerned (Ancient Philosophy, Catholic Philosophy, Modern Philosophy) is apparent. The philosophical doctrines from Thales to modern positivism (always connected with vivid biographical comments) are presented in characteristic quotations or in short descriptive notes. The selection of doctrines is determined by the conventional success-criterion, in consequence of which chiefly surface phenomena of the history of philosophy come under consideration. Even from the standpoint of the success-criterion Russell's selection is incomplete. There is, for example, no treatment of the influential German development in the twentieth century towards irrationalism (Phenomenology, Philosophy of Existence) and there is no treatment of Whitehead. Nowhere does Russell aim at any exhaustive and logical analysis of his material. However, Russellian wit, spread over the whole book, takes care of entertainment, sometimes of a cheap kind.

I do not hesitate to say, with all due respect for Russell, this history of philosophy does not take its place among his impressive works. And still, in spite of its lengthy and often rather derivative historico-philological portions, its study is philosophically rewarding. It is philosophically rewarding for two reasons: it reveals strikingly and in a new form both the superiority and the fundamental weakness of Russell's philosophical thinking, and it thereby challenges the self-criticism of contemporary philosophy. The freedom of approach necessary in considering Russell's "History of Philosophy" consists in detecting clearly these two facets of his thinking.

It is obvious that Russell, eminent logician that he is, will not have missed the opportunity of using the history of philosophy as a field of applied logic. In fact, it is one of his technical innovations (the positive significance and the limitation of which warrants technical discussion) to analyze metaphysical doctrines (*e.g.,* Plato's Theory of Ideas, Hegel's Dialectics) with certain tools of modern logic. There are to be found besides that, of course, many interesting, casual contributions to the logical anatomy of philosophical systems. These contributions are conspicuous in the section on "Modern Philosophy," particularly in his lucid analysis of the empiristic school since Bacon. But Russell arrives at more fundamental results. He proves himself able to demolish the philosophical ambitions of voluntarism (Schopenhauer, Marx, Nietzsche, Bergson) and of pragmatism, both of which destroy the objectivity of factual knowledge. Russell thus saves the honor of empirical knowledge. He goes an important step further. He derives from a keen analysis of Hume, to whom and to Leibniz he bears close affinity, the conclusion that empirical knowledge alone is not sufficient for such a science as physics. There is, therefore, only the choice left to abandon either science or empiricism. Russell states this choice clearly, but evades its consequences. In this lies a basic weakness: he professes to remain loyal to both science and empiricism. The consequences of these incompatible loyalties for his treatment of the history of philosophy are radically destructive. He becomes unable to appreciate the contribution made by sober rationalism (as distinguished from vague speculations) to the theory of knowledge, and indulges instead a confusion between ideas and symbols in a sophisticated symbolistic philosophy (a refined form of popular semantics). Particularly, he completely misses Kant's constructive ideas. He becomes, furthermore, unable to see in metaphysics, *e.g.,* in ethics and in the philosophy of religion, anything but systematized inherited prejudices.



—Disraeli

Bertrand Russell: "The essence of liberalism is an attempt to secure a social order not based on irrational dogma. . . ."

Russell finds himself here in an unsolved conflict. He feels deeply that neither physics nor any other of the special sciences can embrace the universe. He speaks impressively of the "cosmic loneliness" of the mind untouched by philosophy and of the "cosmic impiety" characteristic of Dewey's instrumentalism. But his professed empiricism makes it impossible for him to translate his profound metaphysical feelings into clear abstractions and to apply them to the understanding of the history of metaphysics. Contrary to his vivid moral reactions he has to profess ethical nihilism and can only preach not argue against Nietzsche's ethics of the Will to Power.

This intellectual split is somewhat pathetic, and it is at the same time alarming. Russell states the abstract situation with perfect clarity: "The growth of unreason throughout the nineteenth century, and what has passed in the twentieth is a natural sequel to Hume's destruction of empiricism." Russell passionately rejects unreason in every form, but his "History of Western Philosophy," forced by his empiristic assumption, actually gives its blessings to the destruction of reason, and therefore runs contrary to Russell's own better insight.

Russell calls his own kind of philosophy "the philosophy of logical analysis," which is supposed to be anti-metaphysical. Actually, a naturalistic metaphysics, the metaphysics of what he calls "neutral monism," is held by him. That metaphysical doctrine, keeping neutral with William James to the distinction between matter and mind, is rather similar in its structure to opinions advanced by the first Greek metaphysicians. Using Russell's terminology, the most important result to be derived from the study of "A

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History of Western Philosophy" may be formulated in this way: Logical analysis of philosophical doctrines ought to liberate itself from the confusion of science with knowledge, *e.g.,* from the dogma of scientism. This liberation once carried out, the history of philosophy becomes rationally understandable as the attempt to formulate metaphysical abstractions more and more satisfactorily. Then the history of philosophy no more appears as a collection of curious ethical and religious illusions to be weighed according to their influence and to be dissolved psycho-sociologically, but as an intellectual development, the study of which is of outstanding importance for the liberation of the human mind. "The essence of liberalism," Russell forcefully formulates, "is an attempt to secure a social order not based on irrational dogma, and insuring stability without involving more restraints than are necessary for the preservation of the community." One can safely predict that this attempt never can succeed, so long as philosophies of prostrations dominate the minds of men. The inquisitiveness and courage exhibited in the original portions of "A History of Western Philosophy," and not its professed metaphysical skepticism, are an incentive for the reconquest of philosophy. That reconquest is the most urgent and the most neglected intellectual prerequisite for the cultural purification which is so necessary for our time. There is no return to Locke, there is no haven in Hume, there is no purifying energy in irrationalism. Only one path is left open: the path of a new conquest of reason, in its fullness comprising ethics and religion, which is and remains the path of human civilization itself.

Scenic Backdrop, with People

THIS IS THE PLACE: UTAH. By Maurine Whipple. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 222 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

IT is almost twenty years now since Bernard DeVoto, in the *American Mercury,* assaulted the pained citizenry of his native state with something more than a hint that there was more to be said about their culture than they took in on Sundays at church or on Fridays at the Rotary Club luncheon. Mr. DeVoto and the State both have mellowed since he blew off that accumulated steam, but a full-length portrait of Utah set in a frame of scholarship and painted with an urbane, sufficiently astringent, yet sympathetic touch has waited for other hands and the present decade.

Maurine Whipple's is the third such book about Utah in five years. The Writers' Program's "Utah: A Guide to the State" (1941) is the basic account of the state, and Wallace Stegner's "Mormon Country" (1942) is an immensely readable report on the region, its history, and its people, by a vigorous critical intelligence with a novelist's eye for the flare and color of a people and a land. Owing a great deal to both these books, "This Is the Place: Utah" has also an individuality that is a reflection of Miss Whipple's lusty, gusty, sometimes bumptious personality, and it is set off with some of the most breathless photographs of Utah (and therefore of the West) ever brought between two covers.

"This Is the Place: Utah" is half picture book, with four magnificent photographs in full color, and ninety-eight black and white photographs hardly less striking. The sun is in them, and the wind, and the desert fragrances, and the blood and bone of an immortal naked land, "17,000 square miles standing on end," with a people tucked in at the crevices. The other half of this book, Miss Whipple's prose contribution, is more difficult to characterize — a crazy-quilt Chamber of Commerce daydream in no way belying the reality, a record of good times with good fellows, an elliptical history, a hardheaded thinkpiece, a cookbook, an easychair course in the contemporary gossip of Mormondom. . . . It's these and a large variety of other things.

Miss Whipple's first novel published in 1941, "The Giant Joshua," is still the best of the romantic novels about the Mormons. Her new book partakes both of the flaws and the virtues of her first. It often proceeds by exclamation, it is at times crushingly romantic, and it is a spasmodic engulfing of Mormon history, in places disorganized and overmuch cluttered with Miss Whipple herself. But also it has a matchless eye for the sensuous splendor of the red rock country, an impetuous, not to say explosive, interest in people, a shrewd and sometimes summary skepticism.

—*Blackstone Studios*

This Utah study "has individuality that is a reflection of Maurine Whipple's lusty, gusty . . . bumptious personality."

The introduction and the first section of the book, "Do They Really Have Horns?," are least well done, with many of the facts not quite straight, the personal effect distinctly contrived, and the narrative only at intervals catching fire. But in the second section, wherein Miss Whipple takes as her text dour Ebenezer Bryce's imperishable summation of the glories of Bryce Canyon—"Hell of a Place to Lose a Cow"—the land smokes and glows in its farthest corners as she roams it, "the whole landscape—the white, the green, the gray, the yellow, and the red—bucking like a wild steer," and through it all "wonderful sunny silences, freedom and smell of space," with a full complement of "hardgutted" people having a capacity for living.

The Mormons, "A Peculiar People," in the third section are dissected with professional aplomb; at the same time Miss Whipple is full of stories new and old about the Mormon way of life. Some of these are likely to be remembered. But out in Zion, what is going to bring the natives to this chapter like bees to a honeypot is the frank reporting of the state of things in Mormondom, the adversities of the Church in prosperity. Some of the internal cleavages of which Miss Whipple writes are more apparent than real, but they certainly exist and must be reckoned with. The final chapter, "The Arsenal of Democracy," is an arresting picture of the impact of the war upon Utah; it is vigorous journalism but in the sequel, I suspect, will prove indifferent history.

Miss Whipple closes her book with acknowledgements for services rendered. The list runs to incredible proportions, but something would seem to have been left undone. A number of the Utah Guide's best lines she has wedded without benefit of quotation marks, and she has an unexpressed major indebtedness to Nels Anderson's discerning book on Utah's frontier era, "Desert Saints." A certain justice follows in the omission to credit literary sources, however, for she has taken to herself from these works not only facts, ideas, and language, but for good measure a number of their errors.

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"And Only Man Is Vile"

DYNAMITE ON OUR DOORSTEP. By Wenzell Brown. New York: Greenberg Publishing Co. 1945. 301 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

THIS is a book about life iin Puerto Rico. It is not an entertaining book to read, but it is a fascinating exposition of the Puerto Rican in the hovel, the slum, the hut, the humid city square, the bar room—and, occasionally, on the large estate or in the political group. It is written by an American who left during the depression, to teach, and who stayed on to learn. It is cruel in its frankness and convincing in its honesty. It is written in undertones of sympathy against overtones of the bitterness that seethes on the island. That is why the book is not pleasant reading, but worthwhile reading.

Professor Preston E. James, in his encyclopaedic volume entitled "Latin America," wrote a few years ago that "To many citizens of the United States, the idea that a neglected, poverty-stricken Spanish colony has not immeasurably benefitted by forty years of North American rule may come as a distinct shock." It did, to Wenzell Brown the author. In 1935, when jobs were still hard to find, he grasped at the chance to teach English to the Puerto Ricans—and at the same time to see beautiful Puerto Rico with its deep, dark glens, its rich sunsets, its colorful verdure; he looked forward to the sight of happy plantation life and its acres of sugar cane; he anticipated living with the people and developing interesting associations.

When he got there and settled down, he found the scenery about him drab, the living standards of the people low, and the attitude of the town dwellers resentful. To him Puerto Rico was not the land of the tourist leaflet but rather a country with definite unpleasant aspects. Thus, he describes the village of El Fanguito where "sewage flowed in streams between the houses. The only pathway was of loose planks, crudely nailed together. . . . The houses were on stilts, but sometimes the flood waters seeped into them. The bay brought rusted tin cans, soggy paper, orange skins into the yards. . . ." And of the people, he says there are "two million who live on a little island less than a hundred and fifty miles long and thirty-five miles wide. There's not enough food, not enough clothing, not sufficient shelter for them. There's sickness and hunger, the worst slums in the world, and natural beauty that takes your breath away." He found the life of the poor Puerto Rican set within a framework of poverty and filth and stench, of noise and dirt and sex, of hatreds and fears and disease, of slums and unemployment and Fascism. He tells the story of the American teacher who was being chased and stoned by the hoodlums of the town because he was a Jew. A native ambles over to him in a barroom and says, "You iss *Americano?* You iss son-of-beech?" Then drawing his knife, he says, "I do not like *Americanos*" and the knife draws blood. To be an American in Puerto Rico was to court danger and to invite disillusionment.

And yet, the tone of the book is not one of bitterness or disgust. Brown went there to teach. He tasted the animosity of the natives for Americans on his first night ashore when he was threatened in a barroom. He was sent to a rural school to teach English which they did not understand to children whose language he did not speak. His pupils ranged from low IQ's among children, to sophisticated, cussing, sex-seeking girls and boys in their nonage. The school had no discipline, no program, no supervision, and no homogeneity in class composition. He was relegated to towns where age and decay in the buildings and the population had set in. He found himself in rural areas—far removed from the large cities where some semblance of culture and cleanliness prevailed, but where, too, an intense, burning hatred of Americans was paramount.

Brown taught school for about five years and then went on to China (he was interned by the Japanese for six months and casually refers to his unhappy lot there) only to return to Puerto Rico a few years later on. Again he studied the life of the island, again visited the home of his friend at his patrician estate, again studied the current political situation. Here again he noted the mischief caused through a balance of $15,000,000 in the Puerto Rican treasury which is plaguing the itching politicians—a balance that has become the basis for fantastic promises out of all proportion, in size and character, to the improvements that have been made by the United States since 1898. He met Gov. Rexford Tugwell and such important leaders as Don Luis Muñoz Martin and Pedro Albizu Campos. Toward 1945, he returned to the United States with an understanding feeling for the Puerto Ricans and with a full recognition of the conflicting forces in the field of politics. Through the stories of real characters, he traces the growth of an unscrupulous political leader who is seeking to develop a following that will make him the Franco of the island; through many a recital he portrays vividly the fury of the natives against Americans because of dissembling, petty, selfish, vicious demagogues; and in contrast to these, he describes the struggling, hopeful efforts of the more prescient, astute leaders to develop a sense of self-respect and national understanding among the people. Among these leaders is Muñoz, who believes that complete political independence for Puerto Rico would be less desirable than the type of dominion status that President Truman advocated in his message of October 16, this year.

The book does not offer the reader any solution to the problems of the natives. The author has not accepted that as his mission in writing the book;

—*From the book*

In Puerto Rico Wenzell Brown found there are two million people with "not enough food, not enough clothing, not sufficient shelter . . . sickness and hunger, the worst slums in the world, and natural beauty that takes your breath away."

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one gathers, rather, that he preferred simply to say, "This is what I saw." Yet, one cannot read of the conditions so vigorously and incisively described and be content to put the book down and forget them.

Mr. Brown puts his finger on the essential reason for a lack of uniform policy leading to stabilization and economic betterment in this island in the statement that its policies are in the hands of the House Committees on Insular Affairs, whose members shift with the results of elections. "The personnel of these committees changes with great rapidity and the entire administration is subject to a complete turnover every four years. Under this set-up any long-term policy for Puerto Rico is impossible," he observes. In this he is joined by Governor Tugwell who said that "Uncertainty hangs like a cloud over every decision Puerto Ricans try to make, for they have no idea what constantly shifting congressional committees will do."

With experiences and observations like these, one would expect the book to constitute a bitter denunciation of all that Puerto Rico stands for. The correctness of the approach lies in the author's constantly leaving one with a sense of charity and pity for what it lacks. It would have been easy to have allowed the presentation of the author's observations to deteriorate into a castigation of Puerto Rico or the United States. He chooses to present the picture, state a few facts, guide the reader's thinking, and let him draw his own conclusions. For that, for the interesting stories and experiences that are related, for the excellent drawings, this book is to be commended.

Between the vividness of the descriptions and portrayals of situations, and the full-page sketches by Jack Crane (sketches that are splendidly done and that enrich the volume), Wenzell Brown has made a real contribution in this book.

Basic Elements in American Problems

APPROACHES TO NATIONAL UNITY. Edited by Lyman Bryson, Louis Finkelstein, Robert M. MacIver. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 994 *pp., Index.* $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THIS is no book for a gentle reader. It is too tough and sinewy for a warm summer afternoon's diet; so if you are looking for a picnic, leave it alone. But if you welcome a good vigorous mental exercise or if you really wish to wrestle with the basic elements of the most serious problems of our day you can do no better than to tackle page one of this volume and struggle through the thousand-odd pages that swell its bindings. In the course of your bout you will read over sixty articles related—some closely, some remotely—to the unity of our people now so separated by the all too familiar barriers of class, of thoughts, and of communication.

These papers were first presented at a symposium of the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion. This, the 1945 volume resulting from the Conference, is interesting not only for its discussions of the subject set for this year's theme but also for the light it sheds on the difficulty of integrating the findings of scientists, educators, theologians, editors, anthropologists, etc. Roughly, the book is divided into three parts—the chapters dealing with the subject of group relations, the papers discussing the problem of translating through educational materials ideas that are clear to

experts, and those articles which analyze the Conference as an instrument for the communication of ideas among the experts themselves.

While the last group would seem at first glance to be of interest only to the participants actually these discourses on method are the most revelatory of the confusion of tongues that curse our specialists when they come together. There is something a little frightening in the narrowness and prejudice of brilliant men when they move outside their fields. It is encouraging though to realize that here at least such men are bound in the one unity that can bind them—in a unity which Ordway Tead describes as "the desire for more wisdom and for more loving kindness in the use of that wisdom for the amelioration of human affairs."

These people at least are facing the problem of communication—even when their discussion reaches such a level of abstraction that they begin to talk in terms of designators, appraisors, prescriptors, formators, commonage, and communization. The forms and problems of mental intercourse plague the logician even as they do the layman. Of all the institutions designed for communication, education is of course the most discussed today. It has been examined and reëxamined in recent years to such an extent that it seems almost impossible that anything new or fresh could be said about it. As might be expected it is discussed here from a dozen different angles. Common to most of the papers on the subject is a healthy and familiar disgust with the by now thoroughly discredited over-vocationalization and overspecialized approaches of the immediate past. Fairly common, too, is the sense of the need for something positive and lofty in the way of a living philosophy to replace the negativistic and materialistic skepticism with which many of our universities have been indoctrinating their students for the last few years.

But the major theme of the Conference reported in this miscellany relates to the "problem of group relations in our multigroup society." Within a very loose framework, the scholar, the artist, the man of affairs, delve into their experience, to analyze the underlying causes of the complicated tensions of industry, society, religion, and philosophies. While the individual approaches are varied in level and scope, together they provide a mine of information and suggestion vital to the attainment of a truly harmonious society. From a purely practical point of view no social-minded person can afford to ignore, for example, the contributions which science has made to the easing of group tension as Harry Overstreet has summarized them in one of the most readable of the papers—or the value of these tensions when properly controlled as pointed out by several contributors—or the practical problem of control as stated by Talcott Parsons in his "Racial and Religious Differences as Factors in Group Tensions."

A book such as this is naturally uneven and its appeal will vary from reader to reader according to his special intellectual interests and background. This is sourcebook stuff to be ploughed through and studied. The ideas in it are destined to filter through to most of us who are general readers through the more popular books which are our everyday fare. For the professional it is a must as were its predecessors; for the members of the laity who wish to keep in touch with the world of social ideas or who welcome the opportunity to stretch their minds it is an irresistible challenge.

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All Sorts and Conditions of Poets

THE WAR POETS. Edited by Oscar Williams. New York: John Day Co. 1945. 445 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

POETS do not cease to be poets because they become soldiers nor do soldiers fail to be soldiers because they are poets. Mr. Oscar Williams in his new anthology of war poetry has collected the work of both soldier and civilian poets from two wars to illustrate the greatness of their contribution to the preservation of humanity. Beginning with Wilfred Owen and ending, not exactly triumphantly, with Oscar Williams. On all but a few counts Mr. Williams's labors have been highly successful. He has gathered together a surprising amount of excellent and impressive poetry and he has given the poets a chance to say in prose, as a sort of collective foreword, what they think of the relationship between war and poetry. Mr. Williams himself has written an introduction, a bit of special pleading in which he remarks (and very few readers will fail to agree with him), speaking of the poets' own introduction, "I am sure that it is a far better preface to the poems than these notes of mine."

The most serious defect in the collection, and it does not cancel the book's many excellences, is the result of the editor's method of choice. He has not excluded purely romantic poets like Rupert Brooke and Alan Seeger of World War I and he has included many purely intellectual and attitudinizing poets of both wars but he has also excluded a good many of both classes who were surely worth including. It seems to me that John Masefield's "August 1914," in spite of the fact that it is longer than it need be, would have been a firmer fruit for Mr. Williams's garland than Alan Seeger's rather insipid little mulberry, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death."

Mr. Williams does not make plain what the conditions of his choice have been. He does mention "compassion," the use of which, he says, indicates a recognition of the tragedy of war. Since compassion is no more an attribute of many of the included poets than it is of the metronomes and fountain pens which, in combination, some of them resemble and since compassion may be practised in the face of other sufferings than those caused by war, it is not easy to see the connection.

The poets included in this book—and it is to Mr. Williams's credit that many of them are little known to the reading public—demonstrate a number of things about twentieth-century poetry and about the sensitive man's reaction to war.

It is interesting to note that, among these poets, that sense of the war's tragedy which Mr. Williams has mentioned is not a single, undivided thing. There are a number who are aware of the tragedy but who at the same time consider the tragedy a personal and individual one. Others, perhaps more mature, regard the tragedy as the tragedy of mankind. There is a difference between personal melancholy and recognition of the tragic nature of some of man's racial habits. A lot of war poetry which, other things being equal, might be considered effective poetry, loses its effec-

tiveness by losing sight of the beauty and dignity of mankind in the face of frustration and death and substituting for it the disappointment of an individual who has been kept by rain from going on a picnic.

It seems to this reviewer that, although it is manifestly dangerous to single out individuals from a large group such as that which Mr. Williams has assembled, one of the contributors, Captain Donald Stauffer, illustrates both in his introductory remarks and in his poetry the fine strength, understanding, and gusto with which the poet of today meets war. His poem "The Lemmings," in spite of its apparent levity, is both literary criticism and criticism of life. It is war poetry, not because it is about war but because it is about the things in man which make wars. For instance, its conclusion:

And still, though we prove that it should or it shouldn't be,
The lemmings continue their progress out to sea.
I know this amounts almost to accepting God
And know also today such belief is most certainly odd.
Yet I would prefer, when we look at human behavior,
If we must be saved, to have God—not man—for a savior.
Give us a bit less pride and a little more trust:
We but guess we are terribly clever; we know we are dust.
Grace is a ware which should be on the front of our shelves,
And we have most grace when we don't try to make it ourselves.
After all, reflective verse shouldn't give the answers.
It should merely set the questions moving like dancers,
And should leave us, where we began, with the excellent notion
Of the lemmings moving in unison toward the ocean.

Mr. Williams's anthology will be welcomed by many readers who would not, without it, know where to look for the kind of writing which it includes—a kind of writing which, as the editor quite properly says, is conspicuously absent from the better known magazines and newspapers and which usually gives publishers the mulligrubs.

Calculus and Things Like That

THE RIVER MATHEMATICS. By A. Hooper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1945. 394 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

IN a book of 401 pages Mr. Hooper, an English teacher, performs the difficult feat of ranging over the whole field of mathematics from simple arithmetic to calculus. He has kept not mathematicians in mind but ordinary men and women who want to know by what intellectual processes easy and hard calculations are made. Accordingly, he begins with ancient man and shows how he invented and used a number system. Hooper naturally gravitates to weights and measures (his "bits and pieces"), which gives him a chance to discuss fractions, decimals, and the metric system. Usually he traces the history of mathematical reasoning, so that the reader learns how algebra and other branches of mathematics evolved. In all these divisions the advice of the Dodo in "Alice in Wonderland" is followed, namely that "the best way to explain it is to do it." Accordingly Hooper enlivens his text always by practical examples which are clearly stated and explained.

Ever since Hogben's "Mathematics for the Million" became a best-seller we have been inundated with popular works on mathematics. Hooper's is one of the best that has appeared of late. Though his is intended for the general public it will probably be a boon to many a student who finds the formal classroom text none too clear. Hooper is always simple, clear, and practical. He has made mathematics in its lower and higher phases as interesting as it can be made. No reader can lay his book down without acquiring a sense of the importance of mathematics in the development of civilization and that without mathematics it would hardly be possible to build our large dams, bridges, planes, and other machines.

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A Man Who Saw Things Happen

MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN CHINA. By John B. Powell. The Macmillan Co. New York: 1945. 436 *pp. with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

IN January 1917, a small-town Missouri newspaperman by the name of John Benjamin Powell embarked from San Francisco on an ancient tub named *Nippon Maru.* His destination was an editor's chair in a projected Shanghai magazine, with the defiant motto, "We print anything we damn please."

Fittingly enough, the maiden issue of the magazine was put off a week, to enable Powell to print the text of a U.S. Court decision assailing "loose and reckless" incorporation of American firms in China. This gave the new magazine not only its first major scoop but also its back-log of enemies, who liked the decision no more than they liked Powell's exuberant publicity.

The magazine, then called *Millard's Review of the Far East* (after its owner, Thomas Millard), sent its roots deep into virgin soil: English-reading Chinese who admired America, and American missionaries scattered over the face of China.

Thus was launched a career that lasted for a quarter of a century, and made of Powell the symbol of American journalism in China. In the process of becoming Asia's most widely known correspondent, Powell covered some notable events, made a host of friends and even more enemies, and developed some strong prejudices which he never hesitated to air.

In May 1923, Powell was a leading figure in the Blue Express Incident, in which a trainful of passengers, including a sister-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., an attorney for an opium ring, and a sing-song girl, was kidnapped by an ambitious bandit gang.

In 1927, he was nearly expelled from the American Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai for espousing the Nationalist cause. He weathered the storm, and was credited with a part in preventing American intervention in the Chinese civil war.

In 1931-32, he was in Manchuria, watching the first flicker of the conflagration which ten years later was to envelope the entire world. Thereafter, he became Japan's most implacable enemy among the American correspondents in the Far East. His magazine (now renamed the *China Weekly Review)* became Asia's prime muckraker, exposing everything from Japan's latest political machination to the wholesale theft of cars in Shanghai's streets to equip the Japanese Army for its forthcoming imperial adventure.

The Japanese tried to retaliate. They barred his magazine from the mails, after they took over the Shanghai Post Office. Anti-Japanese postal employees helped him to circumvent this blackout by stamping his magazine with a counterfeit censor's stamp. Japanese agents beat up his news boys. Japanese-paid assassins tried to kill him, but the hand-grenade they used failed to explode.

It was only after Pearl Harbor—on December 20, 1941—that the enemy finally caught up with Powell. He was tossed into the infamous Bridge House, where for lack of food and warm clothing his feet turned gangrenous. Months later, in a hospital, a doctor pulled off a toe here, a chunk of rotten flesh there. When he was finally repatriated, he had only stumps of legs left and he weighed 78 pounds.

* * *

The record of this eventful life is now embodied in a 422-page book, entitled "My Twenty-Five Years in China." It is a strangely detached, dispassionate work, an historical outline rather than a chronicle of personal life.

As a history book, it offers only two incidents novel in subject or interpretation. One of these is the first confirmation of André Malraux's charge, in his unforgettable "Man's Fate," that it was the French who hired Shanghai's underworld leader, Dou Yu-seng, to crush the labor and student movement in 1927. The arrangement was concluded at Dou's arsenal-residence, in the presence of the chief of French police and the American lawyer Stirling Fessenden, who headed the government of the International Settlement. Fessenden later gave Powell an account of this meeting. Powell, incidentally, concludes his report with a sharp dig at the "American professional defenders of the Chinese Communists who have written tearful paragraphs" about the bloody conflict in Shanghai.

John B. Powell "has done some heavy thinking on China and on his own part in her history."

The second little known footnote to history is drawn by Powell from an unpublished manuscript by Thomas Millard, who served as an adviser to the Chinese delegation to the League of Nations. In 1932, Millard reports, Russia offered to enter into an agreement with China and the United States to halt Japanese aggression. The proposed accord authorized the United States to organize and equip China's armed forces. The offer was declined.

Of the few incidents which fulfil the promise of the title, the most interesting deal with Mr. Powell's two major ordeals: his capture by the bandits in 1923, and the subsequent detention in a barren mountain stronghold, and his seizure by the Japanese two decades later. The bandit episode is worth retelling not only for its bizarre features but also as a reminder of foreign attitudes towards China only a generation back.

In the three years Powell spent in a hospital, he has apparently done some heavy thinking on China and on his own part in her history. Out of this contemplation emerged the wish, used by Powell as a conclusion to his book, to return to the land in which he has spent his adult life. He will not have to start anew in China. His *China Weekly Review* has just resumed publication, under the supervision of his son.

Dark Danger

By Sara Kolb Danner

THINK on magnolia blossoms, on the white
Pure magic, on the slight
Waxen bowls catching the dew.
More beautiful the ivory cup
Than lalique, than crystal.
The white petals lifted up
In cumulus beauty, into sunlight,
Against clouded shadow of leaves.
When the day is heavy with its own dark danger
In some rushed hour
Think on magnolia blossoms.
Close the eyes and cup the hands
And picture
The quiet beauty of a creamy flower
Lifted up like snowy mountains
Above dark troubled lava.

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Compulsory Education—6 to 60

FOSTER KENNEDY

OUR familiar Western world has seen three periods of surprising intellectual development. All these were periods of expansion, geographic and economic, which gave opportunity for added wealth and a leisured life. In Greece that life was based on slavery; during the Renaissance on the wealth of the Indies, and in our time on the industrial revolution and the triumphant march of experimental and applied science.

The age of intellectual victory in Greece was very short, the philosophers too few. But fortunately, while Rome conquered the world militarily, Greece conquered Rome intellectually. So the achievements of classic Grecian science and art were borne in the Roman chariot of state to excite to fruition the burgeoning intellectuals of the larger worlds of the Renaissance and of our own times. The number of inquiring minds has grown with the enlargement of the world of men in numbers. While the world has grown steadily smaller in space-time dimensions there has been a vast growth in population pushing a great number of able minds to the work of creation and inquiry. When one remembers the smallness of the population of ancient Greece and therefore the paucity of intellectual workers to whom we are indebted for their thoughts, one remembers the words of Winston Churchill by which he praised the pilots of the R.A.F. who, having saved Britain, saved the world: "Never in human history has so much been owed by so many to so few."

So, as has been suggested just now, we of the modern world are *the very many* in an earth saved in this war for the liberal spirit; we have been saved with teeming hundreds of millions of our fellows from the black shadow of tyranny over the individual. A tyranny has been lifted which would have sequestered knowledge by a burning of the books as did Theophilus and later the Moslem conquerors when by burning the library at Alexandria they destroyed what man knew then of man and of God: the greatest intellectual catastrophe the human race had yet experienced. A tyranny has been overcome which, for a thousand years, would have imprisoned men's minds by holding from them the keys of knowledge and the catalysts of thought.

The release of our spirit from its greatest threat will give us energy to build a new Renaissance. Science has given us atomic energy. If the statesmen can give us peace, we may be able to produce the wealth that can give us leisure.

For this leisure, for this ripening of the spirit escaped from darkness, we must prepare; the fields of democracy lie at our feet fertile with the hope of mankind; they must be ploughed and sown with the seeds of knowledge, lest a new and more violent wind of ignorance carry away the hard-won soil and leave a barren land of tyranny for our children. Laissez-faire will do no longer. In our universities and academies we must look far ahead with a novel audacity. The democratic faith carries with it implicitly the deeply religious duty of self-betterment by each individual. We must provide for this and help it. We have made a beginning by the compulsory education of the young, but in the minds of the masses of the people schooling and learning end naturally in youth and for most no new idea thereafter enters their commercial and domestic emptiness.

The heart of my idea is to beg you to consider the necessity of *compulsory* education of us all, up to, say, sixty years of age. This could never be continuous; it would be part-time and occasional; perhaps each man and woman every five years would be compelled to learning for a six months' period, three or four hours a day. This is a lot easier than military service and much better for both the world and the people in it.

Democratic states do not now hesitate to impose compulsion on their youth for both military and educational exercise. In Britain, the middle-aged men of the Home Guard trained themselves for war. They trained in the evenings, and on Sundays, and in the early mornings. Their women did part time in war plants; some who could not leave their homes converted them into small war factories for the making in spare time of spare parts for aeroplanes.

SO, if it can be done for war, why cannot it be done for the glory of the human spirit, for the refulgence of the mind, for the building of peace on earth and the comprehension of the Good? It certainly *can* be done; energy for the adventure rests in every man and woman, wasted because of narrow opportunity. The terror of war makes the government call upon its citizens for the latent power that is in them. Why can this power not be harnessed to the chariot of peace? It certainly can be done,—first by the intelligence of the few; then by the application of their will. If we completely grasp this idea, if we put behind the idea our determined strength, we can crystalize this thing into action and make it a fact. It was not so very long ago that the few had to push into the many the idea of compulsory education for every man's child.

Faith in our knowledge and in our will to push, and by pushing to lead our representatives in government, will give to the people the tools to build a better new world. In this compelled communion and stretching of minds, the best and the worst together, there lies new seed for a rebirth of the intellect; through it, available to all, science may be humanized and the humanities made more scientific. It is only by doing this that mankind may hope one day to see God. "Unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven"; so we must take to ourselves the humble work and the heart of the child for our continuing benefit.

The making of paper in China, their stamping blocks, and later the European way of rapid printing opened the broad and shining road of knowledge to all men. By the compulsory education of children, by the teaching of the alphabet and the meaning of the written word to all men the nations took their first steps along this bright highway. By means of *compulsory education for adults,* signposts will be placed along this same highway, and a new departure in the adventure of learning will be made for us and for our children's children. The thought is simple and will add to men's happiness.

Despite the pleasures of the senses, the truest joy lies in the inception of a new thought. It is intolerable that most men's minds never get a new thought in all their lives.

Three years ago, eighty per cent of an American regiment confronted by a map of Mercator's projection of the

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world were unable to recognize the shape or the position of the continent of Africa—where many of them later perished in line of duty! After learning of this terrible ignorance I asked many questions from public and private school authorities and found that geography throughout the United States is taught up to eleven and a half years of age, and never thereafter. On the passing of another eleven and a half years no citizen could know, through such a system, a world map or even know where he lives.

Continued education would have a steadying effect on world society. We have no right to confer the power to vote, and withhold the power by which to vote intelligently. Youth can study but not act; maturity can act but without study; we have all accepted this absurd paradox and without objection. Britain in the midst of danger and crisis has just passed an Education Act raising the school age of the nation to sixteen years; but lacking provision for learning throughout life the added schooling in adolescence will do little to improve the quality of citizenship, or to inculcate ordered philosophy of thought and feeling. Aristotle has said that education is *liberal* when a man studies with a view of "excellence" and without wish of gain. This Greek word excellence (*aretee*) should represent the aim in national adult training; to give balance, knowledge of men, strength of principles, and clarity of thought, in a bright and vigorous body. Such should be the free man's training throughout life—to which may be added the training for some people in special skills or for special knowledge as *vocational* learning.

THE adult schools of Denmark were established as the People's Workers' Schools for a political and practical end in the nineteenth century. They fortified Denmark against German aggression by insisting on Danish culture and ideals. They continued later after the unprovoked invasion in '64 with the aim of noble-mindedness. In a hundred years they have raised a depressed and ignorant peasantry into a strong middle class of prosperous agriculturalists with a liberal and progressive viewpoint.

One may ask, "but how can time be found for all this?" By reorganizing habits of life. Acceptance of the principle will find the method to put it to work. This was so in wartime Britain, and will always be so when society recognizes a need for action. Society reorganized itself when child labor was outlawed, and again for compulsory education of youth; it will be reorganized when two more years are added in England to the school age. More changes will be needed for that event than would be required to deal with adult education on a limited part-time basis.

The adult will bring to his study experience in practical affairs, impossible for the youth; the mature man will have insight into great literature which is mere intellectual exercise and often boring to shallow youth not yet taught by life.

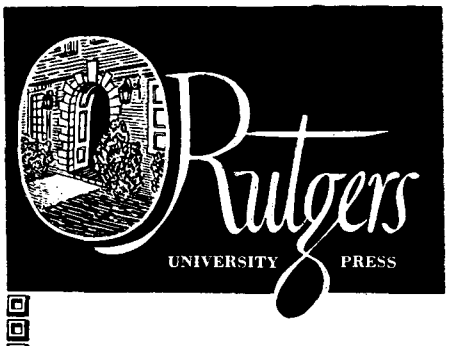
As a youth I had the great fortune to see for six weeks each year Benson's fine stock company perform Shakespeare's plays and old English comedies: a liberal education in itself. All I knew of "Macbeth" had told me that it was not merely bloody, but obscenely bloody; I avoided it for twenty-five more years. I neither saw it played nor read it. Then one day, starting for a country consultation, I stuffed a ten-cent copy of the play into my pocket and read it on my way. For a week I was more than a little drunk with the beauty of poetry, with the majesty of its simplicity and its rhetoric, its "will not sweeten this little hand," and its "multitudinous seas incarnadined." Would this elevation of spirit, this intoxication have come to me at fourteen by this reading? Of course not! At that age I enjoyed the plays; the poetry I accepted at the suggestion of others,—and with dubiety!

The Danes have found further that the same amount of information which it takes a half-grown youth three or four years to learn can be acquired by adults in the space of five or six months, adults keen on learning who have already done practical work. Without practical experience of living, history, literature, and philosophy lack meaning and substance.

In the past fifty years society has been shaken to its foundations. By war of course, but also by the toppling of standards, aided by a flood of mediocre reading made to fit our undeveloped minds. There used to be a general uniformity of belief in ordered Good, today only to be found in old-fashioned and sequestered communities. Some generations ago religion was a great art-form which shielded men against their ignorance and later shielded them against their knowledge of man's inevitable demotion in the natural hierarchy. Today, compulsory religious training has weakened almost the world over, and no philosophy has been brought to take its place.

THE difference between good and evil in the field of action can be taught to youth, but only the mature man can grasp the difference between good and evil in the field of ideas; for democratic life this must be the aim of all educational effort. Ability for this Greek ideal means freedom for

(*Continued on page 86*)



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The editors are proud to announce that Colonel John T. Winterich, who has returned to civil life after five years in the Army, has joined the staff as Managing Editor. Colonel Winterich has contributed reviews to the magazine for many years and before the war was co-conductor of a department. In the First World War he was a member of the staff of the original Stars and Stripes. *On his second tour of military duty he served in the Office of the Under Secretary of War, the War Department Bureau of Public Relations, and the Office of the Director of Military Training, Army Service Forces.*

THE WORLD KNOCKS AT OUR DOOR

THAT the American people have been thrust neck and crop into the turmoil of the whole world is evidenced by the new books already published or scheduled for later this fall. The war books are still with us but in some miraculous fashion, considering the length of time it takes to bring out a book, the flood has been checked in the few months that have passed since V-E Day and V-J Day. There are still new narratives coming off the presses of personal or group adventures on land and sea and in the air that document the later phases of the war. These represent the beginning of the more reflective war books that will be created for many years to come, the autobiographies, reminiscences, and diaries written by men who will be looking back at the great and terrible adventure through which the world has passed.

Those mercurial fellows, the newspaper correspondents, are, for the moment, taking a holiday, though you will find a few of them summing up whole campaigns or writing the biographies of admirals and generals. There are a few remnants of the books labeled generically What Shall We Do with Germany, or with Japan, or the Returning Soldier? The problems that distressed us not long ago are either relentlessly solving themselves for better or for worse or have been reversed, so that the question now is not what we will do with them but what will they do to us. This dilemma is human enough, all too human, perhaps, for every reflective couple that have had a baby have first worried as to what they would do with it and then have been concerned with the profound changes its arrival has made in their lives.

The scores of new books on Japan, China, and India, on Germany, France, Poland, the Balkans, Russia and the nations of the Near East resemble in a somewhat alarming way the books that appeared in the thirties when the threat of a new world war from Europe was beginning to fragment our solid isolationism, forcing us to look away from our own concerns to dangers threatening us from across both oceans. It would appear from many of them that America has been suddenly presented with two orphan and difficult children and a houseful of indigent relatives, some of them of doubtful ancestry, while one or two powerful and jealous neighbors have installed themselves across the street.

There is obviously a large demand in this country for books that will teach us what these foreign nations are like and what are their problems in relation to each other and to ourselves in the new world order in which we are to be partners. Nothing like this flood of books on other countries has happened to American publishing before. Others group nations together, like "Europe, the Lost Continent, "Europe in Revolution," "The House of Europe," "America and the New World," "Latin American Front," "New World of the Pacific," or "Asia for the Asiatics." All these books are factual, the product of men who have either known foreign nations from long experience, or who have seen them in the throes of war and reconstruction. They are in every way vital to us, for the information they contain must become part of the average intelligent American's knowledge. If they seem to open our eyes to a maze of conflicts, rivalries, old fears, and new ambitions from all corners of the world it is all the more necessary for us to study them. Gone are the books on the picturesque Balkans; China, Land of Romance; Romantic Islands of the Pacific; and all the rest of their kind that served as tourist bait or escape literature. There do not seem to be any "romantic" countries left; only lands filled with destitute, hungry, and bewildered people.

Even the atomic bomb did not come too late to blast its way into the fall books. There are already seven or eight of these direful volumes in print, from "Science for Life or Death," reprinted after five years, to "Atomic Energy in the Coming Era," "Modern Man Is Obsolete," "Atomic Energy for War and Peace," "Atomic Weapons of the World," "The Almighty Atom," and "Atomic Energy for Military Purposes." Obviously, none of them reveals what is called the "secret" of the atomic bomb, but from them the layman can gain enough information so that atomic fission need no longer remain a complete mystery to him. Only one or two of these books is entirely devoted to the significance to mankind of this new and terrible wisdom, but the spring lists will contain many more of them and will bring forth new projects for world unity that must be argued if civilization is to continue on the earth.

H. S.

The Pebble

By Eric Wilson Barker

AND leopards held hot breath the day you flew
And lions let the springbok leap unharmed.
Sheathing their pointed death they looked to you:
They had not seen so huge a beast, nor armed
As that tall tower of Gath on Israel's day.
In water green as their nocturnal eyes,
When they came down at dusk to drink, you lay:—
"Tomorrow David comes, Goliath dies."
And in the morning they saw David come
With pouch and sling and take you from the brook
And hold you shining, feel you with his thumb.
And then he smiled, and all the branches shook
In laughter from the hills, the curious sound
That giants make before they strike the ground.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Any Concurrences?

SIR:

This reader is upset
By critics of the breed
Who damn with epithet
Like "useful, fills a need."

A. S. FLAUMENHAFT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

1714—?

SIR: Judge Frank in his admirable article on the judicial robe [*SRL,* Oct. 13] did not explain the reason why American and British judges wear black. At the death of Queen Anne the courts went into mourning, and they have continued to lament her passing ever since. Might not Congress decree an end of our judicial grief?

ERNEST F. GRIFFIN.

Tarrytown, N. Y.

Justice to Justice Qua

SIR: Melville Cane does a grave injustice, in his poem "Book-Ban" [*SRL,* Oct. 27], to Mr. Justice Qua of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. In point of fact, Mr. Qua delivered a *dissenting* opinion upholding "Strange Fruit" and entirely disagreeing with all his colleagues. So the effort of Mr. Cane has no point whatever except to evidence a careless reading of the decision of the court.

LAURENCE P. DODGE.

Newburyport, Mass.

There's Always "Sic"

SIR: What should you do when you want to quote a great man who has made an error in diction in an otherwise quotable statement? The question arises from Thomas Sugrue's quotation from General MacArthur in *SRL* of September 22 (p. 14): "The problem . . . involves a spiritual recrudescence." Or did the General really mean "increased severity of a disease after a remission," or "the breaking out again of a wound, sore, or, figuratively, of some latent evil?" Thus Webster's Unabridged.

J. L. BARBER.

Coronado, Calif.

Too Red the Rose

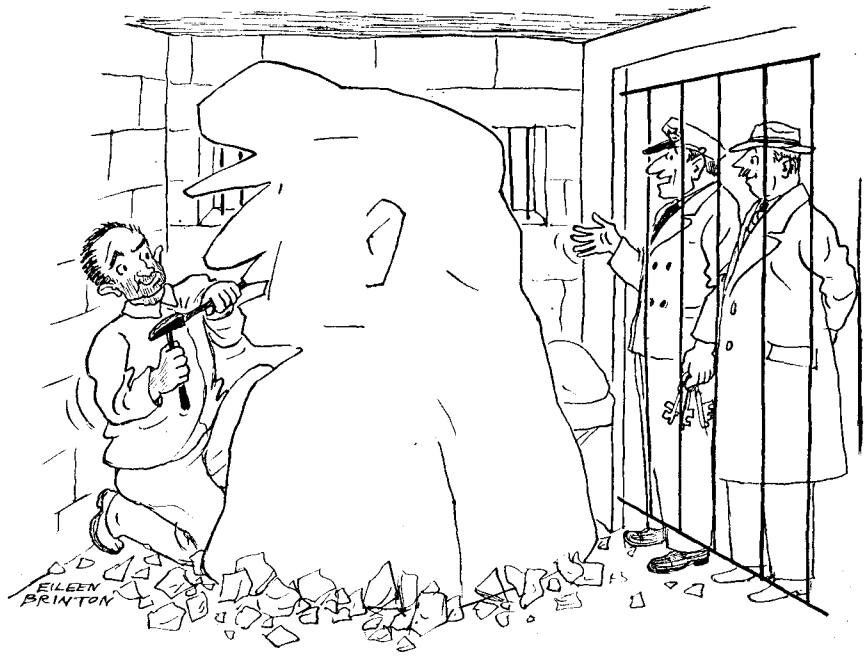
SIR: In Trade Winds in your October 6 issue Bennett Cerf says that a newcomer in the 25-cent reprint business "has charged suddenly into the market place offering guarantees up to fifteen thousand dollars for rights to second- and third-string novels"; and he continues, "This is just one of many indications that the bloom will soon be off the rose in this category of publishing."

So now writers know on good authority when it is that the bloom departs from the rose of publishing. It is when writers get a big slice of the pie—or, maybe better, too many petals. (I don't really believe that; I think it's poppycock; I yield to no man, as a U.S. Senator would put it, in my esteem for publishers; but that's what Bennett Cerf says.)

If I interpret the remainder of Mr. Cerf's paragraph correctly, and I have tried hard, he warns writers that they had better stop pleading for a bigger return from 25-cent reprints than the two per cent royalty they now get, because if they don't merchandisers will begin jumping off skyscrapers or perhaps even cliffs; and a contributing factor to that horrid situation will be the chaotic competition in the 25-cent field now being confidently forecast by nearly all publishers. Now really. Since before Dickens started to grow whiskers publishers have been telling writers that they understand business and writers don't and therefore all that must be left to them; and now they are telling writers, in effect, that they intend to permit the development of so frantic a competition in the 25-cent field that writers will be lucky to get their two per cent, let alone more than that. The word "permit" belongs there. Under practically all existing book contracts, the 25-cent reprint right is controlled exclusively by the publisher. The publishers are therefore in a position to determine the course of events, by granting or withholding the lease of any and all titles on their lists. But what they are doing is to throw up their hands helplessly and exclaim, "Wait till you see the competition! And the avalanche of returns! Oh, my God! Waiter, another double bourbon!"

Mr. Cerf suggests that a good man to find the bodies of the jumped-off merchandisers would be Nero Wolfe. Wolfe thanks him warmly for the plug and reminds him that Nero Wolfe, not being the author of any book in the 25-cent racks, can still truthfully say that he works only for proper fees.

REX STOUT.
President, The Authors' Guild.



"We encourage the men to take up hobbies."

Plato and We

SIR: Lt. Col. T. V. Smith in his review of Henry Alsberg's "Let's Talk About the Peace" [*SRL,* Sept. 29] ends with a quotation from Plato warning the impetuous to be circumspect in destroying gods and temples. The implication is that Mr. Alsberg is not sufficiently guided by humility in his discussion of world peace, although otherwise "his book is excellent." Plato's quotation seems to me singularly injudicious; at this moment we are planning wholesale destruction of divinities in Germany and Japan, so that rules out the general applicability of Plato's idea. But who are "the gods" we must not destroy? They are "the best diplomatic minds," which, alas, are only mortal, and nothing that has happened in the last twenty-five years enables us to invest them with the dignity of "gods."

Your reviewer makes a special plea for these mortal minds; Mr. Alsberg for more "power to the people." That phrase has an old-fashioned ring for your reviewer; in fact, the term is an anachronism. Of course, it wasn't an anachronism while the war was on; but the war is over now and there is the peace. President Roosevelt was often obliged to go over the heads of the "gods" of Congress and the press in order to carry a point by a direct appeal to the people. But now the people have nothing to do but show humility and wait patiently.

It is this attitude on the part of your reviewer that I question; it seems

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to me to have sinister implications. Who can really pretend that all is well? The prescriptions of the gods had far better be challenged, with or without humility, while there is time. The people who pay for wars know that death no longer rides a horse but is fleeter than light, and time has meaning even for the humble.

JOSEPHINE HERBST.

Erwinna, Penn.

Gripe Department

SIR: My name is Lawrence Lariar. I am the inexperienced fellow who edited "Best Cartoons of 1945." I am the man whose collection was "limp and third-rate"—according to your expert humor critic, Sgt. Ray Duncan.

I guess I don't know anything about cartoons, really. My experience proves it. I've only been contributing comics to national weeklies and monthlies since 1928. I didn't succeed as a cartoonist, especially after I was listed in "Who's Who in America" as one of the lesser lights. I've been editing comics up at *Liberty* for the past three years, but they don't really like the job I'm doing. They don't even like the weekly cartoon they print of mine—it's been running only three years, so it's only a temporary item. I wrote a book called "Cartooning for Everybody" in 1941—an obvious failure because it's only had six printings. I have no feeling for humor, because Disney hired me to write stories for Mickey Mouse back in 1939. I don't know a thing about collecting cartoons in anthologies, because "Best Cartoons" has been averaging just about 30,000 ever since I started it in 1942. I don't know beans about cartoon writing, because *Liberty* has signed me as writer of their current Thropp Family—the first comic strip ever used in a national slick weekly. I haven't the slightest feeling for humorous illustration (they told me up at King Features when they signed me to illustrate a new Sunday feature page).

You can see, now, why I picked only "dull and routine" situations in all the comics I used in "Best Cartoons of 1945," can't you, Sgt. Ray Duncan?

I don't mind your fruity prose, Sergeant Duncan. Your enigmatic abstractions about "visible sweat drops" and "understated reaction" mark you as an expert with taste and experience far beyond mine. I guess I ought to apologize, too, for creating a character called Col. Lemuel Q Stoopnagle and then have him write the introduction to "Best Cartoons." I didn't think you'd recognize his name. I made him up out of my own silly head and then signed his name just to be "funny." It will probably mystify you a bit when I tell you that he is acting as M.C. on the Double-or-Nothing radio show every Sunday night at 9:30 for Feenamint. In order to "get away" with this hoax, I hired a gentleman named F. Chase Taylor to act as Colonel Stoopnagle. I thought this would be safe, especially since F. Chase Taylor has been acting like Colonel Stoopnagle on the radio for the past twenty years. But you won't tell anybody about all this, will you, Sergeant Duncan?

I've always wondered how fellows like you get jobs writing reviews about cartoon books. Maybe the editor of *The Saturday Review* will let me know one of these days. I suppose I'd never qualify, though, because most of the cartoon reviewers have to learn how to hate everything in the humor field that doesn't appear in *The New Yorker*. Then I'd be in a tough spot, because I'd have to damn every collection of cartoons that didn't come from *The New Yorker*, including "Best Cartoons." I wouldn't like to do this because I know that just as many people (and probably more) buy "Best Cartoons" and laugh at the cartoons in it. They enjoy the "sweat drops" and "hats flying off" and all the other very unfunny stuff I purposely select to fill my book. They're even dumb enough to swallow and enjoy the foreword by Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, despite the fact that, as you say: *"Since Colonel Stoopnagle is otherwise unidentified, Lawrence Lariar will have to bear the blame for his work."*

It must be fun to get paid for being a critic of cartoons and cartoon collections. But you sum it all up in your own scholarly way when you say: *"A cartoon is either amusing or it isn't, and there isn't much purpose in figuring out why."* You're just being modest, Sergeant Duncan, aren't you? After all, you've got it figured, haven't you? And didn't you sell it to *The Saturday Review?*

LAWRENCE LARIAR.

Freeport, N. Y.

Introducing the Golden Age

SIR: I am convinced from what you and others say about the atomic bomb that perhaps within a relatively short while total destruction will be upon us. I think, therefore, that during the rest of the time we have to live we could treat each other with greater consideration and politeness than we have hitherto. I think especially that we ought to be kind to the rich and make amends for the way we have treated them during the past twenty years, culminating in the attacks upon them that constantly occurred during the Roosevelt regime.

In particular, I suggest you advocate a "Be Kind to the Rich Week." They are just as much Americans as the poor. Why not treat them with the same kindness? I am sure that the rich are willing to forgive and forget if we are. In this way, if worst comes to worst, we won't have anything on our conscience when the end comes.

I think you have a pretty good magazine but like a lot of other New Yorkers you are inclined to be smart-alecky. Why not show the world that you have a better side to your character by showing that you do not want to discriminate against the helpless minority of people in this country who, through no fault of their own, happen to be rich?

J. L. HAMMOND.

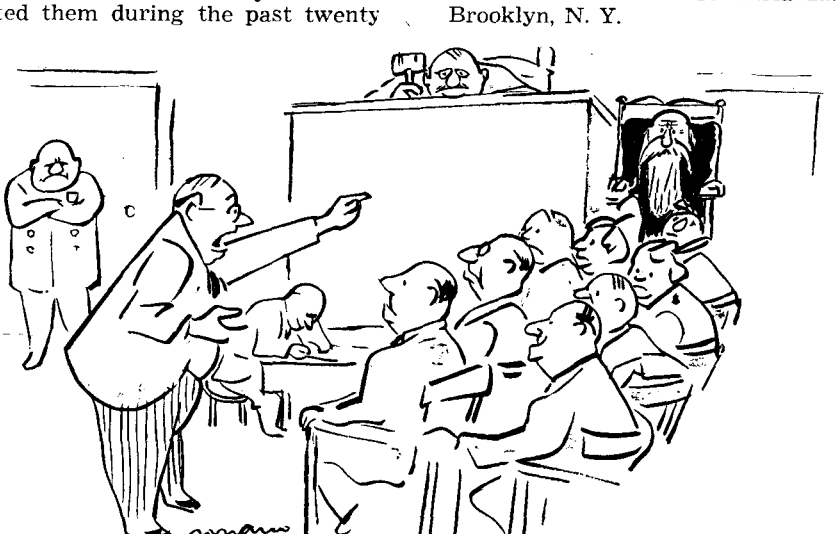
New Orleans, La.

"Undertow" Re-reviewed

SIR: This is a short but violent protest against Cpl. Maurice Basseches' review of Howard Maier's "Undertow" [*SRL*, Oct. 27]. The reviewer's animus (to say nothing of his inadequacy) sticks out all over it. It is almost as if Maier had written the book which Cpl. Basseches wanted to write. But apart from this—and apart from the fact that Maier has written a book that many a discharged soldier will be glad to find—your reviewer has kept his eye so fixed upon the Army that he has failed to see the book. It is a book which is actually two books: the first half concerns the protagonist struggling with the outer world (a world in which he is trapped); the second half is an effort to reëstablish himself by plunging deeply through the inner world. "Undertow" is extraordinary because it is written throughout on two levels of consciousness; because it is the work of a new novelist who, with a slight change in medium, might well be a new poet; and because it is a book which is exciting on every page and which remains a moving memory long after the book has been put away.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.



"I beg the court to take into consideration the fact that my client has been an orphan for more than five years."

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"Like a fresh, firm peach in a dish of waxed fruits..."

That's what TIME says about this satirical, witty novel by the author of GOOD-BYE TO BERLIN

PRATER VIOLET

by CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

➡Deceptively simple in style and plot, this unorthodox story is set in the never-never land of a British movie studio where an Austrian is directing a frivolous escapist picture about Vienna. The time is 1933, when the first rumblings of war proclaimed the end of an era.

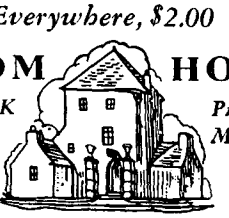
TIME: "It is likely to draw as much critical attention as any other novel of the season. Even in a period of thriving fiction, *Prater Violet* would rate respect: with the Anglo-American novel at its lowest ebb in years, it looks like a fresh, firm peach in a dish of waxed fruits . . . Like all good books, it adds up to a lot more than the sum of its parts."

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "The simplicity of the plot is deceptive. This is a complex work, operating on more than one level. It is not merely a fable of the artist in relation to a commercialized mass medium. It deals with the relation of man to other men and to the world around him. It is a basic and important book . . . beautifully written, with style and subtle form and enormous skill."

ORVILLE PRESCOTT: "It is sharp and witty, written with a limpid simplicity of style that is the result of great skill . . . His deft touch, his neat irony, his mocking understatements are excellent."—*N. Y. Times.*

Everywhere, $2.00

RANDOM HOUSE
NEW YORK



Publishers of the Modern Library

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TRADE Winds

THE GALAXY of stars at the Boston Book Fair grows more impressive every year. This is due emphatically not to the fact that publishers and authors regard the event with increasing favor, but to the positive genius of Alice Dixon Bond, the lady who corrals the talent. Spineless males find it harder to say "no" to Alice than they do to Hedy Lamarr. The evening that she cajoled me into serving as M. C., for instance, the lineup she provided included Henry Morgenthau, Jr., John Marquand, Clifton Fadiman, Norman Corwin, Adria Langley, James Ullman, and Ben Burman.

The *Herald,* which sponsors the Fair, is the only Boston newspaper that devotes a line of space to it. Other Boston papers regard it as an out-and-out promotion stunt, and ignore it completely. Nevertheless, bills like the above pack Symphony Hall to its three-thousand capacity again and again. Small wonder that the Boston Fair has become an annual event. Small wonder, too, that promoters in other cities have taken careful note of the proceedings, and begun planning similar affairs all over the country. Unless publishers take a firm stand on this sort of thing they are going to be up to their necks in book fairs before they can say John William Rogers.

The evening I was in Boston the loud-speaker system didn't work. Yell as they might, the authors had to contend with increasingly angry shouts of "Louder! We can't hear a word!" On the way back to New York, I tenderly massaged my lacerated throat, and jotted down a few conclusions on the back of a New Haven menu:

1. Book fairs are virtually worthless to authors and publishers. They are organized by people who intend to profit themselves thereby.

2. Best sellers do not need this kind of ballyhoo. Failures cannot be rescued by "personal appearances."

3. Authors who speak well can earn large sums by lecturing under the auspices of professional managers. Unless the cause is charitable or civic, they are suckers to appear for nothing. Authors who speak badly should never lecture at all. They lose readers every time they open their mouths.

4. The publishers know perfectly well that a program including a motley assemblage of authors—anybody with a name that the sponsors can get—accomplishes virtually nothing. They need only establish a united front on the question, and organizers of these fairs will melt away like footprints in the sand.

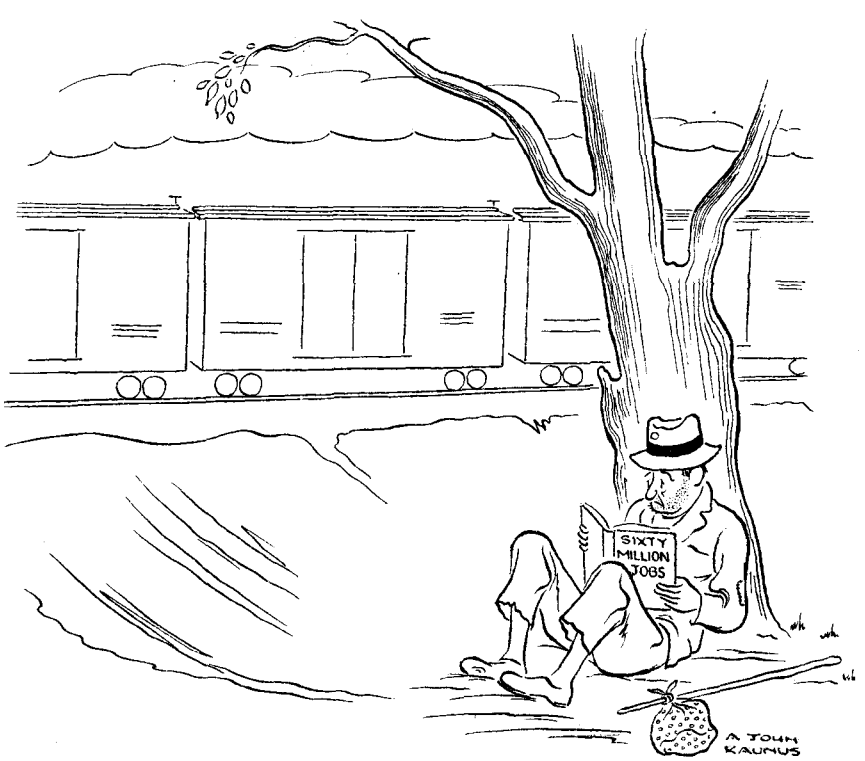
This will be the position of my own publishing house from ere on. The sponsor must agree to make all necessary train and hotel reservations, and pay all expenses, plus a minimum fee of one hundred dollars, before we so much as ask an author to accept. Then if he says "no," we'll send him a bottle of Scotch as a token of appreciation of his very good sense. Maybe we will lose an author or two, or a few scattered sales, as a result of this policy, but we're cheerfully willing to take the chance.

This column is open to other publishers, authors, fair sponsors, or readers who may care to express divergent views on the subject. . . .

GOSSIPS ALONG Publishers' Row would have you believe that John Farrar will soon be back in the business, with a couple of well-heeled partners, and a sure best-seller to give the new firm a rousing start. . . . That *Esquire* plans to move its main office from Chicago to New York after the Supreme Court gives it the expected clean bill of health. . . . That R. H. Macy's purchase of Carson, Pirie & Scott will be announced any minute. . . . That the Womrath chain soon will have a new owner. . . . That another magazine called *Exclusive: The Magazine for You* is just over the horizon, and will devote considerable space to books. . . . That Brentano's will have forty branches before Spring. . . . And that for its twenty-fifth anniversary number, *Reader's Digest* plans a facsimile of its very first issue, to emphasize the enduring worth of the articles it reprints. . . .

AT ITS wartime peak, the personnel of the United States Navy included some 310,000 officers, of whom only 10,000 were regular Navy men—that is, graduates of Annapolis, qualified to wear the Academy's "Navy ring." The other 300,000 were reserve officers, and now that the war is over, they are making no secret of the fact that they deeply resented the favoritism they declare was shown in every instance to the regulars. The first reserve officer who puts his gripe into book form should make a fortune, since at least 300,000 fellow sufferers will undoubtedly buy it with shrieks of joy.

Reserve officers were particularly outraged when "retreads" (their name for old boys from the Academy who had been out of the service for years) came hobbling back to more responsible posts, with more braid, than reserves who had distinguished themselves in action. The Annapolis clique treated their complaints with scorn until a most embarrassing situation developed. The blueprint of the peacetime Navy calls for fifty-eight thousand officers. Forty-eight thousand of them must come from the Reserves! Ninety-eight per cent of all radar officers, for example, have never been within a hundred miles of Annapolis



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"I don't see why they put Harry in the occupation forces. He never had an occupation before."

in their lives! The Navy Department is offering greater and greater inducements to Reservists to sign up, but so far it has made scarcely a dent. "Equal rights and privileges" sounds fine on paper, but it's hard to wipe out the memory of four years of arrogance and favoritism on the part of the Annapolis "Trade School."

Jimmie Val Alen, who was a lieutenant commander during the war, and singles court tennis champion of the United States before it, is the author of a poem that embodies the Reserve officers' point of view. He calls it "The Navy Ring."

You've heard of the English Old
School Tie,
Of the Fly Club and the Pork;
Of the boys of El Morocco,
"21" Club and the Stork.
For loyalty some rate Bones as tops
And others Scroll and Keys,
But the Brotherhood of the Navy
Ring
Makes a monkey out of these.

The Masons have a hand shake
And the Elks all wear a tooth,
The New York A. C.'s emblem
Is the wing-ed foot of youth;
Crusaders wore St. George's Cross
Of which the poets sing,
But the whole lot lumped together
Don't rate half the Navy Ring.

Aladdin had his wondrous lamp
And Sampson had his hair,
One gave the owner boundless
wealth,
One strength beyond compare.
But the Navy Ring's fantastic
charm's
By far the best of all,
For it sheds a dazzling brilliance
Where there is no light at all. . . .

THE MOST talked-about serial of the Fall has been Charlotte Armstrong's thriller, "The Unsuspected," in the *Satevepost*. Coward-McCann will publish it after the holidays, and Warner Brothers have sewn up the picture rights. . . . Latest pronouncement of that Hollywood linguist: "You can go just so far, but you can't drive a horse to drink." . . . Hazen Werner reports a traffic sign at a rural crossroad in Canada: "Take care which rut you choose: you'll be in it for the next twenty miles." . . . Marshall Best, of Viking Press, murmured "An eminently fair appraisal" when he spotted this headline in the October 17 issue of the *Herald Tribune:*

Truman Calls Marshall Best Leader of All

Tribute at Dinner Puts Him Above Napoleon, Hannibal and Alexander. . . .

FRED CALHOUN'S neighbor submitted to a Boston firm a poem entitled "Why Do I Live?" It was returned with a note reading, "We regret we cannot use your poem. But we can answer your question. It is because you mailed the poem to us instead of delivering it in person."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

WHEN you consider the staggering number of what are now popularly called psycho-neurotics in the Armed Forces, where a screening test of sorts is given for the specific purpose of weeding them out, it is not surprising that there are psycho-neurotics numbering into the millions in the civilian world. In considering this, **Undertow** by HOWARD MAIER is using the Army merely as a vehicle for his psychoanalytic study of Russ Davis, merely as the straw which broke Davis' mental back. **Undertow** is only incidentally a study of the rigors of red tape and arbitrary discipline. Primarily it is a study of a man who might just as well be you, forced to face *life* (not Army life, but *life*) under a pressure for which there is no safety valve. **Undertow** is the bell of struggle tolling for Russ Davis and almost any sensitive person.

★ ★ ★ ★

IF He Hollers Let Him Go (by CHESTER B. HIMES) is similar to **Undertow** in the darkness of its theme. While **Undertow** is the story of losing odds in an environmental struggle, **If He Hollers** is the story of losing odds in a racial struggle.

The very apropos title **If He Hollers Let Him Go** means that in states other than in the South a Negro can get out of a tough jam into which he was forced by prejudice if he hollers loud enough. It means that in California where there were a lot of Southern whites in war work, a Negro can be treated by them just as he would be treated by them in the South, forced into a charge of *rape* or overbearance, and then forced to smile and beg and crawl and admit he is a black animal in order to keep out of the penitentiary. CHESTER B. HIMES minces no thoughts. He writes with his fist, and in it a crowbar.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

LET THE AUDIENCE THINK

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Mason Brown is completing a lecture tour. His column will be resumed next week.*

IF motion pictures expect to attain the proportions of an adult art, they must forego their dependence on incidental music. Already certain critics have deplored the low level of this type of composition, the over-orchestration, cliche, theme song, and fanfare. But even if it were developed to meet all esthetic standards, incidental music would still be a menace to the intellectual growth of the movies, especially from the standpoint of realism.

Proofs of this contention may be found in its history in the theatre, from inception to desuetude, a history which swerves from originality to banality, from routine to tour de force, and from authentic emotional power to repetitious fatuity. Aside, however, from the fact that incidental music was used first in classic Greek drama with *choros* interpreting the action, little is known concerning its subsequent development.

Shakespeare used songs to heighten the effect of character and scene, but in "The Tempest" he went much further technically, by making incidental music a dramatic participant in the story in order to introduce the audience to the mysteries of the supernatural.

Shakespeare's plays have served as a continuous source of inspiration for composers at various times. Mendelssohn wrote the well-known musical background for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Edward German the popular "Henry VIII Dances." "Purcell, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Sibelius provided scores for "The Tempest."

With the appearance of Ibsen's dramas and their derivatives, the "problem" plays, incidental music fell into disrepute when it had no integral part in the story or no definite functional purpose. Eventually, as a result, use was limited largely to melodramas like "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model," "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl," and the scores of other modernized and vulgarized morality plays which flooded city and provincial stages in the nineties and later.

Soon, as a result of this secondary popularity, notes A. Walter Kramer, publishers began to issue books dubbed "Dramatic Music" that included the "romantic episode," the "misterioso," the "hurry," the "love scene," the "snaky" effect, the "death" scene, and other stock dramatic situations. Numbers like "The Flower Song" and "Hearts and Flowers" embellished the experiences of the erring girl and the dying child until they became cliches, easy laughs for the banal and the lugubrious. But producers, reluctant about giving up these compositions, strove to improve them by assigning the writing to prominent composers and then exploiting their work in advertisement and program.

Sometimes the results were felicitous, even memorable. The following examples playgoers will certainly recall:

The horrendous effect of the bloodthirsty native songs in "The Green Goddess." The pathetic final scene in "The Greater Love," with Schubert directing his own requiem mass. The poignancy of Schubert's "Warum" in "The Constant Nymph." The plaintive appeal of "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," in "Trilby." The tension created by the off-stage overture in "Eyes of Youth." The emotional force of the drinking song in "The Hairy Ape."

Generally speaking, incidental music has a definite place in the theatre where it has a kind of secondary purpose like that of a stage property. It serves best when it helps bring out the inner significance of the play, sensing the author's thought and feeling through the union of spoken word and musical tone. It can be an effective ornament to scene and situation, provide humor and pathos, supply local color, and serve as a nostalgic reference. It has value as a motivating or expository sidelight, but must not slow up the action.

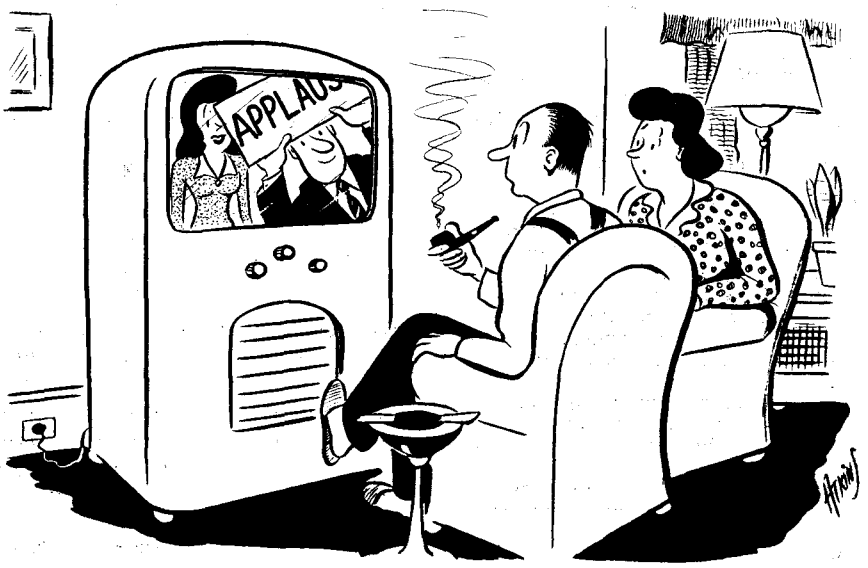
One type of story—the highly popular tale of the obscure musician who rises to fame—the movies handle much better than does the stage.

If, for instance, a play concerns an undiscovered Lily Pons, even if Lily Pons herself plays the role, when she sings the audience always feels something of a let-down because the real artist can never reach the heights of her preconceived ability.

Sometimes, however, the public is given a false impression of musical life. Composers, for instance, are usually shown working at the piano; whereas the real composer usually works at his desk with manuscript in front of him, hearing the tones as he writes them down, seldom playing them.

Similarly, Clifford Odets's "The Golden Boy" is based on the fallacious idea that a lad can train simultaneously to be a violinist and a pugilist, ignoring the fact that the instrumentalist must practise at least four hours a day and that even the slightest bruise or injury to the fingers would destroy the flexibility necessary for the virtuoso number in the last act.

At all times, the treatment of music on the screen presents seemingly insurmountable difficulties. For the camera, as the dominating force, demands continuous movement and has so accustomed audiences to progressive action that they are restless and annoyed when it ceases. But instrumental and vocal music being by its very nature largely static, soloists and orchestras must remain seated or standing when performing. The camera, forced to hold attention, must do so by flitting from place to place, in-



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All Hits– ALL HARPER'S

George Sand and Her Times

The Life of the Heart

BY FRANCES WINWAR

"Miss Winwar seems to have taken fire from George Sand's flamboyant personality so that her own writing is sharper, wittier, livelier than it has ever been . . . George Sand's life was gloriously gaudy. Reading about it is a pleasure."—Orville Prescott, *N. Y. Times.*

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The Perennial Philosophy

In this profound and memorable book the author of *Time Must Have a Stop* and *Ends and Means* has drawn upon the wisdom of the ages to find the common denominator of a faith for today. "... even an agnostic can read this book with joy . . . perhaps Mr. Huxley has written the most needed book in the world."—*N. Y. Times.* $3.00

LOUIS ADAMIC'S

A Nation of Nations

The colorful story of our various national groups, showing how each has helped to make our country great. A new and exciting kind of history which for the first time rounds out the story of America and brings these groups into proper focus. A NATION OF NATIONS is a book that Americans of all national, racial and religious backgrounds will be reading and referring to for decades to come.

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Heritage of Fire

BY FRIEDELIND WAGNER and PAGE COOPER

"A truly remarkable book by a young grand-daughter of Richard Wagner . . . Friedelind Wagner gives us a wonderful description of her young life in Bayreuth . . . Perhaps of even greater importance is her description of that conceited mountebank, Adolf Hitler."—Walter Damrosch. *Illus.* $3.00

Stuart Little

BY E. B. WHITE

"*Stuart Little* is a dream book. Children will go off to sleep dreaming of its minute hero, and parents who have reread it aloud for the *n*th time will still chortle as they find new glints of E. B. White's matchless humor."
—Edward Weeks, *Atlantic Monthly.*

With 87 drawings by Garth Williams • $2.00

Woman Without Love

BY ANDRE MAUROIS

"A brilliant, adult novel . . . full of penetrating humor and observation."—*N. Y. Sun*

"One of the most subtle analyses of feminine psychology of our literary day."—*Chicago Tribune.* $2.50

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terpolating comedy bits and shreds of plots, and interrupting with close-ups and montages.

A quick survey of motion-picture history reveals that the relation of incidental music to the films is largely comparable to that of the stage. At first, producers were unwilling to use a musical score, fearing that it would be harmful to the dialogue, but when once convinced of its value, they employed it with a profligacy that is characteristic of the industry.

The results have been unfortunate from the standpoint of intellectual development. For the screen, in spite of its extraordinary strides toward a real art, still remains a somewhat elementary form of entertainment, its growth retarded by box-office demands germane to the industry and the prevailing use of incidental music. For this type composition is a common leveler. It reduces child, adolescent, and adult to the same emotional plane. Sure-fire and rapid, it precludes real thinking while intruding continually on the story. Worse yet, it robs experience of surprise by musically anticipating the event before it happens.

If there's a fight on the subway, music punctuates the blows. If there's a fire in a tenement house, violins and violas soften the fall as mother and infant jump from the fifteenth floor. If the criminal makes a slide for life the harp accompanies him with a glissando. African chieftan, feudal lord, and pioneer American, all live, plot, hope, lose, win, and die to the same eight notes of the scale.

On the radio, growing cousin of the screen, the obligatory scenes are generally sloughed off with a musical fanfare. When a radio writer comes to a situation which the exigencies of dramaturgy, sponsorship, or censorship preclude, he cries "Bridge"; and immediately lush music fills the gap.

Up to now, the screen has only grazed the contents of the great world library of literature, with thousands of books and plays that have real entertainment value still awaiting film translation. When producers once realize the pyramiding worth of these works, they will be willing to modify the use of incidental music or to throw it away in order to hasten the development of an adult art. May that day come soon!

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CHARLES R. DALTON

STORIES in current magazines tell me that G. I's aren't buying education. Across my desk come publications stressing the need for careful handling of servicemen back from the wars. One might easily wonder whether it were advisable to interview one of these men without the assistance of a psychiatrist at the elbow to lend counsel and direction. From other sources have come grave forebodings of the raid to be made upon the United States Treasury by veterans who hope to use the G. I. Bill for a long loaf in sequestered college

halls (though sequestered college halls now exist principally in the imagination).

This may all be true. Certainly the authors have not failed to accompany their assertions and predictions with logic, facts, and impressive, if not convincing, statistics. I cannot refute them in kind. I can cite nothing but impressions gained from hundreds of interviews and the experience of one college of a university just approaching the flood-tide of veteran education. Actually, I have been so besieged, bewitched, and bewildered by the thousands of letters that come pouring into the office that there has been no opportunity to engage in mathematical computations or veteran research. So, if you read further, I warn you that my own conclusions result, not from analysis and research, but from the inescapable convictions of a somewhat addled brain.

Maybe the G. I.'s aren't buying education, but, if not, they are amusing themselves in a futile correspondence that promises to outdo the chain-letter racket of the thirties. From all over the world come long letters of inquiry, transcripts of records, requests for information about appropriate U.S.A.F.I. courses, and just plain letters seeking educational advice, all looking toward eventual college admission. Some of these men are now discharged from the service; others look forward to months and possibly years in armies of occupation. Some have had a year or two of college; many have not yet completed their secondary-school programs. These letters come from good students, poor students, and some that are hopelessly unprepared, both in achievement and aptitude. They come from majors, commanders, privates, and seamen—but they come.

The College of Arts and Science of the University of Rochester, with which I have the pleasure to be associated, has limited its peacetime entering classes in the College for Men to approximately 200. It is, therefore, to be classed among the smaller colleges of the country. Yet letters from servicemen are now coming in at the rate of 500 to 600 a month and we are interviewing from 200 to 250 in a similar period. There is no indication that we have yet approached the peak. In fact, it seems likely that we shall not reach it for many months to come.

It is true that many of these men who now for the first time see an opportunity for higher education will be found, after careful testing and examination, to be unprepared and unsuited for a college program. The loss will be heavy. The amazing thing is the determination which these men exhibit and the lengths to which they are willing to go to make a college education possible. A large proportion of them never seriously considered college before they entered the armed forces, or, if they did, promptly dismissed it from their minds because the financial barrier was too great to hurdle. Association with others in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps has given them a perspective on the advantage which a college education can offer them. The men say and write these things directly.

One may well question how many will eventually enter some college or university in this country. One may even more seriously question how many will complete the programs they are now contemplating. Not even the Gallup Poll, however, could convince me that the veterans have no interest in taking advantage of their educational opportunities. A few days ago I received a telephone call from a director of admissions of a neighboring institution. He apparently wanted

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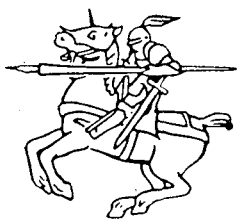

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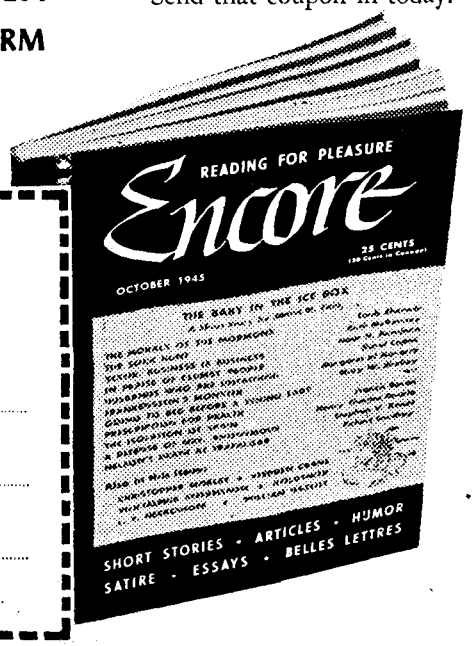

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to talk with someone else who was also floundering about in a sea of applications and correspondence. If so, he turned in the right direction. I was not the only one who was experiencing the frustration of being unable adequately to cope with the thousands of well-thought-out and carefully prepared questions which these men are asking. Within the last few days I was present at a meeting attended by the deans of many of the prominent Eastern colleges. Their reports also confirm my own impressions. They too are wondering how we are going to accommodate the students who are planning to enter college within the next twelve to twenty-four months. We may all be wrong—very wrong—but, if the G. I.'s are not buying education, they are certainly engaged in the most colossal educational window-shopping tour in the history of this country.

BUT what about the men themselves? Are they really different? Are they difficult to handle? Not in my experience. Of course, a relatively few do show evidence of battle fatigue, and others seem obviously unsuited to military life even in peacetime. They are the unusual cases, and even they present much less of a problem than you might imagine. The others, and I do not exclude those suffering from severe physical disabilities, are relatively easy to handle. They are mature, frank, and used to facing facts squarely. Their experience has given them a light on the meaning of an education, and a sense of purpose. They are more vocational-minded, somewhat more realistic, and less interested in fraternities, campus life, and the football team. And why not? They have no time to waste, and they know it. A large percentage of them are married at twenty-two, twenty-three, and twenty-four—perhaps one in three. Many of them have children. Class rivalry, freshman hats, and student life seem just as unimportant to them as they are important to the seventeen-year-old. To a large extent the social aspects of a college experience, so important to the youngster directly out of high school, have been achieved by these men on other fields.

Nor does the admission officer in talking with a veteran need to hold the cards close to his shirt. Perhaps I should say somewhat parenthetically, that the college I represent and many others that I know of are making a careful, conscientious effort to determine the probable college success of veterans by using a somewhat different yardstick from that employed for the normal entering freshman. Many studies, as well as our own experience, lead us to the conclusion that the four-year high-school record of the average entering student is still the best single criterion of his probable achievement in college. Interviews, examinations, aptitude tests, and many other criteria are helpful and important, but they are supplementary in character. These men, however, are not average entering students. Years have elapsed in most instances since they completed their high-school work. At the time they were in their secondary-school program, in all too many cases they were forced to look upon their high-school diploma as the end of the road of their formal education, a certificate which gave them an opportunity to look for a job. The future was obscure and incentives were unreal. Their courses, achievement, and high-school interests were a direct reflection of these facts. Since that time they have gained both physical and mental maturity; they have thought, and thought deeply. They have planned for the future when such plans were the only things that gave life meaning. They have gained a sense of purpose and a desire to make up for lost time. Even more important, they have gained a chance never before open to them. These, then, are not the same men whose academic achievement in high school is recorded in letters or figures on their high-school transcripts.

Recognizing these factors, my own college and many others are giving veterans reasonably exhaustive aptitude and placement tests, as well as other tests of interest and adjustment. If it appears that they have the mental equipment, as well as sufficient background upon which to build, the college is eager to give them a chance. If the tests confirm the worst in their high-school records, we are convinced that it is not only unwise but almost criminal to encourage them to make the try. All too frequently the case is borderline, with all the evidence in. When, in such cases, it seems wise to lay all the cards on the table and tell the veteran that his chance of success in this type of endeavor is so poor that the college does not feel justified in accepting him, or that the chances are only fifty-fifty even with his best efforts, he can take it, and does—not with resentment, not with a defeatist attitude, but with his chin up, and, more often than not, with a word of appreciation for being told.

College is only one of many educational opportunities offered under the G. I. Bill. To direct men away from a college program to other types of schools or training is not to deprive them of the privileges which that legislation offers, but rather to encourage them to undertake a program which gives promise of a fair measure of success and a more rewarding and satisfying experience. Admission officers, in acting upon applications of veterans, are sailing between Scylla and Charybdis. Sometimes the channel appears extremely narrow. To steer too far to the right may deprive some well qualified veteran of the chance he has long sought. To steer too close to the left may easily result in placing the veteran in a position where he will not only meet frustration in a college program but also lose his benefits under the G. I. Bill through failure to make satisfactory progress. These facts a veteran quickly understands.

Finally, I am most encouraged by the use which the veterans are making of their educational privileges. We have taken chances on their admission in many borderline cases—with their knowledge. Even with all the predictive data assembled, much must be left to the judgment of the committee or individual responsible for the final decision. The best instruments so far devised for predicting college success are far from completely trustworthy. They aid in forming a judgment, but do not make that judgment automatic. Under such limitations, any director of admissions must play some hunches and supplement his evidence with opinion and sometimes even guesswork, unless he is content merely to play it safe—a dangerous policy at best. So far our experience with veterans is limited—too limited to be of statistical significance, as a statistician would say. But, if we were to draw any conclusion from the records which these men have so far made, it would be that, as a group, their accomplishment has exceeded our expectations. In general, the chances we have taken appear well justified. These veterans have gone back to their books with a will and persistence. They have not only worked, but achieved.

If our past is any indication of our future experience—and it may not be—my hat's off to them. It may well be that we, and not the veterans, will have to revise long-established procedures and convictions and make our own adjustment in the face of new evidence. Our problem is not alone helping the veteran adjust himself to civilian life, but adjusting civilian (and academic) life to the realism and maturity of the veteran.

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Advertising Girl

HOW ABOUT TOMORROW MORNING. By Helen Haberman. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1945. 264 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

IT seems a pity that the meretricious aspects of a novel's material should flow over into the novel itself. For example, there is no reason why Miss Haberman, in writing of the trashy insincerity of the advertising business, should have permitted her own writing to become trashy and insincere. The premise is that Tina Kelburne, talented and ambitious advertising girl, is fighting like hell to (1) make a go of her career, (2) not be swelled up by its corruption and skullduggery, and (3) cling to the strong, normal values, have a husband, be a happy woman. But her reactions to advertising's false-face are couched in the slick, flashy phrases that are better suited to soaps and scenes than to soul-searching, and her behavior is mannered and dishonest.

We are asked to believe that she loves her husband David, the earnest young doctor (a wooden figure, an ad background), that she can carry on a very thorough amour with Andrew Timmins, the tycoon, for mixed reasons, none of them good, and then return to David, whom she really loves, with everything right and clear to everybody. Not even the fast, easy gab that is the occupational disease of Tina and her friends can obscure the inadequacy of the whole idea. Tina is just one of advertising's best drabs, with a Sunday conscience, and her story means exactly nothing.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 125

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 125 *will be found in the next issue.*

ZPK USDVHQDZ CQD QBFQJY QMVHKY FPQZ PK RQDDVZ ADMKHYZQDM.

—ZPK CQD VT SKDUAY.

—RKYQHK BVCLHVYV.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 124

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The Stuff That Makes America

A NATION OF NATIONS. By Louis Adamic. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 399 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

CONGRESSIONAL sub-committees have recently been visiting key points in the United States to discuss proposed immigration and naturalization laws From New York to Los Angeles they have been urged by some to give greater consideration to the alien and cautioned by others against admitting the "hordes" that would sweep in on us.

These extremes in philosophy have been uttered since 1820, extending from a demand to admit all seeking admission to a program of total exclusion. Economic arguments, ethnological claims, humanitarian pleas, pseudo-scientific theories — all have been employed by the factions involved. The restrictionists presented tomes about the superiority of the Nordic and Aryan groups; they claimed that the number we could safely admit was limited by the absorptive capacity of our land; we were an Anglo-Saxon country and as such should strive to remain so. The Know-Nothing movement and the labor platforms of the '60's echoed the economic and national arguments—and their ilk still continue their claims.

On the other side were arrayed those agencies and movements that bespoke the cause of humanity, urging a liberal policy in immigration. Their arguments were couched in terms of assimilation, betterment of position, cultural contributions to this country, notable additions to our communities, advancement in all fields, higher standards of living. They suffered from the major disadvantage that each national group sought to make regulations or legislation more favorable to its own constituency—even, if need be, at the expense of other groups. Thus, in 1924, the juggling and shifting by organizations of foreign nationals for quotas under the National Origins Act did injury to the general cause they espoused; against them were arrayed organizations presenting a unified objective and attitude, even though the causes represented ranged from economic repreests to rabid anti-alienism.

In recent years, no one has been so earnest, so effective, or so challenging a spokesman for the foreign-born in this country as has Louis Adamic. Although we know his background, he seemed to have sprung up, one day, out of the nowhere. Soon his prolific writings, bespeaking the warm qualities of the alien, began to appear in articles and books. Like Antaeus of old, whose strength sprang from his contact with the earth, Adamic seems to have become increasingly effective as he continued to come in contact with the foreign-born in this country.

His effectiveness is particularly marked in his latest volume, "A Nation of Nations." In chapter after chapter dealing with the Italians in America, the Spaniards, the French, the utch, the Swedes, the Russians, the Germans, the Negroes, the Yugoslavs, the Norwegians, the Greeks, the Poles, and the Irish, he traces their part in our early settlements, in our colonization era, in our wars (from the Revolutionary War to World War II) and their contributions to American welfare in the fields of trade and commerce, the arts and the sciences, in peace and in war, in democracy and in international betterment. There you have the pattern, the structure, and the content of the book. But as a story of a nation of nations, and an effort (to quote from the jacket) to produce "an exciting new kind of history," it lacks the references to the British and other earlier stock—in addition to those mentioned—which came to these shores and which have multiplied in our midst. As history, it must treat of all and not of selected groups.

In his introduction, Adamic writes

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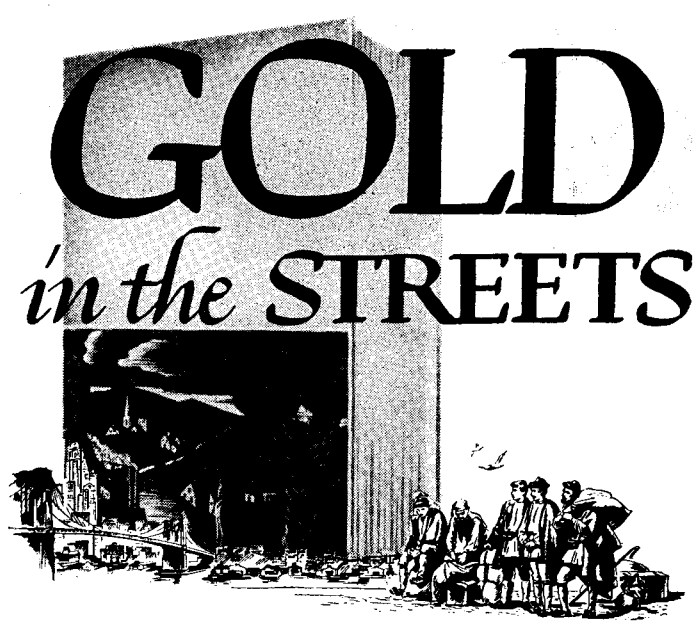

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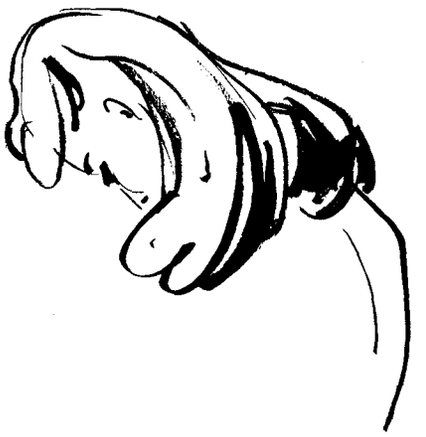
that "the whole of American history could stand rethinking, rewriting . . . that a handful of Polish, German and Armenian workers at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1619 staged one of the first rebellions in the New World; that John Peter Zenger, a German printer in the 1730's . . . fathered the American ideal of freedom of the press; that Philip Mazzei, the Italian friend and neighbor of Thomas Jefferson, influenced the Revolution of 1776; that the Irish were the backbone of the political-military movement that won American Independence." He introduces new names and personalities in our history that provide fascinating and informative reading, and attributes to many of them a major part in our political development. If his book, at times, tends to exaggerate or glorify the contributions of national groups or of some of his characters, such hyperbole is less reprehensible than the denigration of the alien in our midst, or the disparagement of his contributions.

Without question the book is a forceful polemic. Adamic writes, "With over one-third of our population first-, second- and third-generation non-Anglo-Saxon Americans, with about a tenth of it Negroes, many an old-line American feels a certain despair when he surveys the present and ponders the future." Adamic, I am certain, was thinking of the D.A.R., among others, when he wrote that. And he answers it with the statement that "The pattern of America is all of a piece; it is a blend of cultures from many lands, woven of threads from many corners of the world. Diversity itself is the pattern . . ." But are we a "blending" of threads woven into a tapestry, or are we a mosaic in which each piece, while maintaining its individual characteristics, contributes toward making a unified whole? In the answer to that question lies the contentions of those who maintain that we are a melting pot and those others who insist on the pluralistic concept of assimilation. Adamic's very treatment of the subject in this book suggests the proper concept; that we are Anglo-Saxon by heritage, heterogeneous by acquisition, and American by amalgam. The Anglo-Saxon concept no longer applies, says he. And were he to have gone into the search for it geographically, he might have asked, "Anglo-Saxon, where? In New England, where the Irish vie with the earlier Yanks? In the Middle Atlantic States, where the Jews and the Italians have challenged the Huguenot and British strains? In the South Atlantic States, where Northern blood of many mixtures has infiltrated among the early Southern stock? In the Middle-western States, where Scandinavians and Ger-



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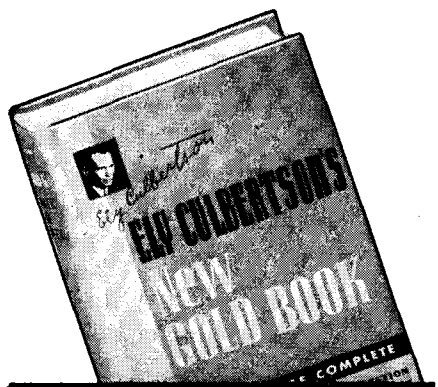

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Soldier and Prospector in Siberia

AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN SIBERIA. By Sylvian G. Kindall. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1945. 251 *pp.* $2.75.

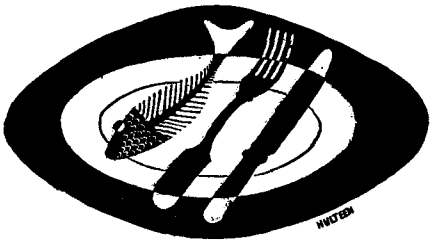
PROSPECTOR IN SIBERIA: The Autobiography of Jonas Lied. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 307 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by I. D. W. TALMADGE

ALMOST on a par with Siberia's industrial potential is its literary potential. It is doubtful if the Soviets will ever grant concessions in that rich region to American businessmen. But even the powerful Commissariat of Foreign Trade can't prevent American writers from exploiting Siberia's abundant literary resources. The history of this vast sub-continent abounds in adventure, romance, and color. Several books by Americans have been written on the subject. The two latest deal with Siberia's recent past.

Sylvian G. Kindall's "American Soldiers in Siberia" was written twenty-five years ago. Its publication was delayed these many years not because the author could not find a willing publisher but because, as an Army officer, he could not secure official approval for the book's release until a few months ago.

There is an understandable reason for the Army's hesitancy. The book deals with a subject which we would just as soon forget—the American intervention in Siberia in 1918 to 1920. Neither the 10,000 men who made up the Expeditionary Force nor their commanding officers had the vaguest idea of the purpose of this mission. No directives came from Washington. It was rumored that the Yanks were to reëstablish an Eastern Front against the Germans. But that made little sense after the Armistice was signed.



Ultimately, this "forgotten Army" was instructed to guard sections of the Trans-Siberian Railroad but otherwise remain neutral in the fight between the Whites and the Reds. This neutrality soon antagonized both factions, each suspecting the Americans of siding with their opponents. The situation was further complicated by the crafty Japanese who made no pretense of being neutral. Their purpose was to grab Siberia for themselves. They resented the presence of the Yanks who they feared might cramp their style.

Colonel (then Lieutenant) Kindall has the unique distinction of being the first American soldier to have been wounded in a fight with the Japs when the latter were still our "allies." His is a highly readable personal narrative of those turbulent days in Siberia. It is filled with exciting tales of skirmishes with the Whites and the Reds and the treacherous Japs.

It was a peculiar adventure for our men. They were the true "innocents abroad" who understood little of the issues in Russia's civil strife. But instinctively they sympathized with the Russian people who were the defenseless victims of this unscrupulous, triangular fight for power. "American Soldiers in Siberia" is worth any one's time.

"Prospector in Siberia" is an Horatio Alger tale with an un-Algerian ending. It is the story of a Norwegian farm lad who found excitement and romance in international commerce.

Jonas Lied is essentially an adventurer. It was a strain of restlessness in his blood which made him leave his father's farm and seek a place for himself in the world. He went to England, then to Germany, an dthen to France. He was phenomenally successful. In each country he acquired high-paying positions with leading

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commercial firms. But he was too young to settle down or perhaps he was not the typical businessman. He wanted adventure rather than financial security.

It was then that he became interested in the possibilities of finding a passage through the ice of the Polar seas from England to Siberia. This short route for transporting the riches of Siberia to the Western world promised untold fortunes. It was a dream that fired his imagination. It was the thing he sought—it combined both business and adventure. He transmitted some of his enthusiasm to a group of hard-boiled businessmen who agreed to back him.

The Russia of pre-World War I days fascinated him but it was Siberia that won his heart completely. He was perfectly at home there. After a few years of exploratory work, the famous Kara Sea Route to Siberia was developed, largely through the efforts and persistence of Mr. Lied. Undoubtedly, the best sections in this autobiography deal with the initial journeys through the uncharted Arctic. It's exploration in the grand manner.

But the enterprise was destined to fail. First came the World War and then the Revolution. The Soviet Government nationalized the resources of Mr. Lied's Siberian Company. The author tried to do business with the Bolsheviks but soon discovered that it couldn't be done. He stayed on in Russia for another dozen years—mostly involuntarily—and in the end barely escaped with his life. (His business career poorly prepared him for an understanding of the Revolution.) Now he is dreaming of retiring on his ancestral farm in Norway.

Was He Really There?

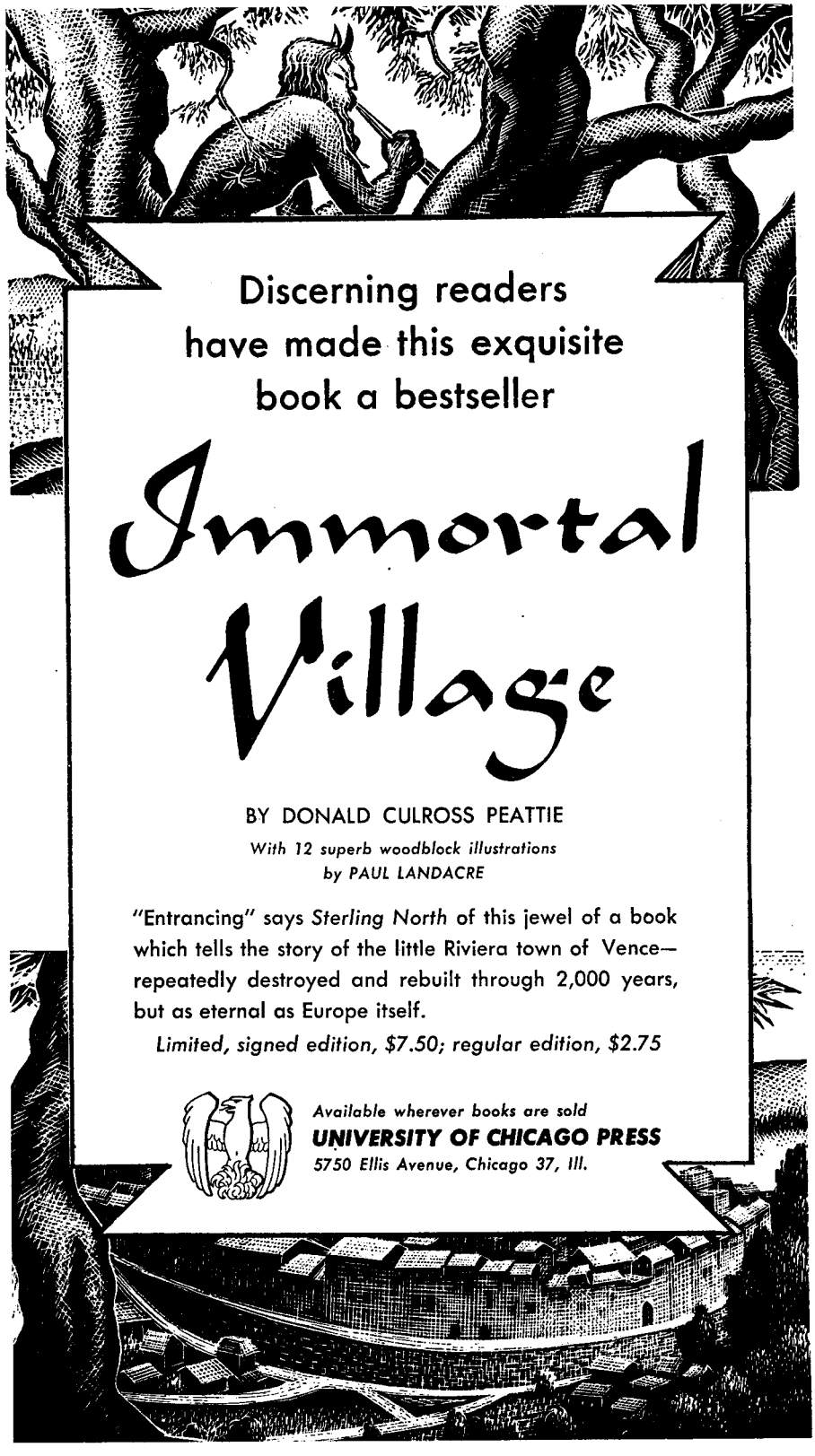
THE MAN WHO WAS THERE. By Wright Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 237 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

READING this book gives one the same sort of pleasure and excitement and annoyance that leafing through an album of snapshots and sketches would provide if the album were a joint production of Daguerre, Braque, Grant Wood, Brady, Dali, and the *Fresno News* staff photographer. The pleasure and excitement arise from the accuracy and gingery humor in the sketching, the sharp, tangy flavor of American life, the shrewd photography—the simple delight in immediate recognition. The annoyance, which almost outweighs this delight—for one reader, at least—comes from a plaguing obscurity that can hardly be other than wilful on the part of the novelist. The novel is very brief—there is plenty of time and space to appease the reader by filling in the sketches without risking the danger of the banally obvious.

"The Man Who Was There" seems to be concerned with the influence of a young artist's personality on a number of people: an old woman who had known him as a boy, a youthful companion, his landlady, etc. The actual nature of the impress of Agee Ward on these people is never clear, although there is an occasional teasing hint—as, for example, when Peter's mother in one venomous outburst denounces Agee (after he has been reported missing in action in 1942) for his baleful influence on her son. The novelist very clearly arouses our curiosity and our conviction that Agee is worth knowing, but throws us only stingy crumbs of information.

The book is at least casual in its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plan. Almost one fourth is devoted to the death and funeral of an old woman who had remembered Agee as a small boy. The account of the theatrical, vulgar performance in the funeral home is delightful satire, but what does it have to do with "The Man Who Was There?" Or the strange and amusing courtship of Agee's landlady (who had scarcely known her lodger) by the rough-hewn engineer? The dust-cover assures us that "It is a novel for discerning readers who are willing to go deeper than pretty patterns, and find life itself, frankly and honestly portrayed." But being willing is not enough: one wishes that the author had been a little more coöperative, even with discerning readers.

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EXHIBITION FROM NOV. 13

Good Editor, Good Citizen

A MAN FROM KANSAS: The Story of William Allen White. By David Hinshaw. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1945. 305 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by J. C. LONG

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE emerges from the pages of his latest biographer, David Hinshaw, as an untrammeled individualist, salty, kindly, and wearing the collar of no man, creed, or party. Granting that White was an undeviating conservative in his early days, Hinshaw maintains that about the turn of the century he changed to "the wise, all-comprehending, and balanced liberal that he remained the rest of his life." The supposed conversion, however, did not lead White to embrace any new party or philosophical line in its entirety. True, he joined the Bull Moose split from the Republican Party in 1912, but he retained a catholicity of taste in his appraisal of public figures. He regarded Taft skeptically, liked Wilson's ideas but not his arrogance, deplored Harding, had an affectionate respect for Coolidge, was attracted to Hoover's "spiritual qualities" (to quote Hinshaw), and regarded Franklin Roosevelt as the "old smiler." Wendell Willkie's "great promise," according to the biographer, "gave him a place just below T. R. in White's pantheon."

Hinshaw, a fellow Kansan who served on the editor's newspaper and was his lifelong friend, at times has the disturbing habit of too ardent praise, too zealous and debatable interpretation; but his excellent reporting makes the man come alive and presents an arresting story of the evolution of an editor.

Born in 1868, in Emporia, White entered the state university in 1886. While there he was active in college journalism, and on leaving the university spent several years on Kansas City newspapers. Then, in 1895, he learned the *Emporia Gazette* could be purchased for $3,000. Raising the entire purchase price on personal notes, he took over the paper on June 1.

Even if there had been no fortuitous circumstance to skyrocket him to fame, it is probable that White would in time have become a figure of note. His vigor, his capabilities, his homely and forthright diction would have made him a place. As it happened his editorship began at a time of great stirrings in national affairs. William Jennings Bryan in 1896 had captured the Democratic nomination for the Presidency by his fiery "Cross of Gold" speech, which had frightened the old-line Republicans out of their

—*Albert Cornwell*

William Allen White here "emerges as an untrammeled individualist . . . wearing the collar of no man, creed or party."

wits. White, the young Kansas editor, retorted with a stirring editorial "What's the Matter with Kansas?" Hinshaw, disapproving of the sentiments of the outburst, and saying that White in his maturity was "decidedly ashamed" of it, does not include the text in his book, but he reports that Mark Hanna, chairman of the Republican National Committee, printed and distributed more than a million copies of the editorial. It was also reprinted in hundreds of newspapers.

The effect of the editorial on White's career was immediate and amazing. The McClure Syndicate offered him a long-term contract. *Scribner's* and other magazines solicited short stories from his pen. Joseph Pulitzer of the *New York World* offered him an editorship at $10,000 a year, and later he had an offer from the *Chicago Tribune* at $25,000.

Success did not turn the young man's head. He instinctively realized that his Kansas outlook and idiom were an invaluable part of his integrity. He used a large part of the funds which he earned from the outside in the building up of the *Gazette*, and as both editor and owner he was completely free to express his views on that platform.

For the first sixteen years of his editorship his policy was that of the Republican Party, right or wrong. He had been raised a Republican, he had been financed by Republicans in the purchase of his newspaper, and he came from a thoroughly Republican state. He was nevertheless wary about running for public office, which was often urged upon him, and when Theo-

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dore Roosevelt split from the Republicans in 1912 White had no embarrassing ties to restrain him from following T. R.

White's emancipation from the party label naturally enlarged his vision and his general influence. He became an apostle of free speech for minority groups, and helped to drive the Klan out of Kansas. He was a sought-after figure for committees serving public causes.

In his later years his abilities as an editorial writer, correspondent, short-story writer, and novelist led to his appointment as one of the editors of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Hinshaw's quotations from White's comments will have interest for anyone in the literary world, though unfortunately the biographer or somebody else has deleted virtually every title on which White's opinion was negative.

A great editor by the very nature of his craft is a difficult subject for biography, as so much of him is in his daily writings. Nevertheless, Hinshaw has done well in presenting the essentials of William Allen White, a force for good, and typically American.

Sac Prairie Again

THE SHIELD OF THE VALIANT. By August Derleth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 551 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS latest in the long series of Sac Prairie stories will add little to the reputation of Wisconsin's most noted regional novelist. The book needs tightening and pruning; the many narrative threads, each interesting in itself, are not skilfully woven into a fabric and pattern of meaning and general interest. The episodic form of the novel lures the author into verbose byways of almost irrelevant anecdote and frequent paragraphs of tedious moralizing. Many tried-and-safe ingredients of popular fiction are here: the banker's son falls in love with a brash but pure girl on the other side of the tracks; the liberal son is at odds with his stuffy, reactionary father; malicious village gossip is the motive power that turns the wheels of the plot; the tolerant, tobacco-loving, Going-My-Way sort of priest is contrasted with the bigoted cleric more Catholic than Christian; there are fights, adultery, and suicides, and brave deeds of the few men of good will in the community. The Gordian knot of indecisions and confusions is cut sharply by Pearl Harbor, a useful deus ex machina to end more than one recent novel.

Derleth's faithful readers will find his good things here, too: his keen knowledge of village and country life, his affectionate descriptions of the Wisconsin River and Valley, the pleasant reappearance of such old friends as Steve Grendon. Many will find, however, the over-all impression of the novel depressing; there is a triviality about Sac Prairie in our time that contrasts with the vigorous and heady life of the community in earlier days.

Although without the caricaturist's exaggeration and oversimplification of "Main Street," or the angry drive of "Spoon River" and "Winesburg," this novel of 1945 is distressingly similar to these bold attacks of a generation ago on the idyllic conception of village life. Have the spread of education, the radio, the wide sale of inexpensive books, etc., done so little to reduce small-town bigotry, narrowness, and witch-hunting, and the stultifying kind of dullness and frustration that drive some victims to pathetic and sordid intrigue? The novelist makes us feel that the lovely Sac Prairie country deserves something better than a Gopher Prairie.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Julius Caesar," by William Shakespeare. 2. "Horatius," by Thomas Macaulay. 3. "Our Lady's Juggler," by Anatole France. 4. "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens. 5. "Don Giovanni," by Lorenzo da Ponte. 6. "Ozymandias," by Percy B. Shelley. 7. "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen. 8. "The Wrong Box," by Robert Louis Stevenson. 9. "Sapho," by Alphonse Daudet. 10. "Meet Mr. Mulliner," by P. G. Wodehouse.

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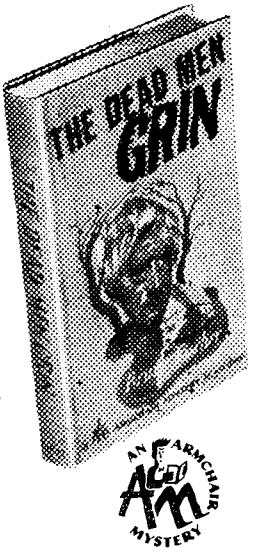

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The Kingdom of Individuals

SPRINGBOARD. Poems 1941-1944. *By Louis MacNeice. New York: Random House.* 1945. 63 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

NO introduction is needed of Louis MacNeice to readers of contemporary poetry. These poems were written in England, probably in London, during the past war years. Mr. MacNeice is an accomplished technician, and knows how to say almost precisely what he means to say. His apprehension is like that weapon that they tell us was invented in this war, the gun that could shoot round a corner. He is usually shooting round a corner, and surprising you.

A phrase, a line here and there, pin the subject so unerringly to the cork board that one is delighted. The flickering imagination is always present. The raiding bombers are Trolls, and fire is Brother Fire even as he might have been interpreted. The havoc of fire in wartime London has never been more starkly set before us than in this apparently almost playful "Brother Fire." As for his own interior adjustment, Mr. MacNeice regards his daemon as partly monster, as in the haunting "Prayer in Mid-Passage" which reminds us of the brilliant beginnings of certain young English poets of our time.

But what interests me chiefly in this book is the poet's interest in other people, and his ability to make us see other people both inside as well as out. The wartime working girl in "Swing-Song" is a simple type, though the very lilt of that little song looks a lot easier than it is. So does "Nuts in May." But the man in "Bottleneck" is anything but a simple type. "The Conscript," "The Mixer," "Schizophrene," "Alcohol," and "The Libertine" present people encountering various kinds of disaster against which only the Conscript triumphs because

> though on the flat his life has no
> Promise but of diminishing return,
> By feeling down and upwards he can
> divine
> That dignity which far above him
> burns
> In stars that yet are his and which
> below
> Stands rooted like a dolmen in his
> spine.

Then there are "The Satirist,' and the man in "This Way Out," with the striking last verse

> He always broke off so, abrupt but
> shy
> In knowledge of his mission, veered
> and tacked
> To his own breezes—till as a variation
> His explanation cracked and threw
> the words awry:
> You're not going yet? I must; I have
> to die.

There is the man in the title-poem, the potential Redeemer, who

> will dive like a bomber past the
> broken steeple,
> One man wiping out his own original
> sin
> And, like ten million others, dying for
> the people.

—where the ironic thrust is in that lastline phrase. There is "The Casualty," a poem in memoriam, doing for a man in our own time not quite what Matthew Arnold did for the Scholar Gypsy; and the next-to-last, long poem, "The Kingdom," which gathers together varieties of the individual, all conceived as incorruptible souls that belong to a spiritual "underground movement under the crust of bureaucracy." Mr. MacNeice has already viewed the individual's future pessimistically in his "Epitaph for Liberal Poets." That is a view. It does not seem to me a long one. But few poets today can excel this poet in painting portraits of assorted human beings. That is one of his great gifts. Another is the tang of his turn of phrase.

A Rabbi's Credo

THE JEWISH DILEMMA. By Elmer Berger. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. 1945. 257 *pp* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THIS is the credo of a young American rabbi who fervently dissents from the Zionists. Dr. Berger retells their saga with many a critical sidelight and many a well-put point. He especially passes censure upon the fateful intermingling of charitable and nationalistic motives in the Palestine venture. He violently takes issue with Jews and well-meaning Christians alike who want to "segregate" the Jews; to "pack them off" to a country of their own seems, to his mind, nothing short of "abdicating the fight for Christian morality" in those countries where Jews have been living for generations as "ordinary human beings who happened to be Jews."

Here, then, is as controversial a piece of writing as has for a long time come from the pen of a Jewish scholar. It is not only highly interesting reading on practically every one of its pages, but is also a valuable antidote to the growing belief — undeniably nurtured by Zionism—that "Jews are an unassimilable group and want to be understood as such." The apparent failure in

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Europe of Jewish emancipation, culminating in Hitler's policies and what went with them, makes Dr. Berger not despair of it, but rather call for an emancipation on the part of European Gentiles.

And therein, I submit, lies the weakness of his point at this particular moment. Obviously writing before reliable post-surrender news reached him from the Continent, the author could still hope that the remnants of European Jewry had a reasonable freedom of choice whether to live on as "citizens of Jewish faith" in their original homelands or start a new life in Palestine. Unfortunately, all correspondents today agree that Continental anti-Semitism is far from decreasing; even in Czechoslovakia, a country repeatedly referred to by Dr. Berger as the Central-European model state, public opinion is by no means favorable to its returning Jewish compatriots —not to speak of such lands as Poland, Rumania, or Hungary. In the light of such news—and there's plenty of it—Dr. Berger's anti-Zionism cannot but shrink in its present-day importance. His book ought to be read just the same by anyone interested in the Jewish "dilemma."

Two-Dimensional History

USSR FOREIGN POLICY. By Victor A. Yakhontoff. New York: Coward-McCann. 1945. 292 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

ON page 2 of this book, General Yakhontoff says: "On these instructions a Revolutionary Military Committee of the Petrograd Soviet was set up. On October 16 (29) a Party Center was elected headed by Joseph Stalin." Now the chairman of this Revolutionary Military Committee was Leon Trotzky and as such he directed the Bolshevik insurrection. But his name is omitted by Yakhontoff. The Party Center worked under the Committee and was of subordinate importance. Stalin's role was so minor that John Reed's "Ten Days That Shook the World" pays no attention to him while it shows Trotzky as the key figure in the revolution. Although Lenin read John Reed's book twice and wrote an introduction to it, the little volume is no longer printed or circulated in the Soviet Union; according to the new mythology Stalin made the revolution and Trotzky just wasn't there. Yakhontoff follows the same line. He summarizes the Soviet civil war and foreign intervention without mentioning that Trotzky organized the Red Army and served as first Commissar of Defense. He blames the Soviet defeat at Warsaw in 1920 on Trotzky and Tukhachevsky, although any serious historian knows that the fault was Budenny's who, advised by his commissar Stalin, persisted in heading his cavalry army for Lvov instead of obeying Tukhachevsky's repeated telegraphic orders and coming to the aid of the main Red Army whose goal was Warsaw.

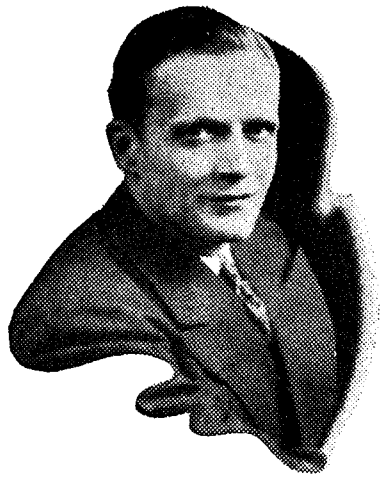
Yakhontoff has also discovered that Litvinov "resigned" as Foreign Commissar in May, 1939. I thought he was dismissed as a preliminaryy to the signing of the Soviet-Nazi pact.

This is typical of the book. It is completely devoid of critical judgment or evaluation. It accepts the Stalinist interpretation of Soviet foreign policy without the slightest doubt or question. Most of its sources are Soviet Stalinist or foreign pro-Stalinist. The author even goes to "Soviet Russia Today" for quotes from the *New York Herald Tribune, PM,* and the *New York Times.* That is no way to write history.

Yakhontoff always keeps within two dimensions. He records an event as it was recorded in its time by the newspapers and then quotes at length from Molotov, Stalin, Voroshilov, Litvinov, or some other official or non-official person or publication to justify the Soviet policy in the given instance. That is all. When he gives his own opinion it never deviates from the well-known Kremlin viewpoint.

The book therefore would go very well as a textbook in a Soviet high-school. Even so, it has many defects. Of the volume's two hundred and ninety-two pages, only the last fifty-four pages are devoted to the relations between Russia and the world after the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union. Yet it is this period from June 22, 1941, to date which has special interest in the present critical era. Moreover, to judge by Yakhontoff's treatment of these four crucial years all ought to be sweetness and light today, and everybody in Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Turkey, and Persia, not to speak of London and Washington, should just love the Big Father in the Kremlin. He leaves his reader altogether unprepared for today's difficult world situation.

Yakhontoff was a general in the Imperial Russian army. He was born in Warsaw in 1881 and has been living for some years, as a United States citizen, in this country.



Kurt Steel, *author, critic and university professor says:*

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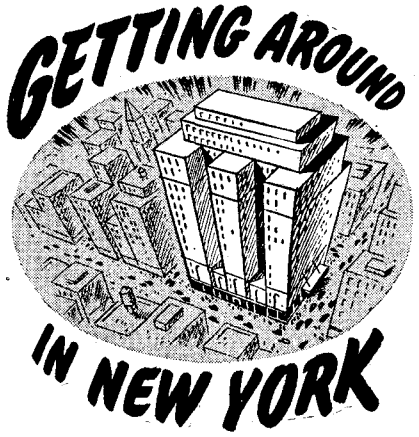

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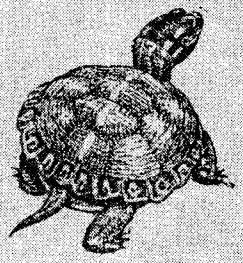
Books for young people



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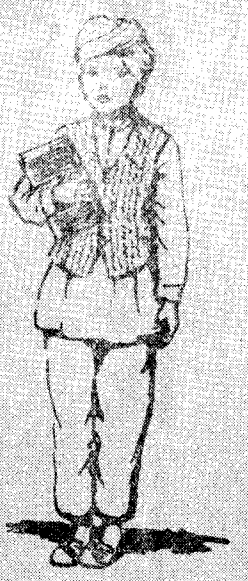

DELIA GOETZ

The Burro of Barnegat Road.

"From the moment Grandpa decided to order a burro from Mexico by mail things begin to happen."—N.-Y. HERALD TRIBUNE. *Illustrated.* *$2.00*

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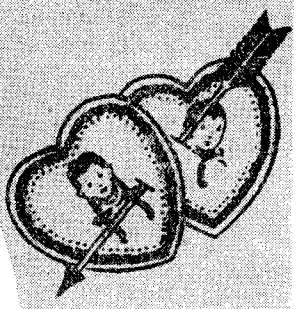
Betsy and the Boys. "Little girls will welcome this newest 'Betsy' book with real affection."—LIBRARY JOURNAL. *Illustrated by the author.* *$2.00*



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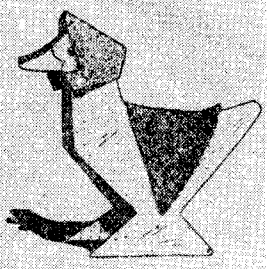
Mother Goose Handicraft. Simple directions and diagrams for making these favorite characters with inexpensive materials. *$2.00*



AND

THE WHITE DEER

BY **JAMES THURBER**

In addition to the illustrations by the author there are four beautiful multi-colored pages and a jacket by Don Freeman. $2.50

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One Nation

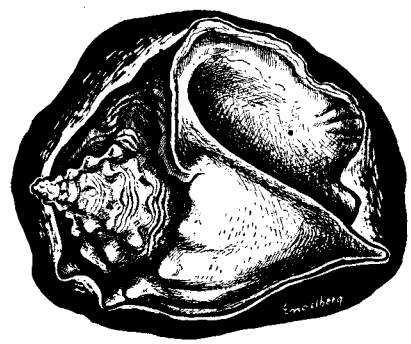
LOOKING back through the storm clouds of three wars and over many decades of peace, back from the days when Caroline Hewins was a mid-century child reading the Franconia Stories and Lydia Child's "Flowers for Children" to the children's books of our almost mid-twentieth century, stirs our pride in America—in the books that have been written and published, in the pictures that our artists have drawn for American boys and girls.

How can we say which are and which are not truly American? For many years Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus" were almost the only native American folklore that we could boast of—and "Uncle Remus" is really African in origin. Today we have authentic, well-written stories of Paul Bunyan, Pecos Bill, John Henry, and Davy Crockett. We have the Jack Tales of the Southern Mountains, Carl Carmer's local legends of New York and Alabama, the Rivers of America Series, Anne Malcolmson's "Yankee Doodle's Cousins," Irwin Shapiro's tall tales, and many others that tell of the vigorous and boastful Americans who found, conquered, and peopled the continent of North America. We speak of the American Indian legends as our folklore. Is it really ours? We found it here. We have never really possessed or assimilated it. We have little to boast of in our treatment of the people whose heritage it is. It is really the countries across the seas that have made our children's books so rich and so colorful.

Look at the record. England gave us Charles Kingsley and George MacDonald, Rudyard Kipling and Kenneth Grahame and Eleanor Farjeon. It gave us "Alice in Wonderland" and "Winnie the Pooh." A roll-call of the English artists names the loveliest of our picture books: Kate Greenaway, Walter Crane, Randolph Caldecott, Leslie Brooke, William Nicholson. What would a child's library be without them? What would it be without Boutet de Monvel of France and Elsa Beskow of Sweden?

Children do not care where their stories and picture books come from as long as they are *good*. They know that the charming and wicked Reynard is a Frenchman, that Mikko the Fox and Osmo the Bear are Finns, that Boots who is a match for the Troll is from Norway. Knowing it gives them a feeling of friendliness and admiration for the countries that produced these delightful creatures. They do not worry about present conditions in Spain when they chuckle over the good deeds of the wise and portly Padre Porko. Nor do they worry about Communism as they listen, spellbound, to the gorgeous Russian folktales. That many of them are conscious today of the tragic plight of Poland is evidenced by the fact that when they were asked which of the devastated countries should have a Treasure Chest first the majority spoke promptly for Poland. And yet no sense of tragedy disturbs their joy in "Lullaby" and "The Nine Cry-Baby Dolls."

Are we too much inclined just now to base our stories for children on a desire to make them good citizens of the world? Goodness knows we *want* to make them good citizens of the world but, if we have any sense at all, we know that thinly veiled propaganda isn't going to make them so. If we allow ourselves to let creative writing become subservient to propaganda in story form we will only make our creative writers self-conscious, we will only turn the children away from the fine art of reading. How absurd it all is anyway—this argument that stories and pictures stir the children to conscious tolerance—or intolerance. Gaily, rhythmically the children sing:



Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief.

Is it possible that anyone can suppose that they are thereby insulting the Welsh people? For more than forty years Little Black Sambo has strutted joyfully through the pages of his tiny book—a book made by an Englishwoman for her own children—winning from boys and girls, both white and colored, only admiration and laughter. Shall we accuse him now of stirring race hatred? Poor Sambo!

There is more real tolerance in a group of white and Negro children sitting close together to listen to one of Frank Stockton's tales than in all the "race tolerance" stories that ever were written. Boys and girls of all races, all creeds, listen together, laugh together, play together, work together happily until something they see or hear or read makes them self-conscious—and race conscious. In the districts of New York where there is a predominantly Jewish population it has never seemed strange to the children that in their public library the Feast of Lights should be celebrated with the same care and reverence as the birthday of the Christ Child. The truth is that we can *make* the children race conscious by what a doctor once called "over-maternal anxiety." We can *free* them from race consciousness by giving them good books written by authors who are creative writers, and pictures made by artists who paint what they see either with their eyes or in their imagination.

It is trite to say that America is a lucky country. It certainly is lucky in its books for boys and girls. From the days of Mary Mapes Dodge and

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the old *St. Nicholas* to the editors of children's books in 1945, America has had devoted, far-seeing people whose life-work it has been to see that the children of America had books that America could be proud of. What a harvest it is now! Gathered from nearly every country, every background on earth, it is still "made in America." When one of the Treasure Chests reached an Italian village recently the teacher at the village school allowed one little girl to take a picture book home with her for the night. It was Claire Bishop's "The Five Chinese Brothers." The child could not read the English text but she was entranced with Kurt Wiese's drawings. On the way home she met a large G.I.—a member of the Military Police. Holding up the books she asked, "Is this *your* story?" "Sure," answered the G.I. Whereupon he sat down on the edge of the road and proceeded to read the story in Italian, translating as he went along. The little girl was thrilled, a large crowd gathered, and a good time was had by all. Now this is a *Chinese* story written in *French* by a *French* girl, translated by her into *English,* and published in *America.* It is universal because it has in it laughter and a sort of solemn logic and wisdom.

Today America is probably publishing more books by authors and artists from other countries than by dyed-in-the-wool Americans. Look at the list that follows. May America always be wise enough to welcome to her ports and cities writers from any country, any race, who have a story in them that cries to be told. May we hold out eager hands to any artist who can draw truth and beauty—and laughter.

MARY GOULD DAVIS,
Children's Book Editor.

Picture Books

AUGUSTUS. By Claire Huchet Bishop. Illustrated by Grace Paull. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 32 *pp.* $1.50.

IT is probably inevitable that Augustus will be compared with Ferdinand. They are both rather temperamental young bulls. The dominant quality in both is humor. In both, the pictures are as important as the story. They are, however, quite different. Ferdinand was definitely Latin. Spain, France, Italy, or possibly one of the South American countries was his background. He would have felt at home nowhere else. Augustus is just as definitely an American, of sturdy North American stock. His background is an American farm and a village. In the delightful drawings, one recognizes everywhere the American scene. Ferdinand was original and perhaps a bit sophisticated in his point of view. Augustus is aggressively normal. It is pure curiosity that leads Augustus into adventure. He steps out of an open gate and goes to town with no objective other than a healthy desire to see something of the world. As Grace Paull draws Augustus, he is innocent, wide-eyed, trusting.

Children who are lucky enough to have his book for a birthday or Christmas present will love him instantly. Adults will find him less absorbing than Ferdinand. Augustus runs into danger in the village, especially when he barges into the butcher's shop. It is wartime. "My word!," says the butcher. "A calf! We have not seen any veal for a long time." But Augustus is not destined to serve the black market. It is an original touch that his adventures should finally end in the church and a Nativity scene. He is invited by the priest to play the part of the "gentle ox." His expression at this point is priceless. He is quite conscious that the eyes of the world are upon him. We leave Augustus telling his adventures to his children . . . his grandchildren . . . his great-grandchildren. If he exaggerates them slightly the listeners do not mind. He is obviously telling a good story. This is a *choice* picture book.

M. G. D.

YOU CAN WRITE CHINESE. By Kurt Wiese. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 64 *pp.* $1.50.

THIS book will bring shouts of joy from the children when they see it. "The Five Chinese Brothers!," they will cry. And indeed the scholars in the Chinese school, with the exception of the one American boy, do look very much like those five marvelous brothers whom the authorities found so hard to execute. The teacher is not unlike the judge in that ever-popular picture book. But in this Kurt Wiese takes us to Chungking and gives a very exciting lesson in writing Chinese that is as effective for grown-ups as it is for boys and girls. Each page, printed in rose and blue with the strong black lines that a Chinese brush would make, shows the characters for a word and a drawing of the object named. It is a bit puzzling at first, but as you go on it gets more and more logical. Isn't it exciting to find that the two characters that mean "mother" and "child" written together form the word "good"? At the end of the book you can greet a friend, give the United States its Chinese name, name a good many animals and birds, identify the features of your face, name the sun and the moon, water and trees, and even form simple phrases. It is a delightful way in which to learn the language of one of our greatest Allies. To very little children, it will be an alphabet picture book. It just happens to be in Chinese.

M. G. D.

CLEAR THE TRACK FOR MICHAEL'S MAGIC TRAIN. By Louis Slobodkin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 46 *pp.* $2.

NO one who knows Michael will be in the least surprised when he drives a full-sized train right into the livingroom where his father was reading the newspaper and his sister Patty was peacefully knitting. His mother was out doing the market-

—From "You Can Write Chinese."

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ing. Michael drove the train in as the engineer. He then became the conductor and shouted, "All aboard! Train's due in Boston at noon and at one o'clock in Rockport, Sandport, Bridgeport, and all points south. . . ." Michael's father and Patty got on, of course. Michael drove the train, collected the tickets, sold the orange drink and the peppermint candy, ran the bus over to the North Station when they arrived in Boston, became the brakeman on the train again, worked the drawbridge and, as the engineer, ran it straight into the Zoo.

At this point the livingroom door opened and Mom came in. Michael's toy train was standing right in the middle of the livingroom rug—and Mom did not like it very much. Michael, definitely, became a little boy again!

Thousands, possibly millions, of children liked Michael's book last year. This one will not let them down. The pictures are so full of action that they leave one breathless. And Michael is very funny indeed as the conductor, the bus driver, and the engineer.

M. G. D.

THE SKITTLE-SKATTLE MONKEY. By Dorothy P. Lathrop. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 48 *pp.* $2.

THE skittle-skattle monkey's name was Jasmine and she was a lady. With such a name she should have been gentle and perhaps a little wistful. But she was neither of these things. She was intensely curious, resourceful, and *bad*. The family went off and left Jasmine safely shut in her cage. Turvey, the parrot, was safely shut in his. Ming Mu and her puppy were safely sheltered in another room with the door closed, and Amaryllis, the Parakeet, was safely shut in *her* cage. The whole house was quiet, orderly, and serene. But Jasmine changed all that. Her small, busy black hands pushed apart the padlock that had not been fastened securely and opened the door of her cage. She was free.

What followed is exciting. Jasmine tore down the ruffled window curtains and nearly got herself smothered in them. She opened the door of Turvey's cage and shook him out of it. "My goodness!," screeched Turvey. "Oh, my goodness!" She bounced up and down in the armchair, she snatched the goldfish out of his globe and held him until he nearly lost his breath for always, she tore out the bottom of Amaryllis's cage and sent her, frightened almost to death, to perch on a geranium on the window sill.

Then Jasmine became interested in the bookcase. Out on the floor came the books. Some were torn, some were chewed, some ripped apart. What a mess! Then she discovered the door to the diningroom. In she went. There was the big bowl of fruit. She ate until she could hold no more. Then the pantry. Lots of bags and boxes to explore. Walnuts, onions, raisins, prunes, nutmeg, dates, potatoes, beans, flour—dozens of things. She did not like them and threw them on the floor. What a *mess!* But Jasmine had eaten rather more than was good for her by this time. She felt "none too well." She went back into the livingroom where Turvey sat eating a grape. Everything was quiet. Jasmine tried to get back into her cage, but she couldn't, so she curled up on the remains of the window curtain. Suddenly Ming Mu began to bark joyously. A key turned in the lock. The family were coming home. Jasmine stirred uneasily. "Skittle-skattle, skittle-skattle, skittle-skattle!," cried tattle-tale Turvey.

There is no need to say that the illustrations, printed in a silvery gray, are both beautiful and truthful. Their designs in this book are particularly lovely. Miss Lathrop has created a new character in Jasmine. Bad as she is, the children will love her. And Turvey, makes a perfect chorus. M. G. D.

—*From "The Big Fire."*

HOW THE AUTOMOBILE LEARNED TO RUN. By M. Ilin. Pictures by Herbert Kruckman. New York: Young World Books. International Publishers. 1945. 33 *pp.* $1.25.

HERE in a lively text and equally lively and amusing drawings in black and white is the story of the evolution of the steam engine and the automobile. They are cousins, Ilin tells us, because they had the same grandmother. The story begins with the "fire cart" built by Cugot in Paris one hundred and seventy years ago. It goes on through the steam-drawn coaches in England that were outlawed, after a struggle that lasted for thirty years, through the "horseless carriages in England and America to the great Ford factories in Michigan and the modern automobile. A picture map shows the two countries that make the largest number of automobiles today—Russia and America. The illustrations are graphic and vigorous. They recreate the periods in history with humor and realism. They are printed in red and yellow as well as in black and white and the type and format are attractive. It is an informing picture book that boys will especially enjoy.

M. G. D.

THE BIG FIRE. By Elizabeth Olds. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 32 *pp.* $2.

DANNY AND COMPANY 92. Written and Illustrated by Doris Spiegel. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1945. 32 *pp.* $1.

HERE are two picture books about fire fighting that will be warmly welcomed by little children and will interest their older brothers and sisters. Neither personify machines. In both the machines are mechanical aids to extremely active and efficient firemen. The first is a large square book, printed in three colors—red, blue, and yellow. Flames pour from the burning building with a realism that is almost terrifying. This is really a history of fire fighting, beginning in 1737 "when America was an English colony." It goes in text and pictures through the development of men and machines until it reaches the complicated apparatus of today leaving the scene of a fire respectfully watched by a group of citizens. The story is factual and interesting, the color-printing admirable. It is a book worthy to put beside Virginia Lee Burton's "Little House," although it lacks her humor and imagination.

The second "fire book" is not as handsome but, in its own way, it is satisfying. It is smaller and is printed in two colors—red and blue. It tells

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New Books for Boys and Girls

Clear the Track

By Louis Slobodkin. Here is Michael again, with a magic train that he runs all by himself! Brakeman, baggageman, conductor—all are Mike, in this colorful and riotous picture book. By the author of MAGIC MICHAEL. $1.50

The Skittle-Skattle Monkey

By Dorothy Lathrop. One of the best of children's artists gives us this picture book about the adventures of a pet monkey. Many accurate and beautiful pictures. $2.00

The Rooster Crows

A Book of American Rhymes and Jingles

By Maud and Miska Petersham. All the rhymes, skipping-rope songs, and counting-out games children have loved for generations, delightfully illustrated in color. $2.00

Told Under the Stars and Stripes

A new Umbrella Book! 27 fine stories selected by the Association for Childhood Education about children of foreign parentage or minority groups in this country Selections from the best modern writers. *A book to promote understanding.* Ages 8-12. $2.00

Rainbow's End

By Berta and Elmer Hader. The delightful story of Toby Tubbs and his animals—a cat, a fawn, a thrush, and a little skunk, with a mystery and a happy ending. Illustrated. Ages 8-12. $2.00

Golden Hair

By Steingrimur Arason. The true flavor of modern Iceland is in this story of an American girl who visits her cousin there. Illustrated by Gertrude Howe. Ages 10-14. $2.00

A Touch of Greatness

By C. W. Anderson. Horse lovers of all ages will welcome this new book by their favorite artist, containing the exciting stories of ten thoroughbreds who had "a touch of greatness". Many beautiful lithographs, full page size and smaller, by the author. $2.50

from Macmillan

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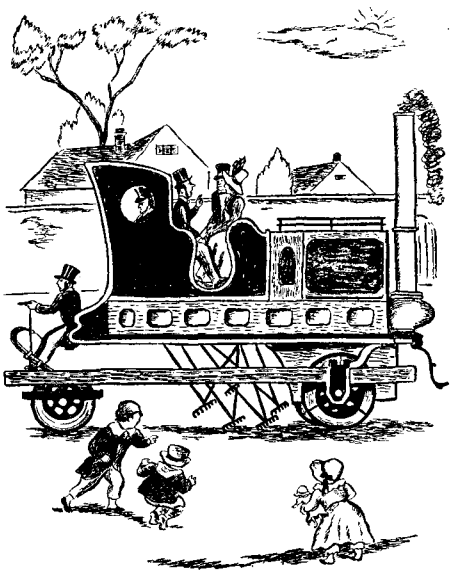
a real story of Danny who is five years old and lives in a big city not far from a fire station—we strongly suspect Greenwich Village on Manhattan. Danny's great friend is Jo-Jo, the parrot, who belongs to Mrs. Minetta. Mrs. Minetta keeps the fruit and vegetable store and lives a block or so away. Danny is awakened one morning by hearing Jo-Jo screeching "Fire! Fire!" He instantly realizes that Mrs. Minetta's house is burning. There follows page after page of action; what happens in the Station when the alarm rings, what happens in the streets leading to Mrs. Minetta's house, what happens in the station when the alarm are the people, including Danny and Jo-Jo, here are the policemen, the firemen, the Dalmatian dog, the cat. It is all very exciting. It is, too, an authentic record of the things that happen when a fire alarm goes off in a big, modern city. There are one or two amusing incidents. Jo-Jo bites the hand of the fireman who is rescuing him, but he apologizes like a gentleman when calm is restored. This is a little book that will add to the gaiety of all those who observe Children's Book Week.

M. G. D.

TOO BIG. By Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 37 *pp.* $1.

THIS year the Parin d'Aulaires have made a little book, square and sturdy; just a simple running text to tell about the little boy who grew to be too big to get into his trousers, to wear his coat, or to use his dog as a pony, to tell how this same little boy grew up to be so big that he rode on an elephant. The endpapers are enchanting and the drawings all through the book as lovely as those in the earlier books of these two artists. There are no folk characters, as there were in "Ola." There is just the little boy and his mother, the cat, the dog, the horse, and, finally, the elephant. Each picture has the details that little children love. Look under the table, for instance, in the picture where the boy is eating a huge meal in order to grow bigger. See the cat playing with his shoe laces and the dog eating some of the scraps that have fallen from his plate. See how good that long loaf of crusty bread looks! His glass that holds the rich milk says "Good Boy" on its side. This would be a nice book to send abroad to the children who cannot yet read English. There are English words, but one could easily do without them. Certainly the little boy would grow up just as fast if there were no words at all.

M. G. D.



—*From "How the Automobile Learned to Run."*

LITTLE PEOPLE IN A BIG COUNTRY. Story by Norma Cohn. Pictures by Children of Soviet Russia. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 33 *pp.* $1.50.

Pictures of Uzbekistan in Russia painted by the children who were sent there to escape the destruction of war. They are in full color and very well reproduced. Reviewed April 21.

NINE CRY-BABY DOLLS. Adapted by Josephine B. Bernhard. Illustrated by Irena Lorentowicz. New York: Roy Publishers. 1945. 32 *pp.* $1.

A Polish "old wives' tale" told with spirit and humor and illustrated with unusual drawings in full color. Reviewed May 19th.

MR. BUNNY PAINTS THE EGGS. By Lee Maril. Illustrated by Irena Lorentowicz. New York: Roy Publishers. 1945. 26 *pp.* $1.

Unique pictures in lovely colors illustrate a simple tale of the Easter Bunny. Reviewed May 19.

BELINDA'S NEW SHOES. Written and illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 28 *pp.* $1.50.

Belinda, the cobbler, and the cobbler's cat play an important part in this attractive picture book printed in green and brown on an ivory paper. Reviewed October 20.

THE P-ZOO. By Elizabeth Hamilton. Illustrated by Peter Hurd. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1945. 33 *pp.* $1.

A long picture book printed in dark blue that tells a very amusing story of a Zoo where everything has to begin with P. Reviewed October 20.

THE UMBRELLA MAN. By Emma L. Brock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 43 *pp.* $1.25.

A picture-book story of the umbrella man who mixed up the umbrellas and had a hard time getting them back to their rightful owners. Reviewed July 14th.

BURLAP. By Morgan Dennis. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 40 *pp.* $1.

Story and pictures of a mournful, appealing hound dog. Printed in sepia with large, clear type. Reviewed July 14.

THE CHRISTMAS WHALE. Written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 46 *pp.* $1.

Not in the least like the stereotyped Santa Claus stories, this is very funny and very refreshing. It will be reviewed December 8.

ILEMKA. By Lee Kingman. With Pictures by Arnold Edwin Bare. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 47 *pp.* $2.

A large book printed in reds and browns that tells of a little Russian girl and her family today. Good Russian background for very young Americans.

MAJOR AND THE KITTEN. By Helen Hoke. Pictures by Diana Thorne. New York: Franklin Watts. 1945. 29 *pp.* $1.

The hero of this story is a very lovable St. Bernard dog. The pictures, in color, have both humor and realism. Reviewed June 16.

THE LITTLE RED HEN. By Helen Dean Fish. Illustrated by Katharine R. Bernard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 20 *pp.* 85 *cents.*

The old story as it was retold by Nurse Befabbycash with new illustrations. Reviewed June 19.

STUFFY. Written and Illustrated by Rowena Laird. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1945. 32 *pp.* $1.50.

A picture book in color about a little boy who got so fat that he floated away as a balloon. Reviewed October 20.

Folk and Fairy Tales

RUSSIAN FAIRY TALES. Translation by Norbert Guterman. Folklorist comment by Rodman Jakobson. Illustrations by Alexander Alexeieff. New York: Pantheon Books. 1945. 650 *pp.* $7.50.

FOR many years the children of America have read and listened to the Russian folktales from collections translated by Post Wheeler, Ida Zeitlin, Valery Carrick, and Arthur Ransome. Now they may have an entirely new collection in a new translation with new and unusual il-

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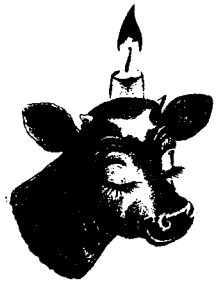

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lustrations in color. This book will be a treasure for many years to come, not only to the children but to anyone of any age who seeks to understand Russia and to know the tradition of her people.

The tales here are selected from a collection made by the Russian ethnographer, Afanas'ev, who published them in serial form between 1855 and

—From "Jungle Boy."

1864. In his comment at the end of the book which is in reality a learned and fascinating analysis of the origin of folklore, Roman Jakobson says that the folktales of Russia have been preserved through an oral tradition, that they were actually printed in France and England before they were in their own country. It is an absorbing task to go through them to see what we find that is familiar in the plot and in the characters. Many of the Slavonic tales are here, many of those that we have thought of as Western European. Here is a variant of the story of the witch and the little boy. We know it as "Buttercup" in Norway, as "The Old Hag's Long Leather Bag" in Ireland, as "The Old Witch" in England. Then there is the exotic and exciting version called "Apple-Tree Witch" from the Himalayas. There is, too, a variant in South America that Charles Finger found and recorded in his "Tales from Silverlands." It should not be surprising that Russia has it, too.

But it *is* surprising to find that the tale that in Spain is called "Black Magic" and that Howard Pyle in his "Wonderclock" called "The Clever Student and the Master of Black Arts" is Russian folklore. This reviewer had always connected this particular tale with the Latin countries. The children will be amused to find a variant of the Czech "The Little Cock and the Little Hen" that is different—and yet similar. The translation is admirable. It is not unlike Sir George Dasent's translation of the Norse folktales. There is the same forthrightness, the same clarity in the development of the plot, the same brevity and humor in the dialogue. Mr. Guterman uses the term "white world" that we find in other translations from the Russian. His description of the Baba Yaga will delight American boys and girls. "Baba Yaga the Boney-legged jumped on her mortar, goaded it on with her pestle, swept away her tracks with a broom, and flew in pursuit of the girl." This is from the Russian Cinderella story of the girl who was forced to go into the woods to the witch's hut-on-hen's-legs and ask for fire.

One could go on for hours, for days reading these stories and tracing the likenesses and the differences. There are so many kinds of stories that the book will fill almost any need. Little children will love the animal fables with their humor, their clearly defined purpose and action. Girls, as they grow older, will lose themselves in the noble princes, the lovely princesses, the wicked old Baba Yaga. Grownups cannot afford to miss the commentary by Roman Jakobson. If it is a bit disillusioning in that he considers the Pushkin stories not characteristic of the true Russian folklore, it is very convincing. All the broken threads of the many versions are gathered up here and woven into one rich and satisfying whole. The value of this dignified book with its strange, lovely illustrations can hardly be estimated. In this particular time it is a triumph to have edited, illustrated, and printed it.

M. G. D.

TRUE AND UNTRUE AND OTHER NORSE TALES. Edited and Compiled by Sigrid Undset. Illustrated by Frederick T. Chapman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

SIGRID UNDSET prefaces her own selection of the Norse folk tales with a foreword that is a stimulating and an informing essay on folklore. She brings out the origin of the themes and characters in the old tales. She shows that, although their original storytellers had no written records to refer to and no way of spreading their stories other than by word of mouth, there were authors in those days, poets, novelists, dramatists, just as there are today. "Now there is no reason to believe that primitive men were less intelligent than their descendants today," she says. "Their best brains were just as good and their indifferent ones just as indifferent as our own." There are humor and wisdom in her analysis of the animal fables and the "winning of the princess" theme. Always she accents the "reason for being" behind the stories and their importance as social and historical records, but always she leaves them free as stories to be read and shared.

When she comes to her own Norse tales she is especially illuminating. "Although the Norwegian folk tales have wandered far and wide through space and time, to us Norwegians they seem to be blood of our blood and bone of our own bone, as homely as our mountains and forests and fjords. It is our way of looking at life and judging people they express. We never liked glamor, we always thought it rather vulgar—real life with its troubles and jokes and sorrows and joys was good enough for us, and when we daydreamed, we dreamed of a world not too unlike the one we knew and loved." To this reviewer, this is one of the keenest comments on the Norse tales put into print.

Her selection includes many of the familiar stories and some that are not as well known. Two of them are stories of Our Lord and Saint Peter wandering on earth: "Traces," she says, "of the Catholic past of the Scandinavian countries." One is a variant of the Czech legend of the Devil and the soldier with his knapsack. Some of the more familiar tales follow closely the Sir George Dasent translation, but many are in her own words. There is a cryptic, spicy quality in their wording that will make them a delight to tell.

It is a good-looking book with a particularly clear, readable type and strong, humorous drawings by Frederick Chapman who made them while he was in active service in the Italian campaign. Children will love this book. Its foreword should make it a "must" book in any courses that are given on folklore or the literature of storytelling.

M. G. D.

THE STARS CAME DOWN. By Regina J. Woody. Pictures by Rafaello Busoni. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 71 *pp.* $2.

ALTHOUGH the little Princess is romantic enough in both text and pictures to be the heroine of any fairy tale, the miracle that

—From "True and Untrue and Other Norse Tales."

made her birthday wish come true is a modern one. Because her country was at war and the great castle on the hill was no longer safe, Bettina had lived most of her seven years in a cave. Then peace came. Bettina and the King and Queen went back to the Castle and, for the first time, the Princess saw the night sky. When her

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father asked her how she liked the stars, Bettina answered, "I'd like them better if they were down there, too," and she pointed to the dark valley below them. Now the King had promised that he would grant her a wish on her seventh birthday. And Bettina's wish was that the stars would come down out of the sky and shine from the valley.

He was a great king, but he was puzzled now. He consulted his ministers, but they could not help him. He ordered large placards made and posted through the valley. He listened for hours to people who thought that they knew a way to make the stars come down. Then, one day, a boy rode into the Castle grounds with a petition to the King—a petition that asked for electricity for all of the people in the valley, for heat and light and telephones and radios. But the war had destroyed every power house in the land excepting the one that served the Castle. The King listened to the plea and then, without hesitation, he ordered workmen to come at once, to work very quickly, to turn all the power from the Castle down into the valley. So, on the evening of Bettina's birthday the royal family ate their supper by candlelight. And it was a cold supper because there was no heat in the stove. But it was good. And, after supper, Bettina and the King sat in the great window that looked down over the valley. Up in the sky the stars were shining. Down in the valley it was dark.

"Will I get my wish?," said Bettina.

"Watch carefully," the King answered.

And suddenly a tiny light shone in the valley, then another and another until there were dozens, hundreds of them. The stars had come down and Bettina's birthday wish was granted.

This is a story that might easily be sentimental; but it isn't. The characters are well drawn and the dialogue is fresh and natural. The drawings, some in color and some in black and white, have the same quality that characterizes the story. They are romantic and yet they are modern. Little girls will find it a satisfying book. If there is a moral in the story, they will find it—and it will not trouble them.

M. G. D.

BHIMSA, THE DANCING BEAR. By Christine Weston. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 128 *pp.* $2.

The story of a fascinating journey taken from the plains to the mountains of India by an English boy, an Indian boy, and a dancing bear. To be reviewed on December 8.

JUNGLE BOY. By Lysle Carveth. Illustrated by Anne Vaughn. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 103 *pp.* $2.

The story of Angkot, a jungle boy of Luzon who is protected by the great white deer, the Ogsa, and the mountain spirits.

THE PLAIN PRINCESS. By Phyllis McGinley. With pictures by Helen Stone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 64 *pp.* $1.50.

A fairy tale in the old tradition with humorous and very decorative drawings in color. It will be reviewed on December 8.

STUART LITTLE. By E. B. White. Pictures by Garth Williams. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. 131 *pp.* $2.

A fantasy of a mouse who is born of human parents and is given a normal place in the family. As a character Stuart is not convincing and his adventures end inconclusively. Delightful illustrations.

THIS IS THE CHRISTMAS. By Ruth Sawyer. Boston: The Horn Book. 1945. 41 *pp.* $1.50.

A Serbian legend of a blind shepherd and the Christ in a small book distinguished for its typography and binding. It will be reviewed on December 8.

THE WIZARD AND HIS MAGIC: TALES OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS. By Alfred S. Campbell. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 114 *pp.* $1.75.

Folktales and legends of the islands lying between England and France that show their link with both countries. Told with rhythm and humor and delightfully illustrated. Reviewed May 19.

—From "Petar's Treasure."

Stories for Younger Boys and Girls

THE MITCHELLS. Written and Illustrated by Hilda van Stockum. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is a story of an American family in wartime that will please the children and will give a lift to the spirit of their elders.

The Mitchells' father was an officer in the United States Navy. Uncle Tom was a Navy flyer, and Grannie lived with them in the big old house in Washington. Next door there was a little refugee girl who lived with Mrs. Trotter and her son Henry. Henry was rather a nuisance, according to the Mitchell children. But they all loved little Una. To them she was like something out of a fairy tale. That she should turn out to be the granddaughter of old Mr. Spencer who was a "roomer" in their house was quite logical. It was a "fairy tale" ending. Since the bombing of Rotterdam when both her father and mother were killed, Una's past had been a blank. But Mr. Spencer knew all about her. He knew that she was nine years old, that her birthday was on April 10. So Una could have a birthday party—like the Mitchell children. One of the gayest scenes in this gay book is Angela's birthday party. Angela was four years old. Mrs. Mitchell made for her a big doll "almost as tall as Angela with yellow woolen ringlets." Angela adored her and promptly named her *Surshy*.

"Why do you call her Surshy?," asked Mother.

"Oh, *you* know, from the book," explained Angela. "Surshy said, surshy said."

"She means, 'I'm going a-milking, sir, she said,' cried Joan, and they all laughed except Angela who didn't think it funny at all." Everything that the Mitchell children say and everything that they do is interesting. They are not particularly good children, but they are energetic and warm-hearted and full of humor. When there is a real need, they are thoughtful and efficient. There are two birthday parties in the story and a wonderful Christmas — and Christmas that brings home to everyone who shares it the real spirit of that Birthday nearly two thousand years ago. All through the story the war plays its part, touching the Mitchells as it touched every other American family, bringing good times and bad times, high hopes and bitter disappointments.

The illustrations are perfect for the story. Here they all are—Mother and

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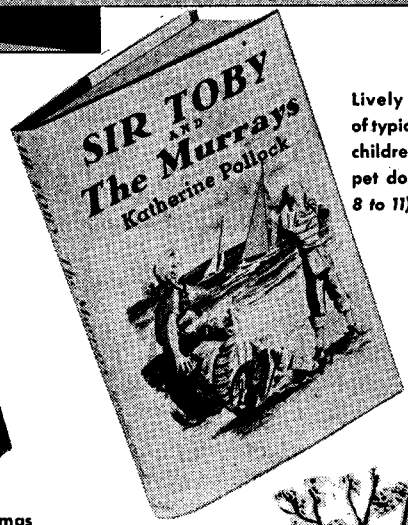

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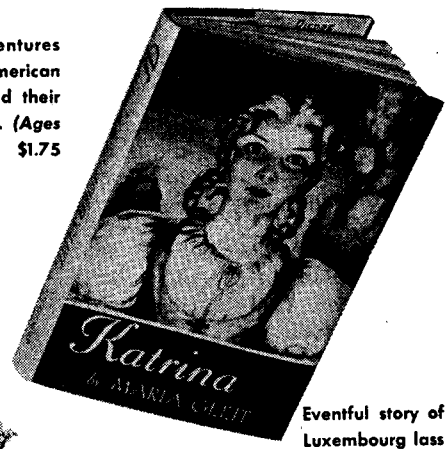

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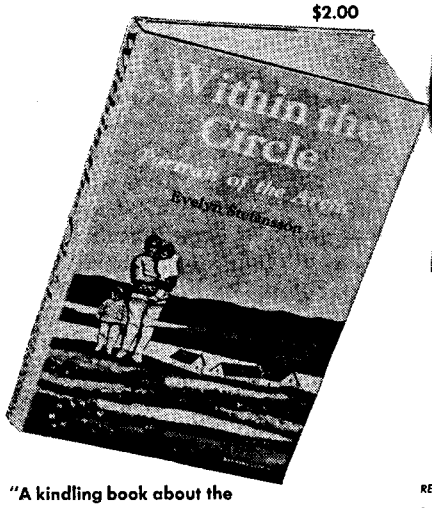

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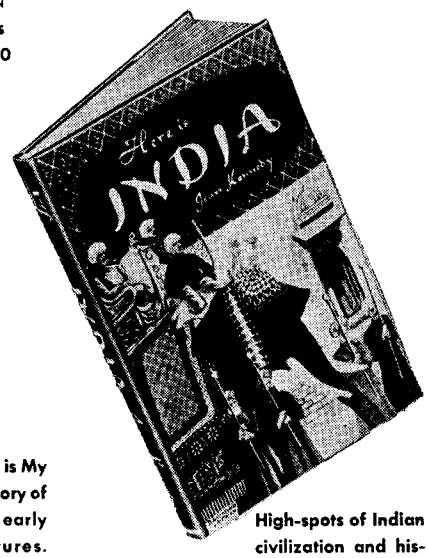

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Grannie, Joan and Patsy and Peter, Angela and the baby, Timmy. Finally, Uncle Jim and Daddy with a tame squirrel sitting on his head. This is a Christmas present for the entire family.

M. G. D.

SIBBY BOTHERBOX. By Mabel Leigh Hunt. With illustrations by Marjory Collison. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 175 *pp.* $2.

SIBBY BOTHERBOX was an imaginary playmate of Hannah Poole's. Hannah lived in a small American town at the time when Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States—as the clothes that are worn by the ladies in the story will testify. Hannah's father was a dentist. They had a Negro cook, large, fat and skilful, whose name was Mattiebelle. The things that she made cause the mouth of the reader to water immediately, especially the onion soup with little crisp rings of buttered toast! Then there was Uncle William. Uncle William was a professor of literature at Harvard University and loved to stand in a daisy field and quote Chaucer and other English poets. He was very absent-minded especially when he was in the throes of composing a new essay, but no one knew better than Uncle William how to give a little girl a good time. And, of all the family including Mattiebelle, Uncle William was the only one who really believed in Sibby Botherbox. When he first *saw* Sibby—he believed in her before he actually saw her—she was saying goodby to Hannah for the last time. Hannah was getting too old to have an imaginary playmate.

"Sibby's racing feet had carried her to the far edge of the field. A-tiptoe, she paused there to smile back at Hannah. The golden air quivered and shimmered above and around her, as if she and the sunlight and the golden-crested daisies were dancing together. Hannah lifted her arm and waved, 'Goodbye, Sibby Botherbox, goodbye!,' she called."

There is a quality to this story that gives it a lasting value. Behind Uncle William's nonsense and the easy laughter of Mattiebelle lies a deep feeling for the things that are important to a child, family love and trust, concern for the little pleasures and "surprises" that are remembered as long as memory lives, respect for that "over the border" world that a child slips into so easily. There is in the story, too, a convincing picture of a family in the early days of the twentieth century when icecream was made in the family "freezer" and one could have the joy of "licking" the dasher, when the family vehicle was a surrey drawn by the family horse who was named Teddy after the President, when Miss Amber Necklace, who married Uncle William after a rather unusual courtship, wore skirts to her boot-tops, shirtwaists with high, tight collars, and a large hat perched on top of her yellow pompadour. Through it all runs an effortless humor. The children will chuckle as they read. They will approve of the family, of Uncle William and Mattiebelle, of Hannah—and of Sibby Botherbox.

M. G. D.

RAINBOW'S END. By Berta and Elmer Hader. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 160 *pp.* $2.

AFTER reading a number of books that are chiefly concerned with informing children of the social problems in the post-war world, it is a joy to turn to the jolly, friendly story of a ship's carpenter and his cat.

—From "The Mule Skinners."

Toby Tubbs and Blackie were shipwrecked on the freighter *Bonnie B.* off the coast of New England. Toby could easily have gotten off in one of the life boats with the crew and the Captain. But Blackie was shut up in the cabin. He had to save her, so he let the crew get away without him. Luckily the little work-boat was there. Toby put in food and water, some pots and pans and blankets and, with Blackie, launched the little boat into the tumbling gray sea. The land that they finally reached, wet and exhausted, was Rainbow Cove. Next morning when the sun rose and brought out the scent of pine needles and bayberry bushes, Toby realized that this place was the very place that he had dreamed of, the site for the house that he had planned to build one day, close to the sea. Not far away he could see a village. Nearby there was a well and the stone foundations of an old house that had been burned down years before. It all looked *good* to Toby. He could settle down in a place like Rainbow Cove. So he fed Blackie and went to the village to see about buying the land.

From this point on the story tells how Toby did *not* build his house at Rainbow Cove—and why. How could he build it when so much of his time was taken up in caring for the little fawn, the baby skunk, the tiny thrush who all grew and thrived under his skilful hands? When he was so busy rebuilding the kitchen of the parish house for the Ladies Aid? When he had to put the summer screens in for Mrs. Wallace and help Ephraim build his boat? Day after day through that long summer Toby put off building his house. But he built something else that was much more important, although Toby did not know it at the time. Then the summons came for Toby to go to sea again. His country was at war and needed him.

When Toby came again to Rainbow Cove it was Christmas time. And there was his house, waiting for him. Against the snowy meadows it stood, with the blue sea beyond. There was a little Christmas tree in front of the door, sparkling with lights, and inside it was warm and cosy with the things that the village women had brought for him. It was a Christmas present to Toby Tubbs from the men and women who were his friends. So the old ghost of the Captain who had haunted the stone foundations was laid. Toby's house stood there now, and he and Blackie settled down there to "live happily ever after."

This is a story that is warm with humor and with the natural "give and take" of natural, kindly people. The scent of apple blossoms is in it and the strong salty smell of the sea. The pictures are in black and white and in color. It is an attractive looking book.

M. G. D.

THE LITTLE BOAT: A STORY OF KASHMIR. By Jean Bothwell. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 252 *pp.* $2.

HAFIZ was only eight years old and, since he was the youngest, it was easy for his family to forget that he was big enough for many things—the cleaning of the houseboat, for instance, and the business of getting it ready for the Sahib who would rent it for another season. The most important thing of all was school. He was big enough for that and to Hafiz it was *very* important. But other people did not seem to think so.

Hafiz's home was a doonga on a lake in Kashmir where many tourists spent the summer. In addition to the doonga his father owned a houseboat which

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he rented out each summer. It was their chief source of livelihood. During the summer the doonga, anchored directly behind the houseboat, became the serving boat where the tenant's meals were prepared and from which they were served. The family on the doonga became a staff of servants for the houseboat. Hafiz thought they were lucky to have the artist Sahib again for he was a friend as well as a tenant. Without him their troubles with the neighboring farmer and the money-lender might not have ended as well and Hafiz might not have attained his heart's desire.

This is a quiet story, full of warmth and gentle humor. Hafiz is a winning little boy and his family so very real. All of them slip as surely into the reader's affections as they did into the affections of the artist Sahib. All of the events, from the strange result of Hafiz's innocent tumble into the lake to the besting of the arrogant money-lender are truly Indian, but Hafiz and his family have an appeal that relates them to happy, well disposed, unassuming people everywhere in the whole world.

The background of the story is good, and the illustrations in black and white have the same authenticity as the text.

RUTH A. HILL.

GOLD OF GLANAREE. By Maura Laverty. Illustrated by Betty Morgan Bowen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

THE wording of this adventure story of modern Ireland has a Celtic rhythm that makes it a perfect delight to read aloud or to tell:

> In October . . . the children had only to shake a slender hazel tree and the ripe nuts would loosen in their hulls and fall in a shining brown rain about their heads. On the far side of the cottage a rushy field stretched to where the bog commenced. Between the field and the sea of purple heather a hedge of rowans rose like a breakwater. Here the Byrnes' livestock grazed together in friendship — Betsy, the cow, and Shevawn, the goat, and Nedda, the little black pony.

—From "Gold of Glanaree."

In such a setting we meet Big Bill, the peddler, and his little adopted son, Mike, who is a poet. We meet the Byrnes family—Father, Mother, Grandpa who was "the oldest man in Glanaree and knew more about the ways of birds and animals than anyone living," and Con and Essie. It is good to have a story of Ireland as happy as this one. The happiness lies, as it should in childhood, in little things; picking the first wild strawberries, cutting and stacking the peat, going on a rare visit to old Aunt Sarah in Dublin that included an exciting day in the Dublin Zoo, eating the good things that Mother Byrnes made for them all. Because the characters are real and lovable people, because the background and the wording are so satisfying this reviewer feels that the introduction into the story of a melodramatic "mystery" episode was a mistake. The scene in the underground cave with McFadden and Tobin and the treasure is "rank melodrama." It should have been "toned down." The old book that Mr. Green gave Mike in return for his poem might logically have led the two boys to the discovery of one of Finn McCool's cups or weapons, but to overemphasize the plot and bring in such utterly despicable characters as McFadden and Tobin is out of key with the rest of the story. It is a good-looking book with illustrations that strengthen the feeling of vitality and humor, of joy in everyday things. Mike's poem is worth quoting. He addresses it to "Little Lord Jesus" and advises Him to be born next time in the village of Shane:

> It's jumping the bogholes together we'd be
> And eating the griddle-bread hot for our tea,
> And out with a rod after perches and eels,
> And getting a ride on the top of the creels.
> I'd show You the nest I found down by the mill
> Where the mother bird hatches so happy and still.
> I'd show You the hole where the water rat feeds,
> And how to make whistles from willows and reeds.
> Ah, little Lord Jesus, if You came again,
> Would You choose for Your birthplace a cottage in Shane?

M. G. D.

ALL THOSE BUCKLES. By E. R. Gaggin. Illustrated by Mildred Cloete. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 250 *pp.* $2.

The Army took their house and land for an airfield, so the Buckle family moved to the tiny house on the St. Lawrence that was part of Mr. Watson's farm. How the alphabetically named children (A to L) and their parents settled down and what their neighbors thought of them makes an exceedingly amusing and lively story.

THE ESKIMO HUNTER. By Florence Hayes. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Random House. 1945. 275 *pp.* $2.

The story of an Eskimo boy, Kapoomga, who wanted a shot gun so that he could shoot his first bear and "be a man." It has humor and a convincing background.

—From "The Mitchells."

FISH HOOK ISLAND MYSTERY. By Wendell Farmer. Illustrated by Ninon MacKnight. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1945. 239 *pp.* $2.

Two boys and a girl in a little seacoast town in New Jersey. They discover a "black market" hide-out on an island and manage to get a stolen boat and a very attractive dog back to their rightful owners.

LO AND BEHOLD! By Myrna Lockwood. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 213 *pp.* $2.

A mystery story laid on Cape Cod in summer time today. Reviewed May 19.

MATTHEW THE YOUNG KING. By Jamusz Korczak. Adapted from the Polish by Edith and Sydney Sulkin. Illustrated by Irena Lorentowicz. New York: Roy Publishers. 1945. 256 *pp.* $2.50.

The story of the young King who wanted all of his people to be happy and wise. It is told by the heroic Polish doctor who so nearly gave his life for the Warsaw children during the German occupation. Reviewed April 21.

THE MULE SKINNERS. By Myra Reed Richardson. Illustrated by Louis S. Glanzman. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 203 *pp.* $2.

Two boys who were much too small to get into the U. S. Army, two donkeys who were finally accepted by Uncle Sam, and a small girl who insisted upon taking part in their adventures make this one of the funniest and nicest stories of the year.

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All Hits— ALL HARPER BOOKS for boys and girls

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"*Stuart Little* is a dream book. Children will go off to sleep dreaming of its minute hero, and parents who have reread it aloud for the *n*th time will still chortle . . . This story is the quintessence of American humor, a lovely stretch of exaggeration told with a perfectly straight face from start to finish."—Edward Weeks, *Atlantic Monthly.* $2.00

87 pictures by Garth Williams

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By Esther Averill. In the new edition of this distinguished book, Miss Averill has expanded the text of her exciting story. Plates for F. Rojankovsky's five-color pictures were made from a copy of the original edition. $1.50

THE FIRST STORY
By Margaret Wise Brown. A charming story of a little girl in the "time in the world before anyone knew anyone else." 6 pages of Rousseau masterpieces in color. *Ages 5-8.* $1.75

SPOTTY
By Margret Rey. The adventures of a charming little rabbit, Spotty, by the author and artist of *Pretzel.* 30 colored pictures. *Ages 3-6. Pictures by H. A. Rey.* $1.75

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Photographs by Ylla. A book the whole family will love. 18 delightful photographs reproduced by photogravure. $2.00

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By Ralph and Adelin Linton. The development of man from his humble beginnings to his present greatness and complexity. *Ages 12 up. Illustrated.* $2.50

NO SCHOOL FRIDAY
By Fran Martin. An amusing and exciting story about wartime Norfolk. By the author and illustrator of *Knuckles Down. Pictures by Dorothy McEntee. Ages 8-12.* $2.00

LOOK FOR THE LETTERS
By H. A. Rey. A new type of alphabet book. Not only are there pictures for the letter a word *begins* with, but there are also pictures for the same letter when it comes in the middle of a word or at the end. 26 of the 56 pictures are in full color. *Ages 3-6.* $2.00

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By Jesse Jackson. An exciting story, by a talented young Negro author, about Charley, the only Negro boy in Arlington Heights. *Illustrated by Doris Spiegel.* $2.00

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THE ADVENTURES OF TIPPY
By Glanville Smith. The adventures of Tippy, the shipwrecked pedlar, on the island of Lemonia and Fridland. *Pictures by Fritz Eichenberg. Ages 8-12.* $2.00

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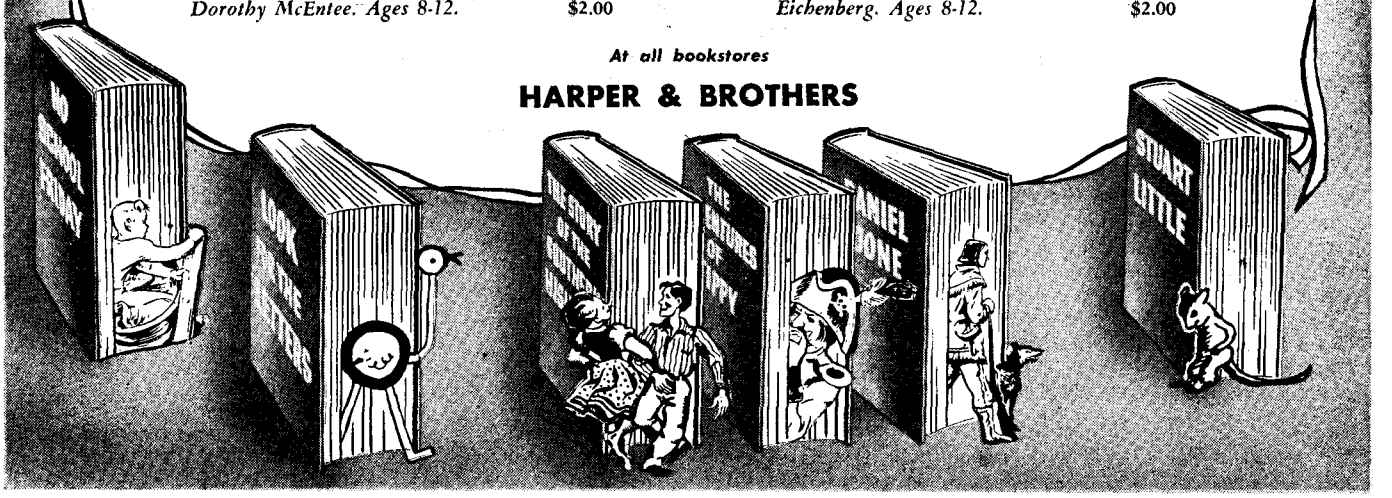

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MYSTERY ISLAND. By Enid Blyton. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 266 *pp.* $2.50.

An adventure that stems from a queer old house, called Crazy Top, on the coast of England. Very English in atmosphere and wording. Reviewed June 16.

MYSTERY OF THE MAYAN JEWELS. By Pachita Crespi and Jessica Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 164 *pp.* $1.50.

The scene is a modern New York hotel, but the Mayan Jewels that are stolen are very, very old. Reviewed July 14.

MYSTERY OF THE SECRET DRAWER. By Helen Fuller Orton. Drawings by Sandra James. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 105 *pp.* $1.50.

An attractive book and a good story of a mysterious theft on the Richards' farm. Reviewed September 8.

NATHAN, BOY OF CAPERNAUM. By Amy Morris Lillie. Illustrated by Nedda Walker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1945. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

An unusual story which introduces Christ as a character. Nathan's mother is a sister of Simon Peter and they all live on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. The black and white drawings are unusual, too. Reviewed April 21.

NECESSARY NELLIE. Story and Pictures by Charlotte Baker. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1945. 94 *pp.* $2.50.

An attractive book printed in brown and red tells the story of a family of children living near an old Spanish Mission in Texas and their white dog, Nellie.

SIR TOBY AND THE MURRAYS. By Katherine Pollock. Illustrated by Sari. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 201 *pp.* $1.75.

Sir Toby is an entrancing donkey and the Murrays are the minister, his wife, the twins and Bitsy. A gay, funny story of how Bitsy and the twins earned the money for the new boat.

SNOW OVER BETHLEHEM. By Katherine Milhous. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 112 *pp.* $2.

A story, based on history, of a Christmas Crib made for the children of the Moravian settlement in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Unusual illustrations in full color. To be reviewed December 8.

STRAWBERRY GIRL. Written and Illustrated by Lois Lenski. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1945. 194 *pp.* $2.50.

A very attractive book with many

—*From "Sir Toby and the Murrays."*

illustrations, this is a story of the Cracker country in Florida. Reviewed October 20.

TWO LANDS FOR MING. By Stanley Hong Chin and Virginia Fowler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 248 *pp.* $2.

A Chinese boy whose parents are American citizens comes from China back to San Francisco. Authentic in feeling and background, it is illustrated by Stanley Chin. Reviewed April 21.

THE YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER. By Ethel Parton. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 288 *pp.* $2.

Parny Yoell was living with her two old aunts in a New England village when the strange summer of 1817 brought "signs and portents" and extraordinary weather. A good story about people who are a joy to know from "Jerry the Rhymer" to old Gran'ther who is very wise and has a strong sense of humor.

Stories for Older Boys and Girls

HARVEST OF THE HUDSON. By Eric Berry. Illustrated by the Author. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 239 *pp.* $2.

THIS is a book that should stand high on the year's list of adventure stories for boys and girls. It has action and adventure, fine characterization, good historical background, and wording that is unique in its faithfulness to the past and to locality. There are really two stories here. The scene is Van Diemanswyck —the great estate on the banks of the Hudson River that belongs to a wealthy and scholarly Dutch patroon in the seventeenth century. Deborah and Sebastian Yates are the son and daughter of a farmer who farms the land under the "patroon" system. Their father dies, and the farm goes to a relation of the Dutch overseer, Ostrum, who is the "villain" of the story. Deborah's record is all here on the land. It is told in rhythmical phrases and idioms that belong to the time and to the locality and that are a joy to the ear. How good it is to hear "time out of mind" in natural use again! Sebastian's story is one of high adventure in the seas around the West Indian Islands in a tiny, homemade sailboat with Old Peder, the Danish sailor. The words of their record are the ones that they themselves would use—terse, vigorous, fresh as the winds that carry their sails. Both Sebastian and old Peder are characters that emerge sharply and dramatically from the pages. One longs to know them better. Their adventures on the long, dangerous voyage, the water-front taverns in New York, the home of the rich Dutch planter on the Island, the battle with the pirates, and Peder's skilful maneuver with his ship make an exciting record. It is dominated always by Sebastian's point of view. We see it all with his eyes—the eyes of a boy who chooses danger deliberately and faces it with courage.

Meanwhile at home Deborah and the patroon's delightful little daughter Lancy are working and plotting to expose the overseer—not for their own gain but to protect old Aunt Mallie and her beloved garden. Aunt Mallie has a theory about gardens that proves to be the forerunner of what we now call "rotation of crops." Farmers all along the Hudson are moving into the interior because their worn-out soil will not produce good crops. Aunt Mallie "sets her seed" in a different arrangement each year—and her tiny garden produces the best crops on the estate. It takes time and patience on Deborah's part to convince the Patroon that there is logic and wisdom in Aunt Mallie's theory. But she does it finally. The overseer is exposed and disgraced, Aunt Mallie keeps her garden, and the beloved Yates farm goes back to Deborah and Sebastian. The contrast between Deborah with her love for the land, her patience, her strong disciplined body, and the careless, pretty, rather spoiled, and yet lovable daughter of the Patroon is striking. Aunt Mallie is a joy every time she speaks. You only wish that she would speak oftener! The word-pictures of the land along the Hudson are beautiful:

> The summer was ended. Even the birds, wheeling in short, chattering flights, seemed in noisy haste to assemble their flocks and be off southward; even the bees, lighting briefly on the last of the blue asters, even

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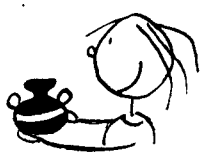
MOVE OVER BUCK ROGERS — or IS YOUR CHILD SMART ENOUGH TO READ A REAL BOOK?

Some Hints to Parents on an Easy Way to Help Your Youngsters Be Literate — *and like it*



ARE YOU PROUD that your eight-year-old can explain the Atomic Bomb? Well, he may have to do something about it some day. In the meantime the way to show him *what* to do—starting now—is with **LET'S DO BETTER,** Munro Leaf's exciting picture-history of the human race. It has a punch that's good for everyone.

BANG! BANG! BANG! . . . *And tear off a box-top.* Monopolizing the radio for a couple of hours each evening is one way of satisfying ten-year-olds' craving for excitement. Giving them a first-rate mystery story is easier on the family and twice as good fun. In **MYSTERY OF THE SECRET DRAWER,** by Helen Fuller Orton, they can match themselves against a pair of sleuths their own size, and have a swell time doing it.

FOR A WOULD-BE SCREEN STAR, whose hair *won't* braid like Margaret O'Brien's, Phyllis McGinley's **THE PLAIN PRINCESS** is better than a permanent. The Princess *did* become beautiful and by an infallible method, as Helen Stone's lovely drawings in color demonstrate . . . When 'teen-age sister says, "*Lauren Bacall wears one—why can't I?*" the answer is usually, "*Because you can't.*" But change the subject with a copy of Marjorie Hayes' **GREEN PEACE,** the story of a 'teen-ager in Boston in Civil War days, and the troubles *she* had.

KID STUFF is what no self-respecting boy would be caught dead with. Which means a nickel a day out of his lunch money for a pulp magazine—unless you come through with something better. John Floherty's **FLOWING GOLD** and Harold McCracken's **SENTINEL OF THE SNOW PEAKS** are two books he can read without having to hide from his schoolmates. The first tells the whole story of oil—and what a story it is! The second is the kind of wild-animal book that can only be written by a real Arctic explorer, from first-hand adventure experience.

YOUR DEAR SWEET LITTLE GIRL, you may *think,* is too refined to care for blood and thunder in her reading, but just disillusion yourself by giving her Lois Lenski's **STRAWBERRY GIRL**—a regional story of the Florida crackers that has all the excitement that really comes in the life of *some* American children. She'll love it.

IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE AN UNCLE whose natural approach to small fry is "*How about an ice-cream soda?*" the perfect Christmas present for *all* your nieces under eleven this year is Mabel Hunt's **SIBBY BOTHERBOX.** You'll be their favorite uncle all the more after they've read it.

FEEDING THE YOUNG (brain and body) can exhaust your patience—and theirs. You can get a good tip on spinach from Jannette Lucas' **INDIAN HARVEST.** It's a book about the wild plant foods the Indians ate and you'll be astonished how much faster the greens go down when backed by a guarantee from a tomahawk chief.

ANY PLACE THEY WANT TO GO a book can take them. For boys and girls with a yen to see the world, Stinetorf's **CHILDREN OF SOUTH AFRICA** gives them a speaking acquaintance with Boer, Hottentot and Cape Towner . . . Manorama Modak's **LAND AND THE PEOPLE OF INDIA** straightens out a puzzling but fascinating country for readers of any age . . . And Vernon Quinn's **PICTURE MAP GEOGRAPHY OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS** will give Junior a chance to display before the returned veteran some real intelligence about the part of the world where he's been fighting.

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the red squirrels scolding as they whisked with a butternut or an acorn to the top of the pines—all were in a terrific rush and pother. "Winter's coming! Winter's coming," they were saying. "Get in your harvest! Not much time! Hurry! Hurry!"

Listen to Sebastian's musings as he settles down to his first night on the sea:

A boat was merely a boat, little more than a water-going cart, until you cooked your first meal aboard. Then it became a home, a magic travelling home in which you could eat and live and sleep, and waken again in a new country, still with the same roof over your head and the same floor beneath your feet.

Who has not had that feeling on an ocean voyage when strange harbors are reached and left behind?

This is a book that both boys and girls will read—and remember.

M. G. D.

FAIR IS THE MORNING. By Loula Grace Erdman. Decorations by Erick Berry. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 186 *pp.* $2.

THOSE who enjoyed "Separate Star" in which Miss Erdman painted a good picture of a teacher while telling an absorbing story can look forward to this book. They will not be disappointed.

Here, with a good story, is an interesting premise. It is that rural school teachers should be especially trained for their work, not merely learn their profession by progressing from country schools to schools in cities. Connie Thurman had spent her growing years in a country school. She knew how the country child could be cheated by poorly equipped teachers who had no particular interest in their jobs. She determined that she would do what she could to remedy this state of affairs. After several years of experience, Connie refused the offer of a fine school and asked for the very poorest country school to be had. She wanted to tackle something challenging and difficult, something that could be used as a basis for her thesis. Hickory Ridge was almost more than the realist in Connie had bargained for, but she met the challenge and made a lasting contribution to the life of the community. Luck was on Connie's side in that there should be an attractive and social-minded young man occupying the great Scarborough house that had been so long vacant, for he could give her practical as well as moral support in all her enterprises. With Lem Dixon, in whose home she boarded, opposing her at every step, Connie needed a strong ally.

The story makes very good reading. The awakening of the dejected community is plausible and its rejuvenation quite possible. Connie is an attractive person, lively and humorous. All the characterizations are good. The romance, while quite obvious, will satisfy the readers.

R. A. H.

LANCE OF MYSTERY HOLLOW. By H. R. Langdale. Illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 185 *pp.* $2.

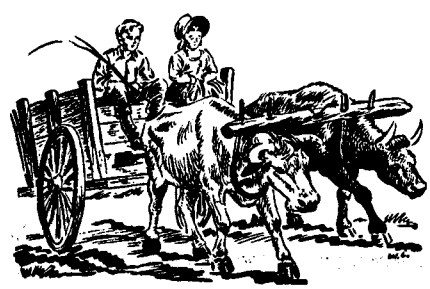
LANCE lived in the Vermont hills in the years following the American Revolution. He lived all alone in the little cabin that his father had made as a home for them both before he died. In the unexplored Hollow below the slope on which the cabin stood something mysterious had been going on even before his father's death. Lance made up his mind to find out what it was—and thereby discovered and handed over to the State of Vermont a band of counterfeiters.

This is a story of the people who founded and settled the towns and villages, the farms and factories of New England. It tells of the clearings that were made in the forests, of the rocky meadows, the covered bridges, the wayside taverns, of Tin Peddler Jim and of Pierre Chapelle who had "the itching foot" that compelled him in the end to leave Vermont and take his rather reluctant family to "York State." But Lance stayed on in the valley that he loved. He stayed to help Junior Morgan breed and train his famous horses. In Lance and in the people whom he met and travelled with we find the qualities that make the American soldier and sailor the finest fighting men in the world. It all happened long ago. But Lance would feel just as much at home in the world of today.

M. G. D.

GOAL TO GO. By Jackson Scholz. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1945. 218 *pp.* $2.

WHAT most young men look forward to with pride and excitement Jeff saw as three years of virtual internment. Annapolis to Jeff stood for all the slights that his father had received in his years of getting ahead in the Navy—his father, a "mustang" who had come up from the ranks. Yet it was his father whose heart was set on Jeff's graduating from Annapolis. The only part of it that Jeff expected to enjoy was football. He looked forward to fulfilling the promise that he had shown on the gridiron in his one year at Pennsylvania. Getting off on the wrong foot did not spoil Jeff's chances at football, but it did make him enemies. If it had not been for his roommate and one other good friend, Jeff might never have seen beyond his own egotism nor learned that success in football, as in many another enterprise, takes heart and enthusiasm and intense loyalty as well as strength and skill.



—From "Lance of Mystery Hollow."

Readers may grow impatient with Jeff's self-absorption and the nursing of his resentment. It does seem a bit overdrawn for an otherwise normal boy. But interest in the story is held by the colorful background of the Naval Academy and by plenty of good football, well described. With the Academy celebrating its centennial and the victorious fleet arrived in home waters, the background and the psychological aspects of this story are of particular interest.

R. A. H.

FOREST RANGER. By Mark Layton. New York: M. S. Mill Company. 1945. 245 *pp.* $2.

TRUE to his family tradition John Duncan, the son and grandson of successful ranchers, felt that he had to find his own frontier. The Forestry Service was just opening up when Theodore Roosevelt was President. John decided that perhaps the saving of the forests and the wild life might be his frontier. So, to test out this idea, he became a forest ranger.

In those days before a ranger could do much to protect a forest he had to gain the coöperation of the ranchers and miners on their outskirts. John's task was a particularly difficult one. One ranger had already been "run out" of Gedgold. With cattlemen and sheepmen always at odds, poachers constantly killing off the deer, elk, and buffalo, highwaymen holding up stage coaches, with a few wealthy and unscrupulous men trying to get everything that they could for themselves with no respect for the Government, it took all of John's courage and wits, his quickness and his skill with a gun to keep himself alive, much less to succeed with his job. But he did succeed. The dramatic forest fire which proved the importance of his work far better than any one man could settled the place of the forest ranger forever in the community.

This is a "sure-fire Western," fol-

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lowing the approved pattern. The characters, too, are true to the Western tradition. There is the guide and the old miner who are John's friends from the start. There is the complete villain with his hired thugs who has even the sheriff under his thumb. There is the scoundrel with a streak of decency in him, the motherly boarding-house keeper and the mine superintendent's daughter with the red-gold hair. A satisfying story for those who like "Westerns."

R. A. H.

CROSSROADS FOR PENELOPE. By Mary Wolfe Thompson. Decorations by James MacDonald. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 264 *pp.* $2.

READERS who are not interested in animals will not fully appreciate this story. For the heroine, Penelope, has a rather unusual job. She is the capable and much beloved assistant to her uncle, who is a veterinarian. At the animal hospital Penny takes care not only of such familiar animals as dogs and cats, but also of a deer and a pet skunk. The animals have to have their temperatures taken, are placed on a diet, and their ills considered with as much care and thoroughness as though they were human. Penelope brings to her work a great deal of devotion and enthusiasm and much of the patience of the mythological Penelope. Because of her recognized skill with animals she is asked to help in the organization of "Dogs for Defense." How she goes about selecting the best-fitted dogs and rejecting the less worthy ones makes informing reading. But, for all her capability, Penelope would not be nearly as interesting if she were not a pretty and attractive girl in love with a soldier in the Army. How she finally overcomes her skepticism about marriage and agrees to become Tom's wife is a satisfying love story.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

THE SILVER INKWELL. By Phyllis A. Whitney. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 272 *pp.* $2.

A SILVER inkwell which is said to have belonged to Louisa May Alcott is for Lynn Sheridan both a reminder that she means to be an author and a bringer of good luck. She leaves her work in a public library, which she dislikes intensely, to work in the children's book department of a publishing house. Later, having learned from criticism and experience, she plans to write books that reflect real life. Many characters appear in her story and there is, of course, romance.

Like other "career" stories, this one tries to combine romance and excitement with technical information. It does not succeed in producing an integrated piece of writing. Moreover, Lynn's training and background do not seem sufficient for her responsibility in the publishing house. Whatever good advice there may be in the story, we feel that a girl who is determined to be an author would do better to read a book on the art of writing or the biography of a successful author than to depend upon this story as a guide.

The title and theme are like those of Alice Dalgliesh's "The Silver Pencil," in which the pencil rather than an inkwell symbolizes the writer's ambition. In reading "The Silver Pencil" ambitious girls get a truthful and well-balanced picture and a certain inspiration. In this instance they have only that strangely artificial thing which is vaguely called "a career book."

B. W. S.

ARROW FLY HOME. By Katharine Gibson. Illustrated by Ralph Ray. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 146 *pp.* $2.

—*From "Border Iron."*

The story of an American boy and girl who were captured by the Shawnee Indians. Outstanding for its authentic historical background. Reviewed July 14.

BORDER IRON. By Herbert Best. Illustrated by Erick Berry. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 219 *pp.* $2.

A good story in the unusual setting of the iron furnaces in York Provinces in the eighteenth century. It concerns Tod Randall and his dog, Limb, and is told in the terse, clear-cut idiom of the day.

CHUCKLEBAIT: FUNNY STORIES FOR EVERYONE. Selected by Margaret C. Scoggin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 393 *pp.* $2.50.

It would be a pity to confine this collection to young people. The writers are all North American and range from R. H. Davis to Stephen Leacock. Reviewed July 14.

A CITY OF LINCOLN. By John R. Tunis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 292 *pp.* $2.

In which a writer who is immensely popular among boys and girls turns from sports to a battle for good government and democracy. The hero is the famous coach of the "Wildcats."

EMERALDS FOR THE KING. By Constance Savery. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 270 *pp.* $2.

A fast-moving story of the Roundheads and the men who were loyal to King Charles in seventeenth-century England. Reviewed June 16.

ENEMIES IN ICY STRAIT. By Margeret E. Bell. Illustrated by George M. Richards. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1945. 206 *pp.* $2.

The salmon "run" failed, so the Craig family had to spend the winter at Icy Strait. It sounded dull, but before the winter was well started Robert was in the midst of an exciting and dangerous adventure. A good story by the author of "Danger on Old Baldy."

GALEWOOD CROSSING. By Alta Halverson Seymour. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 1945. 212 *pp.* $2.

A pioneer story in which the Gale family go from Ohio to a new settlement in Wisconsin. There are two heroines—Tildy Gale and a French girl, Twanet. Both are natural and attractive and interest in their adventures never flags.

HULL-DOWN FOR ACTION. By Armstrong Sperry. Illustrated by the author. New York: Doubledays Doran & Co. 1945. 213 *pp.* $2.

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Oxford Books for Boys and Girls

FARM ANIMALS

By Dorothy Childs Hogner
Illustrated by Nils Hogner

Cows, horses, sheep, pigs, goats, dogs, cats and other animals familiar to the American farm are described and illustrated in this companion to the already popular *Animal Book* by the same author. All the breeds registered in this country and Canada are included; there is a complete index and a list of all breed associations and their addresses. The lively text and 170 striking drawings make this a book for the layman and also the student of animal husbandry. $3.50

PRESENTS FROM PAM PAM

By Harriett Osgood
Illustrations by Lilian Neuner

Pam Pam is old enough to go to kindergarten where she enjoys herself and also learns how to make some attractive and useful things for her family's Christmas presents. When Christmas comes, everyone is vastly pleased with his presents from Pam Pam, and there are some *for* Pam Pam, too. Gay pictures in red and blue are on every page. $1.00

SPRING IS HERE

By Lois Lenski

Maybe spring is rather far behind, but to the readers of Lois Lenski's books it doesn't seem to matter, for as the autumn leaves are falling people are clamoring as loudly for this book of verses and pictures with their spring tones of green, pink and yellow as they did when it was published in spring of this year, and as they always do for books by this favorite author. 75c

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Selected and Illustrated by
Tasha Tudor

The combination of Andersen's famous stories, with their pathos, humor and human understanding, and Tasha Tudor's lovely drawings makes a perfect whole. For each of the thirty-one stories selected, the artist has made a black-and-white drawing. There are ten beautiful full-color illustrations and a decorative jacket that make this one of the most distinguished gift books of many years. Here is a volume that will be treasured always by boys and girls who have it in their libraries. $3.50

SPLASHER

By Alice Gall and Fleming Crew
Illustrated by Else Bostelman

Splasher was a young muskrat who lived by a river where he had many friends, among them an old muskrat who gave him a great deal of good advice. Splasher did not heed all of this advice, and so had exciting and narrow escapes. The authors of *Wagtail* and *Flat Tail* tell another story of small creatures that has the same charm and authenticity as their other well-beloved nature books. $2.00

LITTLE PEOPLE IN A BIG COUNTRY

By Norma Cohn
Illustrated by Children of Soviet Russia

On every page of this unusual book a painting of Russia by children of that country appears. We see scenes of peaceful harvesting, family life, trains and movies, and heroes of Russia's past. There are pictures too of war, which changed the life of the children who made these drawings. This book was given the Herald Tribune Award as the best book published in the spring of 1945 for small children. $1.50

LO AND BEHOLD!

By Myna Lockwood

A mystery story of a girl's vacation on Cape Cod, where she works in a gift shop. Estrildis, as the heroine liked to be called, was sure that her summer was going to be filled with romance and good times. There were both, but also a great deal of hard work, and the strange disappearance of the valuable Devil Gods that were part of the shop's merchandise. $2.00

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A tense, exciting story of Judd Anders and three other boys who are set adrift in a raft on the Pacific on December 7, 1941. It ends when they get to Australia and enlist in the U. S. Marines.

HURRICANE TREASURE. By Bert Sacket. New York: Random House. 1945. 229 *pp.* $2.

An adventure story of the Florida Everglades. Reviewed October 20.

THE JUNIOR SPORTS ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Robert F. Kelley. New York: Howell, Soskin. 1945. 368 *pp.* $2.50.

A collection of sports stories that include stories like Kipling's "The Maltese Cat" and Howard Pyle's "The Shooting Match at Nottingham Town" as well as the contemporary writers for boys and girls. One full-page drawing for each story.

JUST JENNEFER. By Janet Lambert. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1945. 187 *pp.* $2.

An entertaining story set in Florida during the war. Jennefer, aged sixteen, is left with the responsibility of seven small brothers and sisters. There is also an English boy who is a refugee from the bombing of London. Humor and a touch of romance.

LAUREL FOR JUDY. By Lieutenant Helen Hull Jacobs. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. 211 *pp.* $2.

Judy Martin of California works hard with her father and some of the experts and becomes Junior Tennis Champion of the United States. By a famous player who combines "boy meets girl" with the technical aspects of the game.

THE MOVED-OUTERS. By Florence Crannell Means. Illustrated by Helen Blair. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 154 *pp.* $2.

A convincing story of Sue and Kim Ohara who, as Japanese-Americans, were sent to internment camps after Pearl Harbor. Reviewed April 21.

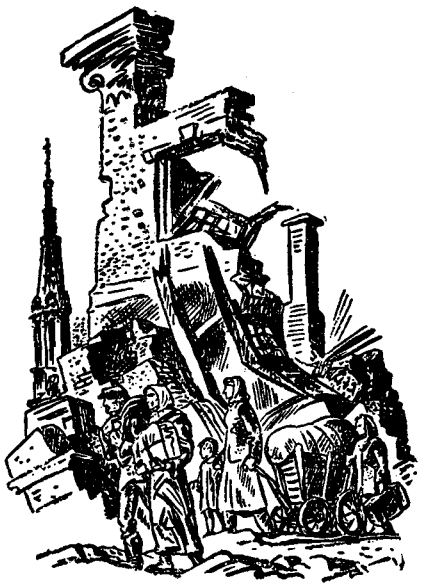
THE MUDHEN. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 201 *pp.* $2.

A prep school story with excellent characterization and a good deal of humor. Reviewed October 20.

MYSTERY IN BLUE. By Gertrude E. Mallette. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 217 *pp.* $2.

Kerry Owen is a secretary in a firm of engineers who are building an airfield in the early days of the war. There are sabotage and an FBI agent who turns out to be a spy. There is also a love story.

PATRIOT IN THE SADDLE. By J. C. Nolan. Illustrated by George Annand. New York: Julian Messner. 1945. 256 *pp.* $2.



—From "Reunion in Poland."

Kye Devon was a dispatch rider for Congress when the War of 1812 came to America. There was a mystery about his birth which is solved in the end. Reviewed February 10.

SANDY. By Elizabeth Janet Gray. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 233 *pp.* $2.

A sincere and convincing story of a young girl faced with the problems created by this war. Humor and excellent characterization. Reviewed May 19.

A SEA BETWEEN. By Lavinia R. Davis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 266 *pp.* $2.

An interesting and thoroughly honest study of the problems that beset girls who fall in love with the men of our fighting service. Reviewed May 19.

THE SINGING CAVE. By Margaret Leighton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 169 *pp.* $2.

Exciting adventures on a ranch in Southern California. Illustrations and a map by Manning de V. Lee. Reviewed June 16.

SMOKE JUMPER. By Marjorie Hill Allee. Illustrated by Manning de V. Lee. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 32 *pp.* $2.

The story of a boy in the Forestry Service with the modern method of "spotting" fires from an airplane and parachute jumping. It is a good story that offers a new career for boys who like adventure.

STURDY ROGUE. By Magdalen King-Hall. Illustrated by Addison Burbank. Philadelphia: Winston Co. 1945. 218 *pp.* $2.

An adventure story set in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Reviewed May 19.

WINDIGO. By Kathrene Pinkerton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 223 *pp.* $2.

How the Indian legend of the Windigo started trouble in the Hudson Bay country. The mystery is solved by four young people, three of whom have appeared before in Mrs. Pinkerton's stories of Fox Island. Reviewed September 8.

WITH A HIGH HEART. By Adele de Leeuw. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 207 *pp.* $2.

Anne McLane, still a student in library school, spends a summer driving a bookmobile in Kenyon County. She finds, to her surprise, that the most interesting thing in the world is *people*. She finds, too, that books can do more for them than she had realized.

YELLOWSTONE SCOUT. By William Marshall Rush. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 184 *pp.* $2.

The industrialists want to bring a railroad into Yellowstone Park, open mines, and build ranches. Kean Conrad, a Park scout, wants to preserve it for the wild animals and birds. An exciting adventure story that tells a great deal about the National Parks.

One World

REUNION IN POLAND. By Jean Karsavina. Drawings by Lynd Ward. New York: Young World Books. International Publishers. 1945. 127 *pp.* $1.85.

AT Christmas time, 1944, Wanda Gorska and her father were in Moscow.

> Moscow was beautiful again. Not beautiful the way people said it used to be before the war. The streets and the houses were still scarred and the people worn and shabby looking. But the beauty was there. It was there in the proud, tired faces. It was in the way Red Army men sang as they marched through the streets, and in the way everyone greeted them. It was in the sunlight and the crunching snow, fallen fresh as if to add a final festive touch to the Christmas season.

Wanda's father, Adam Gorski, was a Polish engineer too old for active service, but most useful in rebuilding roads and bridges. They had become separated from his wife and the boy, Bolek, who had lived with them for years at the time of the Nazi invasion. No word of them had reached the two working there in Moscow with the Russians. Then, suddenly, news comes of the forming of the Lublin Provisional Government and its recognition

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by Russia. Wanda and her father go to Lublin and, later, to ruined Warsaw. And to Lublin there came one day an old woman—Jadwiga Zaruba, a famous Polish artist who with indomitable courage had determined to hold in Lublin an exhibit of the paintings made by young Polish artists during the occupation. Jadwiga told them of a young partisan who had saved her life and guided her safely through the Nazi lines. "All I know about him is they called him Bolek," she said. Later when she and Wanda were alone, she sketched with her trained artist hand Bolek as she knew him. Wanda looked at the sketch and stammered: "But this can't be—" Jadwiga Zaruba shook her head. "It's the way I see him. Remember, child, an artist doesn't put down a mere likeness, but something of what is inside a man."

Not long after in the village of Ojcow, which means "the home of the fathers," Bolek comes to her, and Wanda sees what five years of the Underground has done to the boy that she knew. He is strong, almost merry in spite of it all. "Hurry and grow up, will you, Wanda?" he says. He pulled her around so that she stood facing him and kissed her. Then he tells Wanda and her father of the heroic death of the mother, and the three of them go back to Lublin. "You see," Bolek says, "we who have lived in the woods must learn how to fit into a world of peace. Take me, for instance. For so long I have done nothing but kill and tear down. Now I want to learn to build."

In this moving story of the Lublin Poles, Wanda, the heroine, is only a child when the war begins. She is sixteen when it ends—strong, confident, mature, sure of what she wants to do and to be for her country. Throughout the whole story there runs an unquenchable gaiety. It is in the borrowing of the one precious lipstick for the party, in the wedding at Ojcow and in the celebration of the fall of Berlin and of Poland's Constitution Day. Most of all this joyous courage is in old Jadwiga Zaruba, in her preservation through the most terrible danger and suffering of the creative art of her country.

This is a novel, a love story. It is, too, a thrilling and beautifully written record of the war.

M. G. D.

PETAR'S TREASURE. By Clara Ingram Judson. Illustrated by Ursula Koering. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 186 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the fourth of a series of stories that tell of a family coming from a foreign country to live in America. In this, it is the Petrovich family who came from the

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Hours of pleasure for boys and girls again this year from their favorite authors and illustrators. Here's your complete shopping list of books for boys and girls of all ages. Find the new stories they'll thank you for at Christmas, from the authors and illustrators who have pleased them year in and year out.

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By *Wendell Farmer.* Illus. by *Ninon MacKnight.* There's excitement galore in this mystery story about three children who find a deserted island with a clubhouse, a boat—and a sinister boat dealer. $2.00

HEROES IN PLENTY

The European Odyssey of a Boy of Today. By *Theodora DuBois.* Eleven-year-old Tony Kirk was cautioned not to be "soft" when he left America to return to England, but no soft boy could have endured his adventures. $2.00

MYSTERY OF THE OLD BARN

By *Mary Urmston.* No adult mind ventures into the making or solving of this ingenious "young" mystery. Straight out of their world, it will delight 8-to-11-year-olds with its fun, spookiness and suspense. $2.00

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By *Ruth Holberg.* Illustrated by *Phyllis Coté.* Randy, aged eight, and her older brother Jay go on the most exciting trip that could happen in the 1850's, a whaling voyage around Cape Horn. $2.00

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By *Mary Elting,* in collaboration with *Margaret Gossett.* Illus. by *Jeanne Bendick.* This Junior book will appeal to *all* who want to know about our Federal government—its departments, functions and workers. Three-color charts and pictures. $2.00

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By *Golden MacDonald.* Illus. by *Leonard Weisgard.* The age-old story of the little black lamb that strayed and the little shepherd who brought him back, has never been told more tenderly or pictured more beautifully, for small children. $2.00

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By *Charlotte Steiner,* author-artist of *Kiki and Muffy.* Timmy was a little boy who didn't like to go to bed—until Granny gave him a storybook quilt. $1.00

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By *Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Illus. by the authors.* The little boy who was TOO BIG for his little pants and coat, and TOO BIG to ride on a little dog, finds a wonderful answer to his growing-up problems. $1

TED AND TRAPPER JOE

Sanford Tousey, the author of *Fred and Brown Beaver Ride the River,* writes and illustrates the story of Ted and his winter of fur-trapping in the Wild West with the famous Mountain Men. *6 to 10.* $1.50

For older boys and girls

BRAVE COMPANIONS

By *Ruth Adams Knight.* Lieutenant Tom Tolbert's shepherd dog, Valor, saved Tom's life at the expense of her own—but she left a puppy, Joey, that comforted and guided Tom when he most needed it. $2.00

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By *Gertrude E. Mallette.* Kerry becomes a secretary in an engineering firm, and finds trouble as well as romance, in an exciting story with some excellent vocational material for teen-age girls. $2.00

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By *Armstrong Sperry.* Illustrated by the author. Judd Anders, hero of *Lost Lagoon,* is cast adrift on a raft with three companions, after a mutiny on his ship. $2

A SEA BETWEEN

By *Lavinia Davis. Honor Book, New York Herald Tribune Book Festival.* "An honest-to-goodness love story for the teen-age girl."—*Lena Barksdale.* $2.00

LET'S TALK ABOUT YOU

By *Margueritte Harmon Bro.* "Will come to girl readers like a personal word from someone who understands."—*Anne T. Eaton, N. Y. Times.* $1.50

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Island of Brac off the coast of Dalmatia. Petar, the oldest boy, is the hero. Louis Petrovich, the father, comes to America first. Then he sends for the others. There is an amusing scene when they find that he has sent no ticket for Nona, the mother's mother, who is wise and kind and very much beloved by everyone. By selling everything in the house and the goat and the goose, money enough for Nona's ticket is collected and she goes along.

They settle in Biloxi, Mississippi, where Louis works in a factory that cans shrimp and oysters. Soon mother is working there, too, and even Nona when she can be spared from the housekeeping. The children work, in the early morning before school, after school, and on Saturdays. They think that America is wonderful. They have a house and a garden, Petar has a dog, there are good things to eat when they have money to buy them, they are free. In America, one must work hard to earn money but there is always work to do. After a long time there is money enough to buy Petar a pair of American pants and Anka may have a pair of American shoes with twelve buttons on each for Veronika's wedding.

Petar is ambitious. He wants to get money quickly so that his father can have his own boat, so that his mother need not work. He hears of the pirate treasure buried years before on Cat Island in the Gulf. A long time goes by before he can take the trip and dig for the treasure, and then it turns out to be only a collection of rusty kettles. But when he and Anka have cleaned and polished them, they turn out to be made of copper, to be very old and very valuable. Petar can add to the sum in the savings bank. He can have one dollar for himself—so he spends it on an American flag.

This is an appealing story, and a very honest one. It tells of a group of people, who, for a long time after they reached the New World, had to struggle against poverty and prejudice, against a strange language and strange customs and objectives. There is a sort of innate joyousness in the Petrovich family. They have, and will always keep, the European habit of making a feast out of the simplest, most commonplace food, of giving grace and color to every gathering. Petar is as honest as the daylight and as full of mischief as a ten-day old puppy. Nona is admirable. Your mouth waters for the Dalmatian cakes that she makes for Veronika's wedding. You feel that they will all become a part of America, and that they bring America precious gifts from the Old World.

The story is illustrated with full-page drawings in black and white that really illustrate the story.

M. G. D.

WILDCAT FURS TO CHINA. By Carl Carmer. Illustrated by Elizabeth Black Carmer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 76 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the true story of the cruise of the sloop *Experiment,* the smallest ship to sail from New York to Canton and the second American ship to make the trip to China and back. The whole adventure is seen through the eyes of two cabin boys, Billy de Wever and Blackboy Prince. The two boys meet at the Pinkster Festival dressed in fancy costumes—Billy as a midshipman and Blackboy in a crown and robe because his father had been a King in Africa. It was a fitting introduction to their adventures together on the *Experiment* for, while they were kept busy and worked hard, their officers were good men as well as skilful seamen who were more interested in the boys themselves than in the work they might do. The ship, the strange surroundings, the elegance of the Chinese palace where they were guests were colorful background for the play of two very natural and imaginative boys. The fact that one was white and one Negro is of interest only to the onlooker. Being boys of the same age, they were essentially the same, having the same sense of fun, the same dignity, and the same response to beauty and adventure.

Carl Carmer discovered the story of the *Experiment* when he was doing research on "The Hudson" in the Rivers of America Series. He presents it in his own words, taking no liberties with characters or events. From an adult point of view, the book seems slight. One wishes that there could have been more about many things; the Pinkster Festival, the money which was to be the boys' on the return trip, the hardships of the journey itself, the stay in Canton. As it stands, however, all characters and events are authentic. It should be of great interest to boys and girls too young for the usual books on the early trade with China but not one bit too young to have their imagination stirred by a stirring period in the history of the two countries.

The illustrations in color and in black and white are interesting and effective.

R. A. H.

—*From "Wildcat Furs to China."*

HERE IS INDIA. By Jean Kennedy. Photographs by Alice Schalek and Others. Maps by Raymond Lufkin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 154 *pp.* $2.75.

INDIA is large enough and mysterious enough to need many interpreters. In the history of India published by J. B. Lippincott and reviewed in the October 20 issue of *SRL,* Manorama Modak gave us a picture of India seen through the eyes of affection and understanding. She ends her story with an expression of complete faith in India's future.

The author of "Here Is India" sees, as it were, through the eyes of reason. She concludes with a statement of the complexity of the Indian problem. Jean Kennedy was born in India and has done graduate work in Indian literature. Out of her background and knowledge she has given us a factually true account of many aspects of Indian life. She not only describes the people and the climate, typical Indian towns and various pilgrimages, but

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she gives us a short survey of five thousand years of Indian history.

Her careful interpretation of the caste system, showing its positive and negative features, makes it intelligible to even a prejudiced Western mind. All through the book things Indian are compared with their American counterparts, which proves the author to be a skilful teacher. Each chapter, in fact, is a separate lecture on India and would lend itself well to reading aloud by a teacher or a group leader. The book is fully documented and has an excellent index. The photographs are well selected and reproduced and there is a particularly colorful cover-jacket.

B. W. S.

THE BOY NIKOLKA AND OTHER TALES OF SOVIET CHILDREN. By Ruth E. Kennell. New York: Russian War Relief, Inc. 1945. 67 *pp.* 25 *cents.*

Four stories of Russia today that appeared in *Story Parade.* The book is paper-bound, but is attractive in format and pictures. For younger boys and girls. Reviewed July 14.

CHILDREN OF SOUTH AFRICA. By Louise A. Stinetorf. Illustrated by Eva Watson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 175 *pp.* $2.

A series of stories, too short to be very convincing, but pleasant and informing, of the different colonies and the natives of South Africa, Capetown, the Pygmies, the Diamond Mines, Zanzibar, etc.

GOLD IN THE STREETS. By Mary Vardoulakis. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

A "young novel" that tells the story of George Vardas who comes from Greece to America and becomes an American. The American scene is a small town in Connecticut, the characters varied and interesting.

THE GULF STREAM. By Ruth Brindze. Illustrations by Helene Carter. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1945. 63 *pp.* $2.

An interesting and informing text and lovely drawings tell the story of the "river in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean."

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE OF INDIA. By Manorama R. Kodak. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 109 *pp.* $2.

An understanding presentation of the problems of India with its history and its culture presented clearly and in good continuity. Reviewed October 20.

THE LAND OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE. By Cornelia Spencer. Phil-

Books for Girls and Boys

LUCY ELLEN'S HEYDAY

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THE LOST MOON MYSTERY

By L. A. WADSWORTH

It isn't every boy that can outwit a smart detective — how Bart Carey did it makes wonderful reading in this fast-moving suspense tale by the author of THE BRONZE ARROW MYSTERY. $2.00

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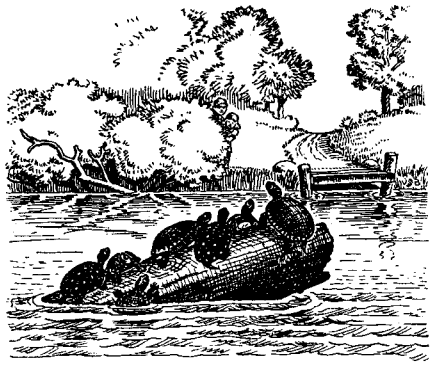


—From "Turtles."

adelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1945. 120 *pp.* $2.

A clear and "humanized" story of the Chinese people. Reviewed October 20.

LET'S DO BETTER. By Munro Leaf. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 80 *pp.* $1.50.

A lesson in democratic living for little children. Humorous illustrations. Reviewed October 20.

NEW FOUND WORLD. By Katherine B. Shippen. Illustrated by C. B. Falls. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 262 *pp.* $3.50.

Four hundred years of the discovery and exploitation of South America told in vivid prose with maps and drawings that add greatly to its value. Reviewed August 11.

THE PIASTS OF POLAND. By Antoni Gronowicz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 199 *pp.* $2.50.

Stephen Piast, who bears the name of the first dynasty of Polish kings, is moved by the German invasion of 1939 to tell the full story of his country's fight for freedom. A history of Poland illustrated with photographs and chapter-headings.

PICTURE MAP GEOGRAPHY OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS. By Vernon Quinn. With maps and drawings by Frank Beaudouin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 122 *pp.* $2.

The story of the Pacific Islands told in a large clear type with many illustrations. It is so informing in both text and drawings that it will be read by boys and girls of almost any age.

RIDDLES AROUND THE WORLD. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. New York: Pantheon Books. 1945. 48 *pp.* $2.

Fascinating drawings in clear, bright colors illustrate and interpret these riddles from many countries. A book for all ages.

SCHOOL IN THE SKY. By Ruth and Latrobe Carroll. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 136 *pp.* $1.75.

A highly humorous account of Miss Peckett and eight of her pupils who go round the world in an airplane, taking a cow along. Picture-book size with many illustrations. Reviewed May 19.

SKY HIGHWAYS: GEOGRAPHY FROM THE AIR. By Trevor Lloyd. Illustrated by Armstrong Sperry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 61 *pp.* $2.50.

In picture book form with effective maps and end-papers this tells a factual story of flying over four continents. It will hold the interest of both younger and older boys and girls. Reviewed June 16.

THE SPRINGFIELD PLAN. Photographs by Alexander Alland. Text by James Waterman Wise. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 136 *pp.* $2.50.

Dramatic photographs with an informing comment tell the story of an experiment in democratic government in a New England city. Reviewed August 11.

THAT COUNTRY CALLED VIRGINIA. By Lena Barksdale. Illustrated by Harry Roth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 234 *pp.* $2.

A Virginian tells a well-documented and most readable story of her native state. Reviewed October 20.

THE VERY GOOD NEIGHBORS. By Irmengarde Eberle. Drawings by Flora Nash. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 95 *pp.* $2.

The Carillo family comes on foot from Mexico to Texas. A good story to show even little children the qualities of our neighbors to the South. Reviewed July 14.

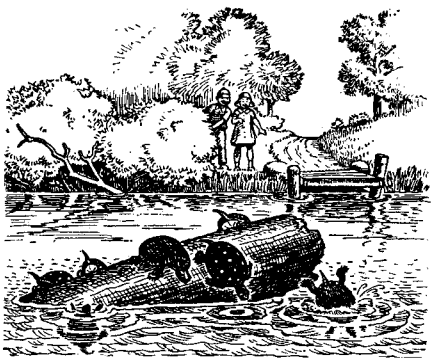
WITHIN THE CIRCLE: PORTRAIT OF THE ARCTIC. By Evelyn Stefansson. Maps and Photographs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 160 *pp.* $2.50.

A vivid and informed story of a part of the world that will be opened up to everyone through aviation. Stunning end-papers by Richard Edes Harrison. Reviewed August 11.

Animals and Out-of-Doors

AMERICAN CHAMPIONS. Text and Pictures by Gladys Emerson Cook. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 64 *pp.* $1.75.

A series of fine drawings with a brief text, showing the most popular breeds of dogs as they are classified by the American Kennel Club and shown in dog shows.



—From "Turtles."

A BOOK OF WAYSIDE FRUITS. By Margaret McKenny and Edith F. Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 79 *pp.* $2.50.

The most beautiful of the three books that these author-artists have made of the common flowers, shrubs, and fruits of North America. Reviewed July 14.

THE BURRO OF BARNEGAT ROAD. By Delia Goetz. Illustrated by Hilda van Stockum. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 205 *pp.* $2.

Irresistable pictures and a lively humor make this tale of a Mexican donkey who is transferred to a New England village well worth owning and sharing—with everyone. Reviewed September 8.

DOGS. Photographs by Ylla. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 23 *pp.* $2.

Eighteen amazing photographs perforated so that they can be taken out and framed. They are so good that each dog emerges as a unique animal with a great deal of "dogality."

FARM ANIMALS AND WORKING AND SPORTING BREEDS OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. By Dorothy Childs Hogner. Illustrated by Nils Hogner. New York: Oxford University Press. 1945. 194 *pp.* $3.50.

This is not particularly for children but for everyone. It is a scientific biography, with illustrations, of the different breeds of the domestic animals who live on the farms, in the houses, and in the fields of the United States and Canada. Each breed is shown in a drawing and, in many cases, a chart.

INDIAN HARVEST: WILD FOOD PLANTS OF AMERICA. By Jeanette May Lucas. Illustrated by Helene Carter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 118 *pp.* $2.

The story of the edible plants and roots that were used by the Indians and are valuable today. The drawings in black and white and in color are especially good, showing the detail of plant, root, flower, and seed.

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MICKEY: THE HORSE THAT VOLUNTEERED. By Carl Glick. Illustrated by Bill Crawford. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 62 *pp.* $1.50.

Troop A did not want Mickey in the United States Cavalry—but they had to take him. A good story with amusing illustrations. Reviewed May 19.

SENTINEL OF THE SNOWPEAKS. By Harold McCracken. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1945. 151 *pp.* $2.

A "biography" of one of the mountain sheep that live in the Malaspina Glacier region in northern Alaska. A realistic and convincing story with full-page drawings by Enos B. Comstock.

SKIPPY'S FAMILY. By Stephen W. Meader. Illustrated by Elizabeth P. Korn. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1945. 153 *pp.* $2.

Skippy is a mongrel dog who for sixteen years is a beloved member of the family. A story of today for everyone, young or old, who likes dogs.

A TOUCH OF GREATNESS. By C. W. Anderson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 96 *pp.* $2.50.

The author and artist of "Big Red" tells the story of ten racing horses who were not great but possessed "a touch of greatness." Many drawings in black and white.

TURTLES. Written and Illustrated by Wilfred S. Bronson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1045. 63 *pp.* $1.75.

An informing book about turtles for younger boys and girls. Clear, amusing drawings on every page.

YOUR FORESTS. By Martha Bensley Bruere. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1945. 159. *pp.* $2.50.

A very readable "biography" of the forests of the United States and Canada. An important and timely book, it makes a career in the Forestry Service seem an exciting adventure. Reviewed July 14.

Winning the War

BRAVE COMPANIONS. By Ruth Adams Knight. Frontispiece by Lynd Ward. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 215 *pp.* $2.

"VALIANT COMRADES" was a fine story of the dogs that were trained for the K9 branch of the armed services. This is an even better one; it was a much more difficult one to write.

It is the story of two dogs and a man. The dogs were Valor, a gray shepherd who goes with her young trainer to the Pacific and is killed defending him, and Valor's son, Joey,

LONGMANS BOOKS

THE MUDHEN
By Merritt Parmelee Allen. "An out-of-the-ordinary school story for older boys, genuinely funny."—*N. Y. Times.* Decorations. Ages 12-16. $2.00

KEEP MY FLAG FLYING
By Mary Tarver Carroll. The dramatic years of Daniel Webster come thundering back in this fine biography. Decorations. Ages 14 up. $2.50

SYLVIA SINGS OF APPLES
By Martha Gwinn Kiser. Sylvia writes poetry and meets the great literary figures of her day. Decorations. Ages 12-16. $2.00

JUNGLE BOY
By Lysle Carveth. A beautifully told story of a mountain boy in the Philippines who journeys to the lowlands. Illustrations. Ages 8-12. $2.00

FAIR IS THE MORNING
By Loula Grace Erdman. Connie Thurman accepts a rural teaching job. "Shows why any teaching, anywhere, can be made an exciting career."—Eleanor Roosevelt. Decorations. Ages 12-16. $2.00

SON OF THUNDER
By Julia M. H. Carson. An intimate picture of Patrick Henry. "Unbiased, warmly human account."—*Hartford Courant.* Decorations. Ages 14 up. $2.50

GOLD OF GLANAREE
By Maura Laverty. Three young people are happy in Ireland. "Love of living things and the outdoor world permeate this friendly story."—*Horn Book.* Illustrations. Ages 8-12. $2.50

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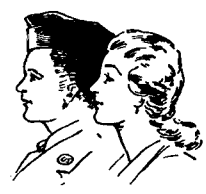
By Laura Long. A fascinating dual biography of the Perry brothers—Oliver Hazard and Matthew Calbraith. Decorations. Ages 14 up. $2.50

THE TWENTY-FIFTH MISSION
By Loring MacKaye. An American bomber crew bailing out over Denmark escapes with the aid of the underground. Decorations. Ages 12-16. $2.00

LARGER THAN THE SKY
By Covelle Newcomb. Colorful life of James Gibbons, the Irish immigrant boy who became a prince of the Church and a great American. Decorations. Ages 14 up. $2.50

YELLOWSTONE SCOUT
By William Marshall Rush. Kean outwits the outlaws using the Park as a refuge. Decorations. Ages 14 up. $2.00

CROSSROADS FOR PENELOPE
By Mary Wolfe Thompson. Penny helps in an animal hospital and works for Dogs for Defense. "A book easy for the teens to read without stopping."—*N. Y. Times.* Decorations. Ages 12-16. $2.00



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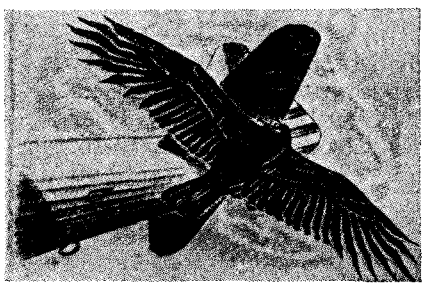
who becomes the seeing-eye guide of the same soldier when the latter is blinded in action. This is the war and the aftermath of war as it affects one young American. It is also a moving tale of the devotion and intelligence of two unusual dogs.

Tom Tolbert has made the breeding and training of dogs his profession.



—From "Runway to the Sun."

He begins to work for the K9 Corp and one day, in one of the training kennels, he discovers Valor. He recognizes her quality instantly, and she recognizes his. Together they finish their training and go out to the Pacific. They go into action and prove themselves. Then, experienced veterans, they find themselves in a group that lands secretly at night on one of the islands that may, and probably does, shelter enemy troops. Tom and Valor leave the others and slip ahead to reconnoiter. Through no fault of theirs the Japanese soldiers detect them, Tom is riddled with bullets and Valor is killed defending him. But Valor, strictly against military regulations, had become the mother of eight pure-bred puppies during the campaign. One of them, Joey, is very much like her. Tom had trained and tended the puppies before the desperate venture on the island. So it is Joey, Valor's son, who brings Tom out of the lassitude and despair that follow the long weeks in military hospitals and the knowledge that he is blind. It is a moving story. It gives a vivid picture of the K9 dogs in action and a clear, convincing description of the training of the seeing-eye dogs and their future masters at Morristown, N. J. Tom, with Joey's help, fights his way through to sanity and hope. The Government finances kennels where he can breed and train dogs more effectively now that he knows through bitter experience their potential value.

Lynd Ward's painting of Valor is reproduced in color for the frontispiece and the cover jacket.

M. G. D.

AHOY, SHIPMATE! By Henry B. Lent. Illustrated by Official U. S. Maritime Service Photographs. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 192 *pp.* $2.

Steve Ellis enlists in the Maritime Service at Sheepshead Bay, goes on a training cruise, and finally becomes a member of the crew of a Victory Ship. A good picture of the American Merchant Marine.

BRAVE NURSE: TRUE STORIES OF HEROISM. By Ellsworth Newcomb. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1945. 178 *pp.* $2.

The authentic record of the women of many countries who have proved themselves in this war. Reviewed September 8.

GENERAL MARSHALL'S REPORT: The Winning of the War in Europe and the Pacific. New York: Council on Books in Wartime and Simon and Schuster. 1945. 123 *pp.* $1.

Young people will be as much interested as their elders in this report by a great American soldier of the last months of the war. It covers strategic planning and the resulting action from July, 1943 to June 30, 1945.

HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II. By Francis Trevelyan Miller with a Board of Historical and Military Authorities. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 1945. 967 *pp.* $5.

The official history from the first days of Nazi aggression to the surrender of Japan with maps, photographs, and a chronology.

RUNWAY TO THE SUN. By Colonel Robert L. Scott, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945. 218 *pp.* $2.50.

The author of "God Is My Co-Pilot" tells the story of his boyhood and youth and of his long training as an Army flyer. He shows the development of aviation in America well into the war. It is a thrilling story for both boys and girls. Reviewed September 8.

THE STORY OF WAR WEAPONS. By Marshall McClintock. Illustrated by Robert King. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1945. 173 *pp.* $2.50.

A history of the weapons of war from cavemen to today. Line-cuts make clear the mechanism of modern weapons. It includes a definition of terms and an index.

THIS IS THE NAVY. By Critchell Rimington. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1945. 202 *pp.* $2.75.

Fine photographs and a short, simple text show the United States Navy in every phase of action, at work and at play. For all ages.

WACS AT WORK: THE STORY OF THE THREE B'S OF THE AAF. By Fjeril Hess. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 181 *pp.* $2.

Three girls who join the first contingent of WACS and are assigned to an Army Airtraining Field. Told as a story but authentic in all its details.

WINGS OVER THE DESERT. By Graham M. Dean. Illustrated by Wesley Dennis. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 224 *pp.* $2.

The story of a young reporter in Nevada who, after Pearl Harbor, joined the Civil Air Patrol. There is exciting action against Japanese saboteurs and a detailed account of his training as a flyer.

YOUTH REPLIES, I CAN: STORIES OF RESISTANCE. Edited by May Lamberton Becker. Foreword by Elizabeth Morrow. Decorations by Warren Chappell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 192 *pp.* $2.

A group of stories of children in the occupied countries who helped to carry on the Underground activity. By Sigrid Undset, Jan Masaryk, Adele de Leeuw, Pearl Buck, etc.

Biography

ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES OF GUSTAVUS VASA. Written and illustrated by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1945. 136 *pp.* $2.50.

"HOW long shall we, who were born to freedom, remain slaves?"

So said Gustavus Vasa on Christmas Day in 1520. It was he who led the Swedish rebellion against the Danish King Christian that, in the end, established Sweden as an independent kingdom. This is his story. But it is much more than just his story. Reading anything that Hendrik Van Loon has written is like taking a journey through time and space with a wise, humorous, tolerant companion. The actual story of Gustavus is told only in the three last chapters. The preceding chapters give the background, a picture of the world and the men of his day—and, in a sense, of ours.

—From "Sentinel of the Snow Peaks."

Because Hendrik Van Loon has, more than any other recorder of history, a curious command of *time*. He swings from the Middle Ages to our day with effortless ease, never confusing his reader, never losing his continuity. His observations on the nature of man and man's imprint on history interpret the twentieth cen-

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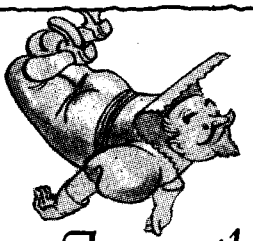
tury just as surely as they interpret the sixteenth. The nature of man has not changed and the course of history is often determined by small things. Almost gleefully he tells us of the peasant woman who saved Gustavus when he was a fugitive from the Danish soldiers: "The name of this excellent woman was Barbro Stigsdotter. She is one of those humble figures who so often play a very important role in history. We know nothing more about her but that, at a most critical moment in Sweden's history, she did exactly what she should have done. And so, hail and farewell, Barbro, the unknown daughter of an unknown Stig. You deserved well of your country and may your name be honored until the end of time, for it is people like you who make a nation what it is." How many of these "unknowns" were there in this last war?

Later he tells how the Danish King tried to get the great Dutch scholar, Erasmus, on his side, how he had his portrait painted by Albrecht Dürer. And, while he is doing all this, the young Gustavus in Sweden was persuading the people to rise against the Danish King. He succeeded so well that when Christian returned to Copenhagen "he felt himself to be a King without a Kingdom." It is a great story, this third and last of Hendrik Van Loon's "Fighters for Freedom." The illustrations, reproduced in color as well as in black and white, are like everything that he did with brush and pen—dramatic and expressive from the bold black stroke to the last tiny line. There is one lovely drawing of the Swedish birch trees blown by the wind; another of the Kremlin when Boris Godunoff was Czar of Russia—"not at all," Van Loon tells us, "like the Boris Godunoff you meet in Moussorgsky's opera!" One full-page drawing of the Swedish forest with the black columns of the pine trees as a foreground reminds this reviewer of the Soviet edition of "The Three Bears"—one of the loveliest of modern Russian picture books. All in all, this is one of the really distinguished books of 1945.

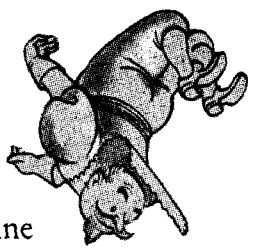
M. G. D.

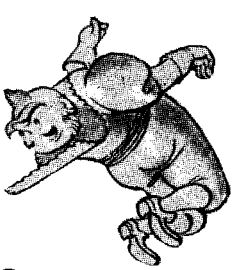
AMERICAN EMPEROR: DOM PEDRO II OF BRAZIL. By Rose Brown. Illustrated by C. B. Falls. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 265 *pp.* $2.50.

DOM PEDRO DE ALCANTARA was descended from a long and concentrated line of Bourbons, Hapsburgs, and Braganzas with a heritage of tyranny, arrogance, greed for power, and extravagant living. His fortune was to be the first of royal blood to be born in Brazil, to have



The Hyperion Press Juveniles . . . are something new in the children's field—books planned and produced with the same expert attention and the same thoughtfulness that go into The Hyperion Press art books. Brilliantly and imaginatively illustrated by fine artists internationally known, with twenty-four color pages and many black-and-white drawings, here are books for children of all ages combining the highest qualities of writer and artist. For the young reader, these books are the perfect introduction to good art — art brought to him in the form to which he most enthusiastically responds.





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Ruskin's beloved classic is presented in a colorful new edition with sparkling and unusual illustrations by the young American artist, Ben Wolf. 48 pages, 24 in full color. Publication date: November 16. $2.00

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the hopes of a young, vast nation centered upon him, to have wise and idealistic men for his teachers and advisors, and to have been plunged into the tremendous business of ruling other men when he was no more than a child. Few men could have risen to the great trust placed in him. But Dom Pedro did. He proved himself worthy of the names that have been given him: Pedro the Magnanimous, Pedro the Magnificent.

Here is the story of his long, eventful reign, during which he put an end to turbulence and civil war, faced the issues of an undeveloped but rapidly growing land, and even brought the country nearer to the realization of its dream of becoming a republic. Always opposed to slavery, Pedro struggled, through most of his reign, with the problem of how to abolish it without revolution or a complete economic upheaval. It was, however, his daughter Isabel who was named "Emancipator." So Pedro passed on to his children the determination to fight for justice and human rights, even though it meant forfeiting the throne. Generous in his personal relationships, insatiable in his love for learning, curious and brilliant in his approach to science, a talented patron of the arts and a benefactor of education, he benefited not only Brazil but the world by his greatness.

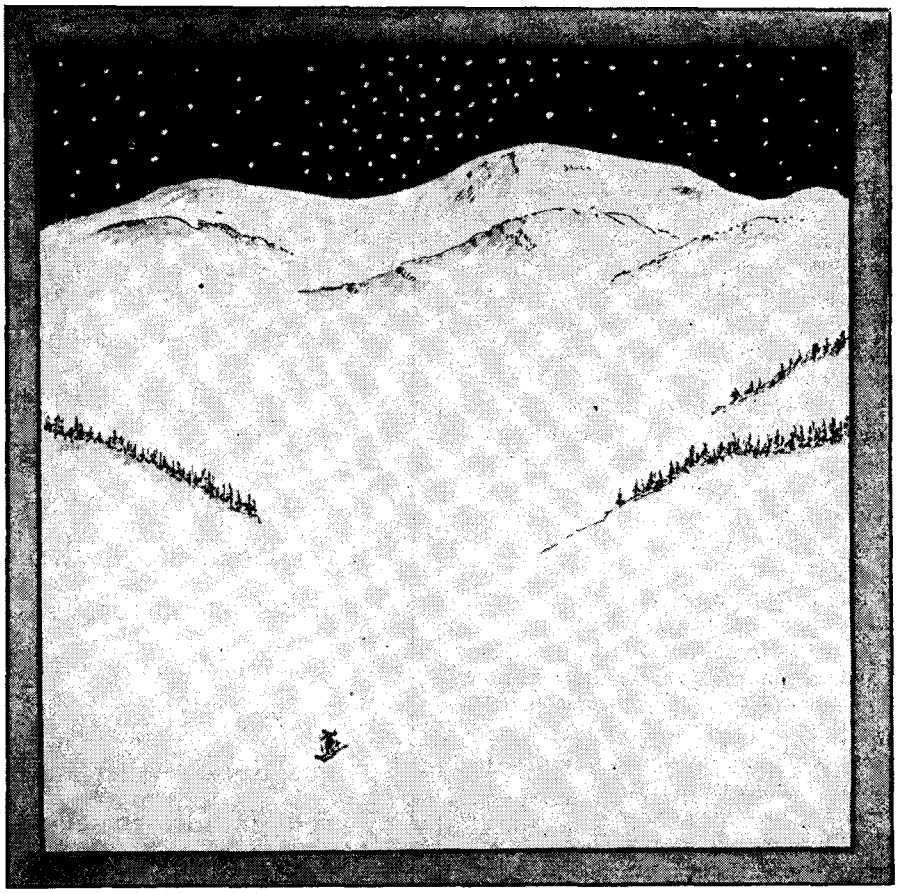
His story has warmth and interest from beginning to end. Pedro's relationship to his family is especially interesting. The royal children throughout are vividly pictured. The reader feels acutely all the momentous changes in the Emperor's life, from his becoming Emperor at the age of five to his exile as an old man. Especially human is the anguish of his disappointment as a young man when his long-awaited bride bears no resemblance to the glamorous miniature with which he has fallen in love and his relief when the bride proves herself gallant and good, able to make his life happy and complete in spite of the inauspicious start.

The North American chapter on Dom Pedro's visit to the United States is delightful. Surely few visitors, royal or otherwise, have set out to know a country so thoroughly and in so short a time and succeeded so well.

An intimate knowledge of the country in general and particularly of the Emperor's lovely mountain home have given Rose Brown an understanding of the man, Dom Pedro, that brings him truly to life in these pages. She must be steeped not only in Brazil and its history, but in the tales and traditions and customs of the people, to have presented a man and a nation so convincingly that the reader feels he has lived a bit of his life in Brazil and knows well that amazing man, Dom Pedro II, the only Emperor of the New World.

The woodcuts by C. B. Falls have great strength. Here is an exhilarating book for the whole family.

R. A. H.



—*From "Adventures and Escapes of Gustavus Vasa."*

ECHO OF A CRY: A STORY WHICH BEGAN IN CHINA. By Mai-Mai Sze. Illustrated by the Author. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 203 *pp.* $2.50.

IN this delightful autobiography the author touches the highlights of her early childhood days in China, boarding school in England and America, and holidays in Scotland, with a few memories of France thrown in. Her friends and acquaintances are of every race and nationality. Among them are Quakers, Jews, Catholics, Episcopalians, and followers of all the Oriental religions. Writing with restraint, she recaptures childhood with amazing accuracy and presents a person who is not only at home anywhere in the world but one who has a genuine appreciation for all members of the human family. She enjoys not only knowing how people in different parts of the world live and think, but living and thinking as they do herself. She sees the beauty and power of each religion and, for this reason, finds it difficult to accept any one faith for herself. We find in these pages the true internationalist who, without condescension or sentimentality, can identify herself with people everywhere.

Mai-Mai's father, a Chinese diplomat of considerable renown who had been Ambassador to London and Washington and a delegate to every important international conference since the First World War, was determined that his eldest daughter should be educated in the Western sense, having the same advantages as her brothers. The reasons were not wholly understood by his wife and Mai-Mai, but his wishes were carried out. When Madame Sze puzzled over her daughter chattering in the strange school slang, or performing in the Christmas play in red tights and a yellow top, she probably answered her own doubts with the words used on other occasions: "Well, that is what your father wants." At each radical change in the educational program Mai-Mai doubtless felt some qualms but only once did she wholeheartedly weep—when she found herself on a train bound for her first boarding school—and only once did she rebel. The rebellion came after she had discovered that she wanted to be a painter. She could see no reason for college when art school would bring her closer to her goal. Father won again—and Mai-Mai went to college. There are no detailed

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descriptions of any one phase of her life. The high spots are brought out with skill and an engaging humor that weaves the whole into a gracious pattern.

While, very occasionally, one might regret Mai-Mai's complete self-possession and long for one inconsistent or unthinking championship of a person or a cause, her attitude is so clear even in early childhood as to be a true indication of her character. The episode of the gypsies is an example. That the child Mai-Mai decided to throw in her lot with them was not because the gypsies as personalities charmed her. She was merely curious about them, pleased at the idea of living in a little house on wheels. This curiosity and interest made her forget the natural concern of the Quaker family with whom she was living. Similarly, her departure from the gypsies was without regret, though with characteristic adaptability she had accepted their way of life, even to the dirt, without question.

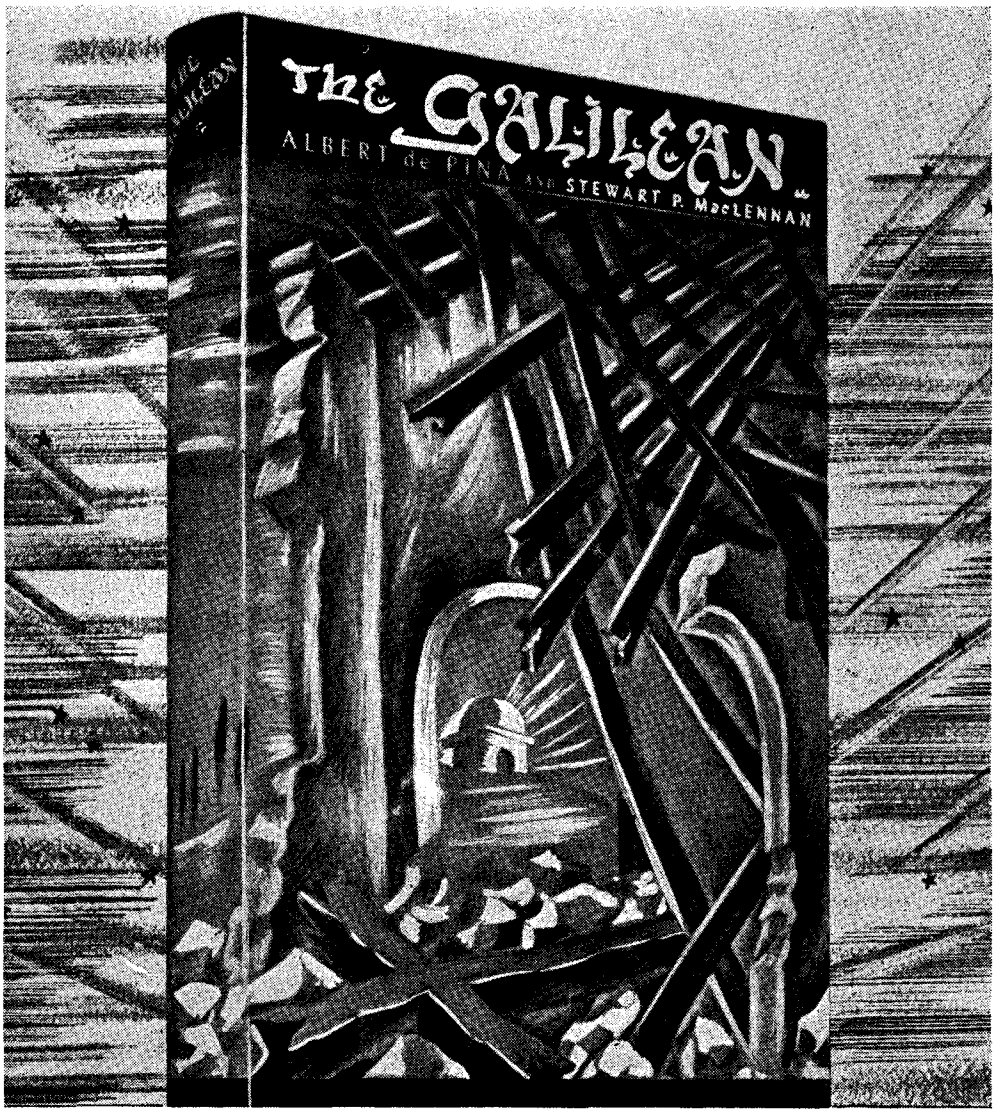
This lack of warmth, as though her interest in people were purely rational and intellectual, may be due to restraint and an effort to present a crystal clear image of her childhood and her growing years—a picture unclouded by sentimentality. We certainly do not find in her story a crusading zeal for the brotherhood of man. On the contrary, the issue is never presented in words. It is only through the events and her actions that one understands her attitude—which is pure commonsense. All people are interesting, all are kind according to their own lights, all have much to contribute to the making of a happy world. The prejudiced man is the unhappy one, for he has cut himself off from the pleasant avenues of experience, companionship, and a shared appreciation of beauty and accomplishment.

R. A. H.

GARIBALDI: KNIGHT OF LIBERTY. By Jean Burton. Illustrated by Egon Hood. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 218 *pp.* $2.

"ROME was the dream of my youth," wrote Garibaldi in later years, "the inspirer of my lifelong prayer. Be great once more, O Italy." That he devoted his life to the fulfilment of this prayer is amply demonstrated in this biography. Like a moving and absorbing epic the story goes from Garibaldi's early boyhood in Nice to the year 1875 when he died, greatly honored, in his island home of Caprera.

To most people Garibaldi's years in Latin America are the least known, though it was there, in guerilla war-



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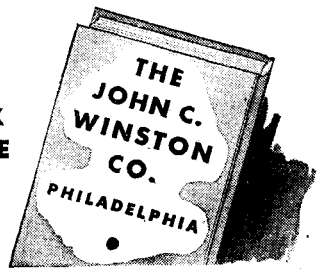

fare, that he served his apprenticeship and gained his first fame at the siege of Montevideo. It was in Latin America also that he married—a Brazilian girl, Anita Riveiros, who was a heroine in her own right and fully capable of sharing his dangerous career. In his old legion uniform, red shirt, gray sailor's trousers, gray poncho, and black felt hat, Garibaldi directed the battles which led to the liberation of his country from the Austrians and, ultimately, to the unification of Italy. This was a dramatic time, when Cavour, Mazzini, and Victor Emmanuel—statesman, dreamer, and king—inscribed their names on history. No one of them, however, was as close to the Italian people as Garibaldi. He was called "the old man," the General, and was known, too, as the Lion-Hearted, the Avenger, the Deliverer.

One of the most striking features of this book is that in it you discover again that every Italian was behind Garibaldi, that at times the whole population of a village or province would, at great risk, hide him from pursuers and help him with the most selfless devotion.

> Simple in act and word, his country's knight,
> He gives his country all and nothing takes.

In this same spirit of simplicity he refused the honors and titles that the king offered to bestow upon him and lived the last years of his life on the little island of Caprera, where visitors from many lands came to see the leader who best incarnated the struggle for liberty.

To a lover of history and of Italy this is a thrilling book, enriched by many of Garibaldi's words which even in translation retain their original strength and their Italian flavor. To one who, as a child, read De Amicis' "Cuore," the diary of a schoolboy inspired by the same love of country, it is an unexpected treasure. The illustrations are in perfect harmony with the text.

B. W. S.

BORN TO COMMAND: THE STORY OF GENERAL EISENHOWER. By Helen Nicolay. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1945. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

Not the best of Helen Nicolay's biographies, this is, so far, the best life of the Allied Supreme Commander that we have for young people.

FASHION IS OUR BUSINESS. By Beryl Williams. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1945. 205 *pp.* $2.

Twelve short and very interesting biographies of twelve famous fashion designers. Illustrated with photographs. Reviewed April 21.

FIRST WHISPERS OF "THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS." By Kenneth Grahame. Edited with an Introduction by Elspeth Grahame. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 94 *pp.* $1.50.

—*From "The Adventures of Don Quixote."*

Kenneth Grahame's wife reveals the story of one of his masterpieces and something of his friendships. There is also an unpublished story which should be published immediately. Reviewed April 21.

FRANKLIN: THE LIFE OF AN OPTIMIST. By André Maurois. Translated by Haakon M. Chevalier. Drawings by Howard Simon. New York: Didier. 1945. 79 *pp.* $2.50.

Unusual in format, this tells the story of Benjamin Franklin and his times for younger boys and girls. Reviewed September 8.

GIVE ME LIBERTY. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. New York: D. Appleton-Century. 1945. 257 *pp.* $2.50.

A stirring life of Patrick Henry. It makes him a timeless figure whose principles are as applicable today as they were during and after the Revolutionary War. Reviewed June 16.

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GREEN PEACE. By Marjorie Hayes. Drawings by Manning de V. Lee. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 230 *pp.* $2.

The story of Harmony who went to live with the family of Julia Ward Howe at "Green Peace" in Boston. It tells, too, of the development of the famous School for the Blind.

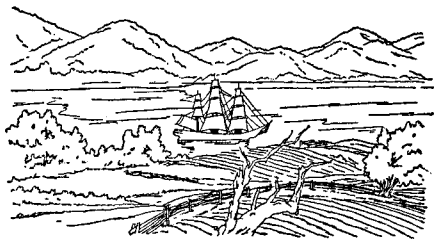
SON OF THUNDER: PATRICK HENRY. By Julia M. H. Carson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 244 *pp.* $2.50.

An "intimate" biography with the emphasis on the man rather than on the soldier and statesman. For older boys and girls.

SQUARE SAILS AND SPICE ISLANDS. By Laura Long. Decorations by C. B. Falls. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1945. 249 *pp.* $2.50.

An excellent biography of Oliver Hazard Perry whose leadership won the Battle of Lake Erie and of Matthew Calbraith Perry who started the conversion of the Navy to steamships and opened the closed door of the ports in Japan.

WE HAVE TOMORROW. By Arna Bontemps. Illustrated with Photographs by Marian Palfi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 131 *pp.* $2.



—*From "Harvest of the Hudson."*

Twelve informal and readable biographies of twelve living Negroes who are working successfully "in fields which for a long time seemed closed to members of their race."

The Arts

WIND ISLAND. Written and Illustrated by Hedvig Collin. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 97 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the story of a fisherman's family who live on the little Island of Fanoe off the coast of Denmark. But it is much more than that. It is a beautiful and distinguished book for children, written and illustrated by an artist who is a Dane and had for years a studio on Fanoe where she worked and lived and learned to know the sturdy fisherfolk. Hedvig Collin is well known as an artist in the Scandinavian countries, in Europe, and in America. To the children this will be just a jolly, exciting story with delightful pictures. To their elders it is a book that deserves its place among the arts.

The father of Kristian and Peter and little Hanne is the captain of a fishing boat. When the story opens he is out on the sea with the fleet. Soon it will be mother's birthday and Kristian wants to give her an amber necklace that they will make themselves from the golden amber that is thrown up by the sea after a storm. There must be a storm to bring the amber up out of the ancient forest that lies

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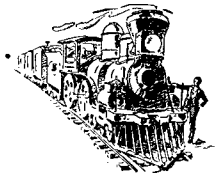

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deep under the water. But there must *not* be a storm because the fleet is out at sea.

Kristian prays very carefully. Let a three-day storm come to bring the amber. Do not let the storm bring danger to the fleet. He tries to make it very clear so that God will know exactly what he means. Then the storm comes, slowly, gathering in intensity. Mother is worried. Everyone on the Island is worried. For three days it rages. Then the wind dies down, the skies clear. Kristian thinks of the amber. He listens to the whispered words of Old Hanna, who was a captain's daughter and a captain's widow and knew all the secrets of the sea around the Island of Fanoe. "Fanoe is really a sandbank," she told him, "drifted into the tops of an old sunken oak forest. After a three-day storm, the oak roots come up on the beach around the west shore of the Island and the amber does, too. It comes from the forest down in the ocean. But you have to be on the beach very early, boy, or Coast-Madsen will get it first."

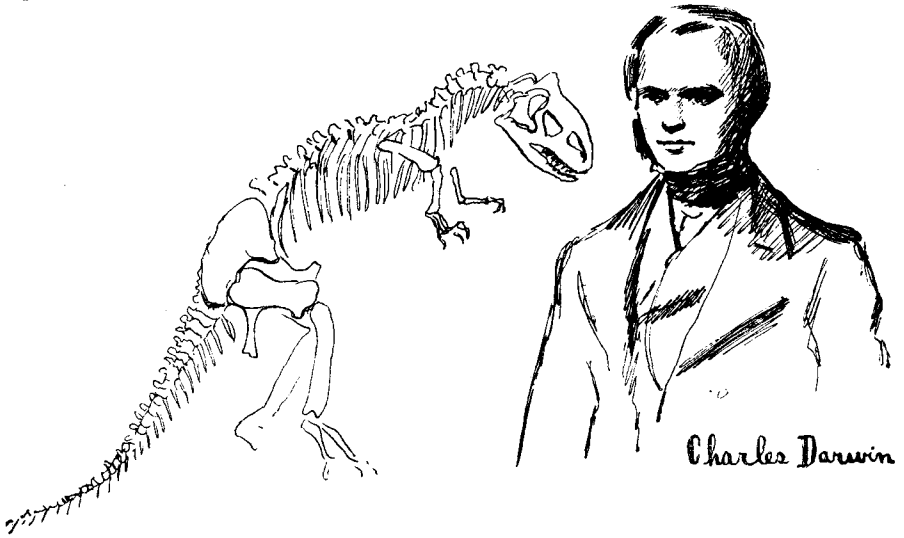
Kristian *is* out very early. He is up before sunrise. He runs out, out, out to the sixth sandbar. And there, shining in the first rays of the rising sun, is a large piece of amber, the largest piece he has ever seen. And far out on the horizon is the gleam of a white sail. The fleet is coming home! Kristian counts the sails. They are all there—every one. The good news spreads. It is mother's birthday and, according to the annual custom, she has her breakfast in bed, waited upon by the children. Then they bring the gift—a string of amber beads and, hanging from them, a large amber cross made by the skilful fingers of Amber Signe. Kristian's piece of amber was too large and too precious to be touched by their less skilful fingers and their cruder tools. "Then they heard the white gate opening. . . . There was father, his arms all ready to give them a big hug! . . . There sat mother in her most beautiful dress, with her birthday smile and a little, happy tear in her eye, waiting to greet him. And the cross on her birthday necklace shone like gold in the sunlight."

Text and pictures both give a fresh, strong impression of life on the Island, of red-roofed houses and clean, cobbled streets, of gay interiors where good food is cooked and enjoyed and everything from floor to dishes is gay and colorful and very, very clean, of the sea and the wind, the sand and the sky. Children, especially little girls, will adore the story of the box that comes to Jensine from America. When all the Island people crowded into the post office to see it opened a kindly sailor lifted little Hanne high up on his shoulders so that she could see when the long, stiff skirts of the women cut off her view.

"First came a box that held a green and purple shawl, as soft as thistledown. 'Spain!' said the Customs Officer. Then came a box of fruit candy and chocolates. 'Florida!' said the Customs Officer. Jensine carefully unwrapped another box. 'A serape. Old Mexico!' said the Customs Officer and wrote something down on paper. At last—now the women got a shock. Oh, how gorgeous! It was a whole costume of silk ribbon and lace and ruffles. 'Panama!' said the Customs Officer."

Perhaps Leen, the painting lady, is Hedvig Collin herself. What marvelous cakes she makes when Isak Dinesen (in person) and her brother come to the little house on the Island. Isak Dinesen tells the children stories about the African jungle. Then she tells a strange, fascinating tale about the blue-eyed figure-head on the ship *Ella* and the captain who loved it so much that he sank with it under the waves "and never came home any more."

In her dedication Hedvig Collin thanks "clever Margaret Lohlker who helped me with my English." Either



—From "Climbing Our Family Tree."

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Margaret Lohlker is very clever indeed or Hedvig Collin has a natural, effortless command of a tongue other than her own. Vivid as is its Danish background, the story is told in English as free and as idiomatic as though it were told in Danish words.

This happy and beautiful book with its illustrations in full color will be published in December. Wait for it.

M. G. D.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. Adapted from the Motteux Translation of the text of Miguel de Cervantes by Leighton Barrett and illustrated with drawings by Warren Chappell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 307 *pp.* $3.

A satisfactory adaptation in a particularly clear and attractive type with many drawings that are both lively and humorous.

ART IN THE NEW LAND. By Charlie May Simon. Decorations by James MacDonald, and Forty-five Plates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1945. 205 *pp.* $3.

Short sketches of American artists from the early "unknowns" of the seventeenth century through Benjamin West, Copley, Gilbert Stuart, Audubon, and Winslow Homer to Grant Wood. For older boys and girls.

—From "American Emperor."

CADDIE WOODLAWN: A Play. By Carol Ryrie Brink. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 82 *pp.* $1.25.

An excellent dramatization by the author of a book that has been popular since its publication. It is the story of a pioneer family in Wisconsin in the middle nineteenth century.

THE GOLDEN SONG BOOK. Selected and arranged by Katharine Tyler Wessells. Illustrated by Gertrude Elliott. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1945. 76 *pp.* $1.50.

Songs and singing games from many countries with the music in a simple arrangement and many pictures in color.

HORNED SNAKE MEDICINE. By William H. Bruce. Illustrated by Bruce MacDonald. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 160 *pp.* $2.

An unusual story of the Mound Builders in Alabama in prehistoric times. The characters are interesting, convincing people and the story gives a vivid sense of the ancient arts and crafts that are shown in museums today.

ROCK CRYSTAL: A CHRISTMAS TALE. By Adalbert Stifter. Rendered into English by Marianne Moore and Elizabeth Meyer. Illustrations by Josef Scharl. New York: Pantheon Books. 1945. 94 *pp.* $2.75.

Beautifully translated, this story was written just one hundred years ago. It tells of two children lost on a snowy mountain in Bohemia on Christmas Eve. It will be reviewed on December 8.

Science and Invention

CLIMBING OUR FAMILY TREE. By Alex Novikoff. Illustrated by John English. New York: International Publishers. 1945. 96 *pp.* $1.85.

THIS is a book on biology and the evolution of man. It is so written that one follows every step in that evolution with great interest, believing every word that is said

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and going on with an almost breathless impatience for the next step. There are two hundred clever and informing illustrations, some in color. It begins with the earliest forms of life on land and in the sea, making them so fascinating that one rather regrets the appearance of a spinal column, warning of the approach of man as we know him.

Time is treated with careless ease. The strictly impersonal quality in the writing and the dramatic manner of presenting the facts of life make it an excellent medium for the explanation of the differences in men of the white, the black, and the yellow races and of breeding, conception, and birth. The great scientists who have dared to take the important steps in the theory of evolution are given their place. It is a strictly scientific book, but it is never dull or difficult. One can easily imagine boys and girls reading it as they would read an adventure story. It could be used very effectively as a text book.

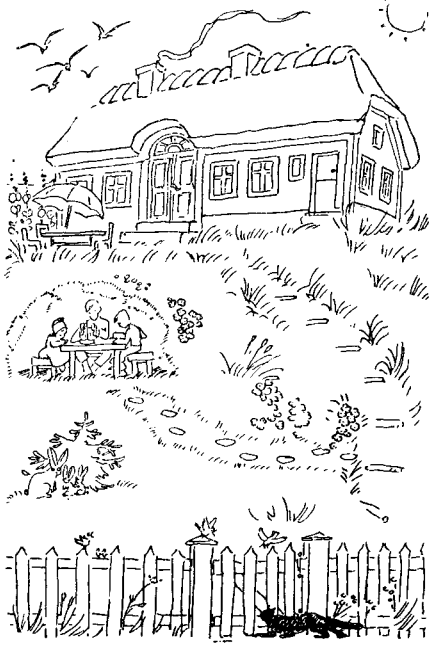
In its size and in the cover-jacket its appeal is to younger boys and girls. It will be read, almost certainly, by the older ones.

M. G. D.

ADVENTURE IN RADIO. Edited by Margaret Cuthbert. With Radio Script by Edna St. Vincent Millay, Arch Oboler, Archibald MacLeish and Others. New York: Howell, Soskin. 1945. 288 *pp.* $2.50.

This includes scripts by the well-known radio commentators as well as drama. There is a chapter on the announcer, the "young stars," and one in sound effects and technical production.

HOW PLANES ARE MADE. By Dickey Meyer. Drawings by Jeanne Bendick. Prepared by Aviation Research Associates. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1945. 63 *pp.* $1.



—From "Wind Island."

The latest book in Young America's Aviation Library. Well made and well illustrated, it has the authentic quality and the clarity of its predecessors.

JUNIOR MODEL PLANES. Designed and illustrated by James D. Powell. Edited by Ed Clarke. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1945. 95 *pp.* $1.50.

This is for beginners. It gives complete designs for building four model planes with eighty-six illustrations.

MAKING THE MOVIES. By Jeanne Bendick. Directed by Robert Bendick. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 190 *pp.* $2.

A clear and entertaining account of the making of a movie, from the script to the finished film. It includes a very informing chapter on the actors and one on the Army and Navy cameramen.

THE MODEL AIRPLANE ANNUAL. Edited by David C. Cooke. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 1945. 192 *pp.* $3.

This fourth annual shows the development of model planes under war conditions. It has a glossary of miniature gas engine terms and many excellent photographs.

MOTHER GOOSE HANDICRAFT. Written and illustrated by Nina R. Jordan. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 149 *pp.* $2.

This is a queer book to put under Science and Invention; but it really does encourage "inventiveness" in little children. It tells them how to make simple and attractive Mother Goose characters out of paper and a paint box.

PETER'S SILVER DOLLAR. By Olive W. Burt. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1945. 94 *pp.* $2.

The story for younger boys and girls of how silver is mined, milled, refined, and made into silver dollars. Illustrated with photographs.

PICTURE BOOK OF ASTRONOMY. By Jerome S. Meyer. Illustrated by Richard Floethe. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 1945. 36 *pp.* $1.75.

Facts about the stars and the planets told through a short, exciting text and dramatic drawings. A book for the whole family. Reviewed August 11.

ROCKETS AND JETS. By Herbert S. Zim. Illustrated with drawings by James MacDonald and with photographs. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1945. 326 *pp.* $3.

The latest facts about rockets and jet-propelled planes in both England and America. A technical book that will answer all the questions of older boys.

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WE in Australia are today on the threshold of a new national experience in life and living. There is a quickening of national life, an alertness, a heightened consciousness, a new hope for the country's future. This national dynamic is being reflected in our present-day writing.

The cultural drive is coming mainly from a group of younger writers in many instances newcomers to the literary scene, some of whom are still in the armed forces. That is perhaps only to be expected in a time of unprecedented change and ferment. But many of the older, established writers have also received a fresh impetus; and an awakening public interest in cultural activities, a sharper criticism, has also played its part.

There is also a new endeavor among writers and the reading public to learn about the cultural activities in other countries. Years ago several Australian journals featured "literary reports" from London, Paris, New York. After a lapse of some thirty years *Meanjin Papers*, a quarterly of literature and discussion, has reintroduced such letters, and in addition publishes overseas poetry and prose, particularly by American writers—Theodore Spencer, Oscar Williams, Karl Shapiro, Pearl Buck, and others. In return, more Australian work is being published in American little magazines than ever before. This "literary lend-lease" may in time develop into a really worthwhile exchange. We have today close military and economic contact with the States; it is to be hoped that our cultural contacts will also develop and strengthen. The writers of all countries bordering the Pacific Basin should be in touch with one another.

Another factor which has brought our writers more in contact of late with American literature is the establishment, in Sydney and Melbourne, of the excellent American Information Libraries. At a time when it is especially difficult to obtain American books, these lending and reference libraries have been a boon to readers and writers. It is a matter for regret that so few of our Australian books were available for American servicemen. The first wave of the "invasion" forces completely absorbed the small stocks, and because of wartime publishing difficulties it is only recently that reprints have become available. We missed a unique opportunity of selling Australia, through our books, to the thousands of Americans stationed in this country.

It is perhaps well to remember, however, that the cultural links between U.S.A. and Australia that have been developing of recent years are not new. Once the American domestic novel was almost as widely read in Australia as in the States.

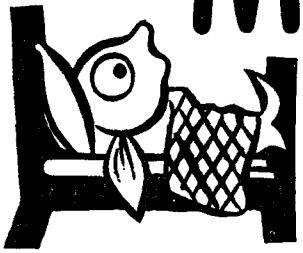
This *homely* writing was what chiefly reached us from America during many years, when conditions made it easy for American books to be imported and sold here. (How conditions have changed!) Australians became so familiar, for instance, with the family of girls in "Little Women" and other books by Louisa Alcott that they hardly noticed they were American people at all. In homes, schools, and public libraries the fiction, up and down the scale of quality, was nearly all American, in great successions and series. We accepted the whole of American life naturally, as if it concerned a next-door neighbor.

These American books coming in such shoals last century from the States were generally accepted here as though we had written them ourselves. They contained assumptions of a design for living which approximated our own. On the other hand, fiction from England depicted life which was relatively foreign to us. We were often fascinated by the very difference of

the gentleman whose portrait appears below

is, we think, one of the most appealing figures in recent literature for the young. We don't usually publish juveniles, but when MR. FINNY swam into the office, he was so captivating that it wasn't long before *he* had *us* on the hook. We're betting the haul will be a large one when he meets young readers and old—for MR. FINNY is something for every member of the family to chuckle over. We're not going to attempt to tell you the story of MR. FINNY, except to say that, beside our hero, it involves an island so small that up to now everybody has overlooked it, and some little people who live on nothing but honey. And "honey" is the word for MR. FINNY!

a fish tale for tiny tots **Mr. Finny**



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these English books: how could we help but enjoy their strange and excellent people! But American fiction of the period did not need so much explanation for us. We, too, were in a new, uncomplicated country; there were no rigid class barriers; our young history and quality of life were not dissimilar to the American pattern.

This steady stream of American books was taken for granted, says one of our most astute critics, Nettie Palmer, until the time of the First World War. Perhaps it was decreasing before that time; at any rate the decrease was not serious, for it still seemed natural and unusual to pick up a novel, say, by Frank Norris or Robert Chambers. It was always possible and natural to get copies of American poetry—Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Whitman. American writers were naturally mentioned when two Australians came together to discuss literature—or, in the custom of the bush, to swap books.

In "Such Is Life," Tom Collins talks well into the night with a boundary-rider contrasting Oliver Wendell Holmes with Lowell and Longfellow. Both bushmen know the writers intimately. As for Bret Harte, Henry Lawson once wrote: "They used to say I was influenced by Bret Harte. I hope so. I read 'Tennessee's Partner' and the other stories when I was about thirteen, and Dickens a little later on." At thirteen Lawson was still living in the country, and his family were very poor; but Bret Harte's stories found their way into his home and into many other humble homes.

The point to emphasize is that American writing was then regarded as a homely product, not learned, not even exotic. We were taking from America not so much *belles lettres* as stories that were like footnotes to a young and growing nation which we could understand. We were seeking the fresh, human interpretation of life that no other literature and no other people could have presented: the quiet, small-town novels of William Dean Howells, the feminine, astringent stories of Mary Wilkins; and, if we had nothing else from it all, the strange, startled genius of Mark Twain.

But the period when Australia partook so freely of American books came to an end about the time of the First World War. After the war, American literature was seen to have entered a new phase—certainly not a *homely* literature.

Australians read these books of the post-war period—they were familiar with Dreiser, Dos Passos, Sandburg, Aiken, Anderson. But they read them as *American* books; they read them conscious that they were reading about American life and in American terms—terms which were different from the Australian. There was little of the former unconscious acceptance, but much of the deliberate welcome. The Melbourne poet Furnley Maurice, for instance, seeking to break through formal verse measures, felt that his metrical "innovations" were justified after reading Carl Sandburg. The natural and new cadences in Conrad Aiken's verse also penetrated here many years ago, making gradations in modern tunes more possible for several of our poets.

Today our poets read as many American as English books, but it is difficult to get books from the States direct; the trade channels have somehow changed; usually we have to wait until a particular book is reprinted by an English firm. This process of selection, this filtering, is no longer acceptable. There are many books of particular interest in Australia which never come here, or only to a few specialists importing them direct.

American writers who visited this country and reported something about us can be regarded as accidents, except for one, who followed up his first, accidental, visit by others very purposeful. Mark Twain, in 1896, was one of the first, and casually reported on that tour in his "More Tramps Abroad." [This was published in America as "Following the Equator."—Ed.] It is not a masterpiece, that book. After all, Mark Twain's tour was a health trip chiefly, with lectures to pay expenses and something more. Yet he made his few observations, saying for instance of Eureka, our one and only "civil war": "It is another instance of a victory won by a lost battle." About ten years later than Mark Twain's visit another American, the fertile, powerful Jack London, then at the height of his talents, anchored his little sloop *Snark* in Sydney Harbor. One or two of his stories later had Australia as a base, but he made no general observations. He did, however, take up Mrs. Aeneas Gunn's "We of the Never-Never" and wrote a preface for the American edition: a preface that was never published, as the American publishers simply bought the English sheets. London's preface still exists.

It was not until 1927 that the man

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who was to be our first American observer, objective and analytical, came to Australia—C. Hartley Grattan. He spent six months here by a personal accident; but he used the time systematically; hunted up our significant and unremembered books; watched the Australian scene. Returning to the States, he wrote a blunt, brief, yet comprehensive article on Australian literature for the American *Bookman*. A somewhat contentious essay, its effect was salutary, valuable.

But to glance back into history for a moment: round about 1850, when America already had its distinguished writers—Emerson, Hawthorne, Melville, Thoreau—there was practically nothing of significance being written in Australia. Our first "Australian" novel, Henry Kingsley's "Geoffrey Hamlyn," did not appear until 1859—a romantic story of the pastoral life of the fifties, written by a transplanted Englishman, brother of the famous Charles Kingsley. However, it was the first novel to contain any real Australian atmosphere, though the characters remained essentially English.

The full tide of gold-seeking was surging in. From every quarter of the world there came hordes of prospectors, adventurers, speculators, and the whole character of the young colony changed abruptly. This new era meant a vastly increased number of readers, and the outlook of the writer with something to say, something worth saying, became brighter.

A first-rate young English journalist, Marcus Clarke, took the worst elements of the old convict system in Tasmania and built thereon as a shuddering memory the powerful tale "For the Term of His Natural Life." (The emphasis in Clarke's novel is entirely false, however; a truer and more positive impression of the bondmen in the early development of the colony was given years later, in 1928, in a section of "Up the Country," by "Brent of Bin Bin.")

Rolf Boldrewood's "Robbery Under Arms," a robust narrative of bush life and bushrangers, followed in 1882. Mark Twain wrote:

> Australia is fertile in writers whose books are faithful mirrors of the life of the country and of its history. The materials are surprisingly rich, both in quality and in mass, and Marcus Clarke, Rolf Boldrewood, Gordon, Kendall, and the others, have built out of them a brilliant and vigorous literature, and one which must endure. Materials! There is no end to them.

The eighties and nineties represented "Australia" in the more aggressive form. Social rebellion was in the air. (Tom Collins said his novel "Such Is Life" had a bias "offensively Australian.") It was a seminal period. The heroism, the vitality, the hardship, the roughness or the romance which characterized life here were energetically expressed in stories and ballads. The period also saw the birth of *The Bulletin*, a weekly journal which helped to make articulate this strongly developing national consciousness. Sydney became the centre of literary activity largely because of *The Bulletin* leadership.

The short stories and ballads of Henry Lawson, the "novels" of Tom Collins, the poems of Bernard O'Dowd, the novels of Miles Franklin—these were the finest literary products of an intensely vital period.

Despite drought and the aftermath of depression, there was no *fin de siècle* attitude in Australia at the end of the century. Some of Lawson's best work was yet to come. The overpoweringly realistic "Bush Studies" (1902) of Barbara Baynton, C.E.W. Bean's "On the Wool Track" (1910), one of the finest portraits of the wool and sheep industry, the "proletarian" "Jonah" (1911), by Louis Stone, dealing with the Sydney larrikins, the bush sketches of Steele Rudd's "On Our Selection," the popular and competent ballads of A.B. (Banjo) Patterson (he is credited with having written "Waltzing Matilda," our nearest approach to a national folk-song), "The Songs of a Sentimental Bloke" (1915), by C. J. Dennis (how many thousands of copies have been sold?)—these and other writings contributed to a valuable period of creative and imaginative production.

Just before and during the 1914-18 war Furnley Maurice and Bernard O'Dowd, in Melbourne, were producing the most significant poetry. (Maurice, celebrator of the bush and satirist of civilization, was perhaps the first Australian to experiment with the new verse technique.) Then there were symbolist Christopher Brennan, scholar-poet, rooted in the Greek and Latin classics and in the poetry of modern France; Hugh McCrae, who, looking back upon satyr myth and border ballad, has produced a mass of lilting lyrics filled with lovely sensual imagery; John Shaw Neilson, whose glimpses of pure and delicate beauty are like flashes of a kingfisher's wing; Mary Gilmore, whose simple lyrics and pieces of gnomic wisdom are almost lost in a too prolific output; the "hard light" of Frederick T. Macartney; Leon Gellert's war verse; sonneteer William Baylebridge, whose curious, eclectic yet markedly individual talent is spoiled to a certain extent by seventeenth-century mysticism and obscurity . . . this body of poetry is among the best Australia has produced.

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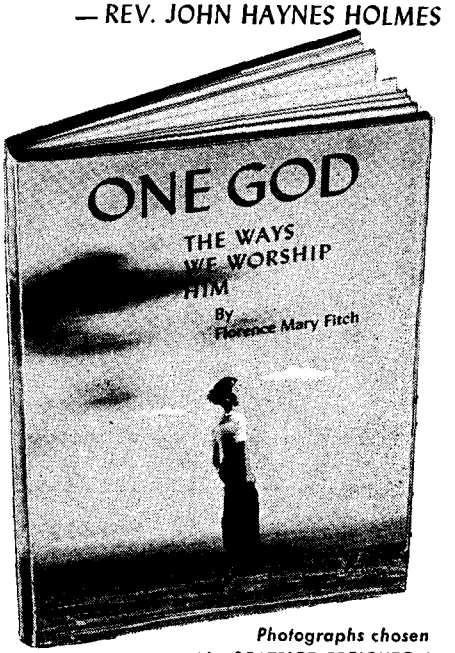

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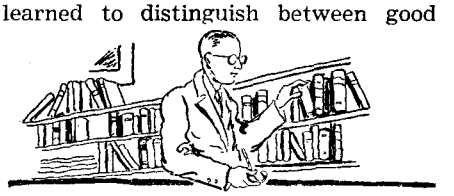
COMPULSORY EDUCATION — 6 TO 60

(Continued from page 23)

the individual, freedom from ignorance, freedom of choice, freedom from vacuity. To fill their abhorred vacuum the majority rush to sensational radio and movie programs, or bridge. Lacking knowledge of values, the daily paper for very many, no matter how good the editorial may be, means one glance at the biggest headline, a careful reading of the sports news and/or the stock market, and then a long, deep, and solemn study of the comic-strip or the page of so-called "funnies": a thin diet indeed on which to nourish a responsible father who, we say, has an immortal soul. The only excuse we can make for our neglect of his deepest mental and emotional needs must be the assumption that we can surely rely on there being a sound system of compulsory adult education in Heaven.

And this "freedom" which is constantly now on our lips! What is it? Some call it freedom from unjust government; so it is, often; but when analyzed deeply enough such evil control is impossible if the majority have learned to distinguish between good



and evil. Not even political freedom can be administered like a pill to a people who still are torn by indecision in values among themselves. Canada could earn complete autonomy only after the French and Anglo-Saxon in that country had finally discovered a way of life compatible with each other; and the autonomy of the Union of South Africa crystallized only when the Englishmen and the Boers found themselves emotionally at one as fellow citizens. Opposing values in any organism cause strain, ill health, and lack of "freedom." A dozen years ago I decided I must have a holiday in Cuba for a refreshment of body and spirit. I asked another physician if he would come also; he seemed then in poor health; I told him it would do him good. He refused, saying "he couldn't afford to go." "But," I protested, "you have one of the biggest practices in New York." "I know that," he said, "I make $2000 a week, so of course I can't afford to go to Cuba."—Would not a confrontation of Shakespeare's poetry and drama, a study of Thucydides, Livy, and Tacitus and of the stream of history, of the fantastic satire of Cervantes have done something to bring about a change of values in this semi-educated slave? The growth of the liberal and free spirit must be insured not only among the ignorant, but often also among the learned.

I know of only one experiment in *compulsory* adult education—(for the Public Workers' Schools of Denmark are on a basis of voluntary atttendance): the Army Bureau for Current Affairs, shortened to A.B.C.A., established after Dunkirk by the British War Office to educate and build morale in the three or four million troops in Britain who could only hope for a return to combat after the lapse of several years. For morale is emotional discipline, which in turn is a function of understanding.

THIS successful experiment has been described by H. A. L. Fisher, the distinguished Minister of Education in an earlier British Government, as "the greatest military instrument since the invention of gunpowder," for it produced a powerful army made out of civilians, well instructed in the history of their country, of the origins of this war, and of other wars, of the growth of social welfare in their homeland; in short, each man informed why he must fight, why he must win the fight; and why the world will be more gentle, more ordered, and more aspiring by his victory.

A word here how A.B.C.A. works. In every platoon once a week in seminar discussion every kind of subject is debated by the men, the officer simply acting as "Speaker of the House." A short simple lecture is given, text supplied by Educational Headquarters, say on the problems of demobilization; after which every man can discuss the subject as in Parliament. So the men may find out, by their own debate, that, in bomb-damaged Britain, house-builders are probably first needed in civilian life and that their own other civilian job is less important. These discussion groups, compulsory and in training hours, are highly popular: in them men learn from teachers and from each other, and they do so by having a chance to speak their minds.

To try to begin this great experiment of compulsory adult education in as large and in as governmentally rigid a country as the United States would be difficult; though an enlightened state of the Union might begin it. Cuba is ideal for the purpose, and so indeed would be New Zealand. The New World has added much to the material well-being of the earth. Here is its opportunity to advance by a single shot the freedom of the human spirit; when fired, by whatever land, this shot will be heard, indeed, around the world.

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the Phoenix Nest

FORBIDDEN FLUTES

(For the imprisoned Spanish children)

THE night extracts the flavor of flutes
For moon's food.
For this the curious blue shaft,
Down into the black barracks,
Lighting the ghost and wondering eyes
In the caves of the white child faces.
Like this they lie, child by child
Beside another and another child,
As though the strewn weak years
And innocent absence of their strength
Locked in the dark—had come to bloom,
Sunless, without the seed.

The white spears of the shafted moon
Abstract the walls.
Looks the moon on the small hands
The blue lace of threaded fingers
As child touches child.
Their child throats awake in endless
Quaver, tenderly,
The flute song as of weaving of seas,
The flavor and bloom of the night flowers,
The tenor of tenderly calling bells
Afar to the free.

In this assembly of small bones
With thin flesh, the nest of lost
And luminous eyes, grave as if
The trusting smile had always turned
A little off,
Endures the breathing of a country's deep
Heart, the future in a stone keep,
Like song of the chosen from the oaken ark,
Kept for coming love, for coming laughter,
For skipping up and down
And water-running talk
And making, making greatness with adult hands.

Though now their silent sorrows and rare
Discovered smiles and tears are trapped
By long flood that covers corruption,
Their hearts are fore-ordained to victory.
Forbidden flutes, insistent voices,
Follow up the blue shaft
To the velvet height of night
To find where life
Flies by on wheels, with rapt
Peddling like a bicycle
Down the fond wingèd hills.
Their little blue hands touch strongly
As their hearts gather up
A new-constructed world, formed
On the first day of the first month
When the face of the ground was dry.

PETER JOHN STEPHENS.

* * *

IN THE PARK

Pale and secret as a bird's-egg
Is the lake in the park,
Left by nursemaids and children
In the path of the stumbling dark.

Slipping ahead of the darkness,
Pungent with vapors of spring,
Fog hastens to hide the lake
With a dripping, smoke-blue wing.

FLORENCE LONSFORD.

* * *

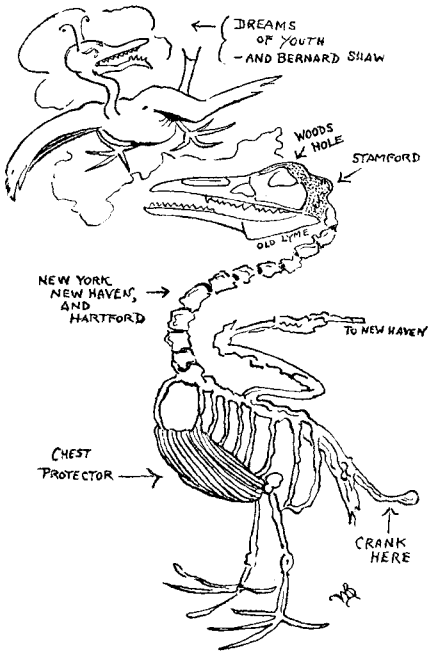
Henry Seidel Canby writes me as follows:

"Phra the Phoenician" is about the best book in English in pseudo-archeology, which is usually so much better written than the genuine article. I have known it since youth, and *it ought to be revived.* If any publisher will reprint it, I'll write a preface in collaboration with you or Earle Walbridge or any other intelligent spirit, and we'll bow in the public to a good time.

I hereby turn over my possible share of that preface to Earle, as he is much better qualified to speak for *Phra* than I; and I certainly hope a publisher takes Dr. Canby up! He can always be reached at the *SRL.*

Speaking of Earle, I asked him for some information concerning a book from the past that I had been reading, "Mr. Kello," by Ian Ferguson (my copy, D. Appleton & Company, 1925). He responded as follows:

> Ian Ferguson (August 2, 1885—September 16, 1935) was the son of Ian Maclaren, author of "Beside the Bonnie Bush." His real name was Frederick Watson (his father was the Rev. John Watson, D.D.), educated at Sedbergh, Emmanuel College (Cambridge) and Edinburgh University. Founder and editor of *The Cripple,* an international quarterly devoted to the cause of crippled children. Joint master (with Mrs. Watson) of the Tanatside Hunt. Wrote a lot of other books, including "Robert Smith Surtees" and "The Philosophy of Witchcraft." [This I also have—W. R. B.] But why didn't he list "Mr. Kello as a witchcraft book in "Who's Who?" [It is one of the best books on witchcraft in Scotland I have ever read—W. R. B.] William Roughead praised him highly, in the course of an essay which went all out on the subject of Joseph Shearing—and wrote an introduction to a new edition of "Mr. Kello," published in 1931. Mr. Kello was an actual person and parson.



—Drawing by William Rose Benét.

Yes, the flyleaf of the book contains this brief sentence: "1570 Oct. 4. Mr. John Kello, minister of Spot, hangit in Edinb."—*Lamont's Diary.*

The above suggests to Earle that the Scotch are indeed mysterious, and he continues:

> My custodianship at St. Blank's ended last night for the fall, winter and spring, on as macabre a note as it began. The angel from Revelations gave us a clean bill of health at the first visit and made no more apparitions. But last night some flustered women came in and asked whether I knew anything about the note posted on the door of the Bride's Room, of which the key has been missing several days. I attributed it to an outside undertaker, but well I knew 'twas the work of our own Mr. Alexander ("Sandy"), the night watchman. As I told you last year, he was born in Kirriemuir and knew Margaret Ogilvy, and used to sit in an Auld Lichts kirk in the pew behind Jimmy Barrie. Also that he had a neighbor at Glamis ("Gloms"), one Lizzie Bowes-Lyon, who came from a puir family but did verra weel by hersel (and the family) by marrying the future King of England.
>
> Perhaps I should explain that the day staff consists of Mary, a temperamental old R. C., a privileged character; and William, an English ex-butler. The note read:
>
> To all the physical and mental cripples and Irish, who work daytime
>
> Leave the key of this room on the nail, how the Hades can we put a unprocessed body in this room in the middle of the night if we have no key.
>
> Irish—Dumb cerebellum
> English—Petrified cerebellum
> Scottish—Perfect, Peerless, in fact, O. K.

* * *

CREATURES FOR CROSS WORDS

CRETACEOUS—GOOD GRACIOUS!

Oh very different from when it was born is
All that remains of the Icthyornis.
The best-known species of this toothed bird
Was the size of a gull—or so I've heard.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 606)

SYLVIA LYND:

(THE) COMPLEAT ANGLER

(To A. R.)

Who would catch trout, himself a trout must be,
Must know the stream and all its tracery;

.....

Its morning silver and its evening green;
Its tangled rapids and its smooth pool where
In sunny noons the naiad plaits her hair.

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(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 88*)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

THE receipt of the following air-mail letter from Okinawa Shima as this goes to press changed my plan for this column, for I knew that you would like to share the fresh, boyish quality of it with me, and so I give it to you in full. It is dated Oct. 15, and is signed (Lt.) Richard D. Dresselhuys:

"Six hundred strong my outfit beached at Miyaka Shima, an island of 60,000 population garrisoned by 26,000 Nip soldiers, to see that surrender terms were carried out, confiscate arms, etc. That was Sept. 24. Sept. 25 my June 30 *Saturday Review* was flown in.

"Medals and citations have I none, but no longer am I undistinguished, for I have solved unaided the first Double-Crostic ever attempted on Miyaka Shima or maybe in all the Southern Ryukyus. You must realize there are no reference books within a few hundred nautical miles of there. I had even left my dictionary on Okinawa.

"Heretofore I was merely noted as the only person people ever met whose opinions had actually been solicited by a real live representative of Dr. Gallup, and also for being, perhaps, the only man to read 'War and Peace' while undergoing jungle training in Hawaii. Moreover, my order for Santha Rama Rau's book is on its way to my Aberdeen, S. Dak., bookseller. The quotation interested me."

Other curious repercussions followed in the wake of the "Home to India" DC. A '45 Wellesley grad whom I entertained here at luncheon in June revealed that she was a member of the same class in English Composition that had produced the book as the term's work and as such was one of the "victims" to hear the book for class criticism while in the making.

Shortly after that I ran into an American acquaintance who has lived most of her life in England and who had just returned from India as a correspondent of an important U. S. newspaper. When I mentioned Santha's book to her she replied that she had only recently been a guest at the home of Santha's parents in India, and that, further, she had been a close friend of the two sisters during their educative years in England when their parents had been elsewhere.

Later in Hanover when I mentioned the above facts to Mrs. Merservey, who had just done the *SRL* DC of June 30, Mrs. M. expressed surprise that my acquaintance was in America. So it turned out that when Mrs. M. (then Miss White) was a summer student at Oxford University years ago, at one of the teas given by the then young and brilliant American lady in question to American students in the University, Mrs. M. had met a young American Rhodes scholar, no other than Arthur B. Merservey!

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 607

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 87 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Kind of sausage famous among the Dutch of New Amsterdam.

B. Applied to the Parliament of 1404 in England under Henry IV.

C. Having or showing valor, esp. military bravery and skill.

D. Destitute of oil tubes (said of the fruit of certain plants; Bot.)

E. English painter and poet of Pre-Raphaelite School.

F. Said of a debt that has been paid to the collector (English exchequer).

G. Long-handled weapons, esp. in 15th and 16th centuries.

H. Howled, wailed, as a dog or wolf.

I. A person guarding a mountain pass (India).

J. English painter and engraver (1697-1764).

K. In all respects (Comp.)

L. Strikes the ground behind the ball before hitting the ball (Golf).

M. Small onions.

N. Numbered and detailed for special duty, esp. military (2 wds.)

O. Member of a caste in India whose prerogative is the art of healing.

P. Peevish; petulant.

Q. Convex; arched; vaulted.

R. A people who lived in dreamy indolence ("Odyssey").

S. Jolly boats.

T. Stations for gondolas; ferries (It.)

U. Takes in for digestion, as into the stomach.

V. Dislike or disesteem of man by woman.

W. American sculptor (1865-1925; "Bear Tamer" in Metropolitan Museum, etc.)

X. Derivation of the name of a race or tribe from a person real or mythical.

Y. Pictorial representation of the constellation Aries.

WORDS

142 174 84 69 48 128 5 42

17 44 111 172 96 62 36 169 7(

50 16 134 154 150 99 66 160 81

6 41 129 38 104 77 23 88

95 148 123 165 65 100 182 112

53 43 168 64 47 35

24 8 186 19 173 49 67 93

33 2 124 159 102 97 73 85

91 54 157 103 120 25 34

108 83 15 184 171 71 46

163 149 141 13 146 105 90 179

156 31 3 121 133 175 143

187 72 63 20 39 68 132 115

61 37 110 164 80 183 126

116 74 138 155 122 87 45 28 11

166 109 170 125 59 162 101

98 56 158 10 144 130 22

136 32 82 106 180 76 167 79 40

52 57 75 7 107

86 140 177 58 145 55 4 78 92

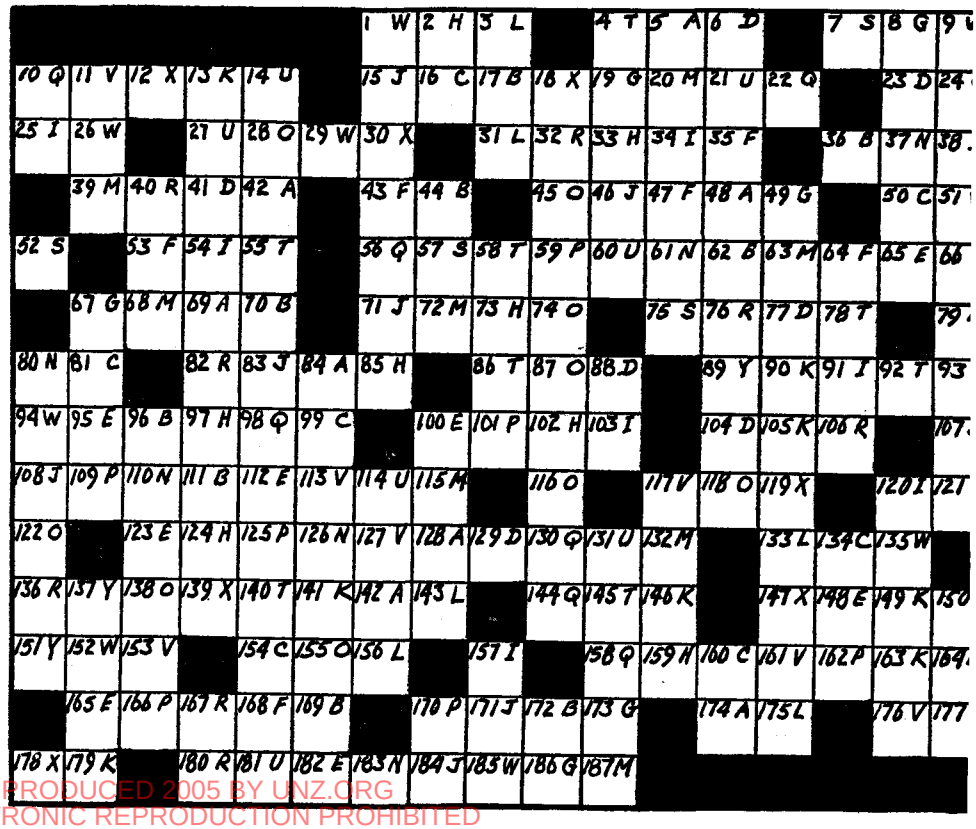
181 131 114 21 60 27 14

176 127 161 51 113 117 11 153

9 1 135 26 185 29 152 94

12 147 139 178 119 18 30

151 137 89



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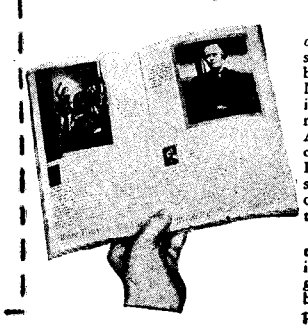

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